★ Mar. 15, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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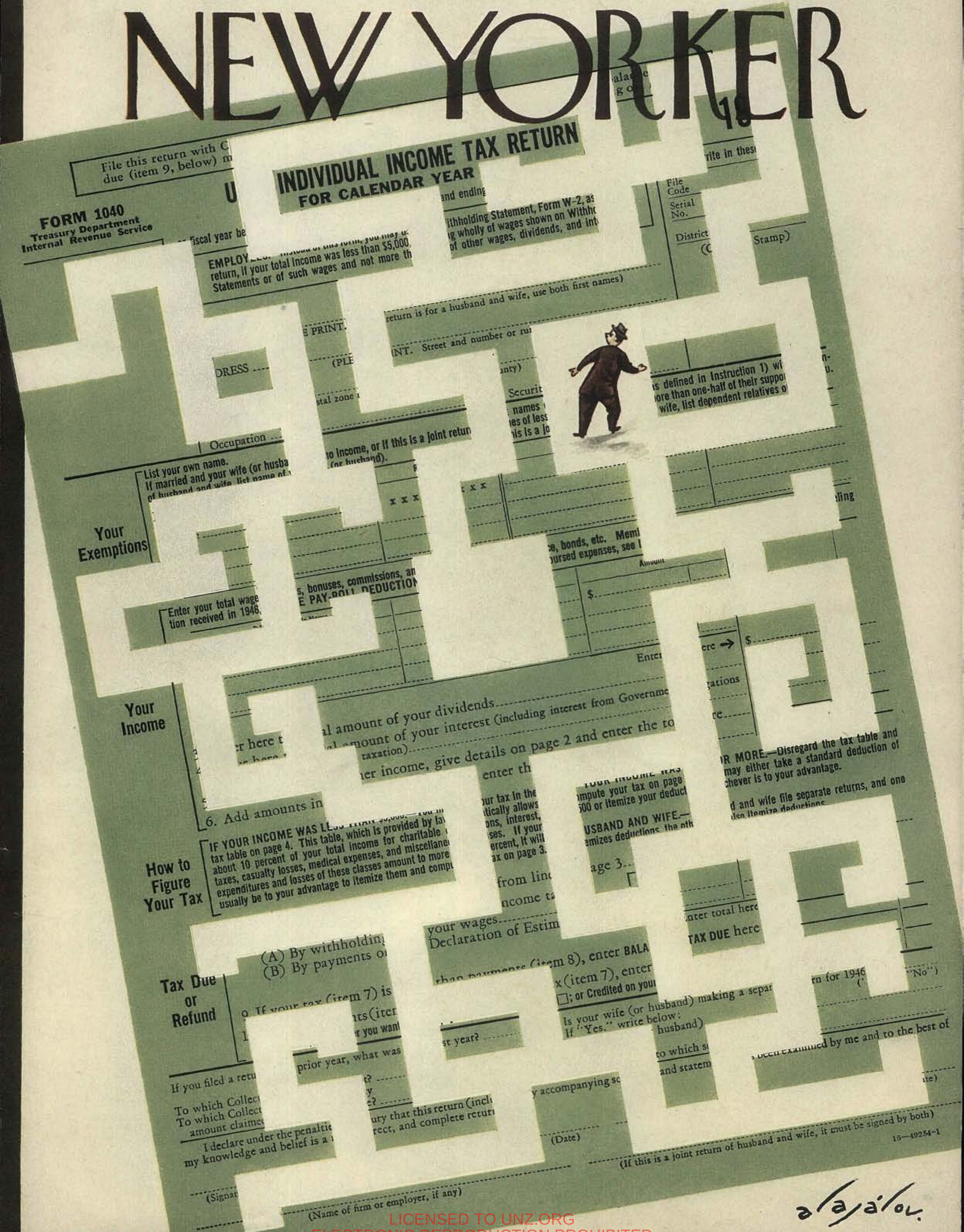
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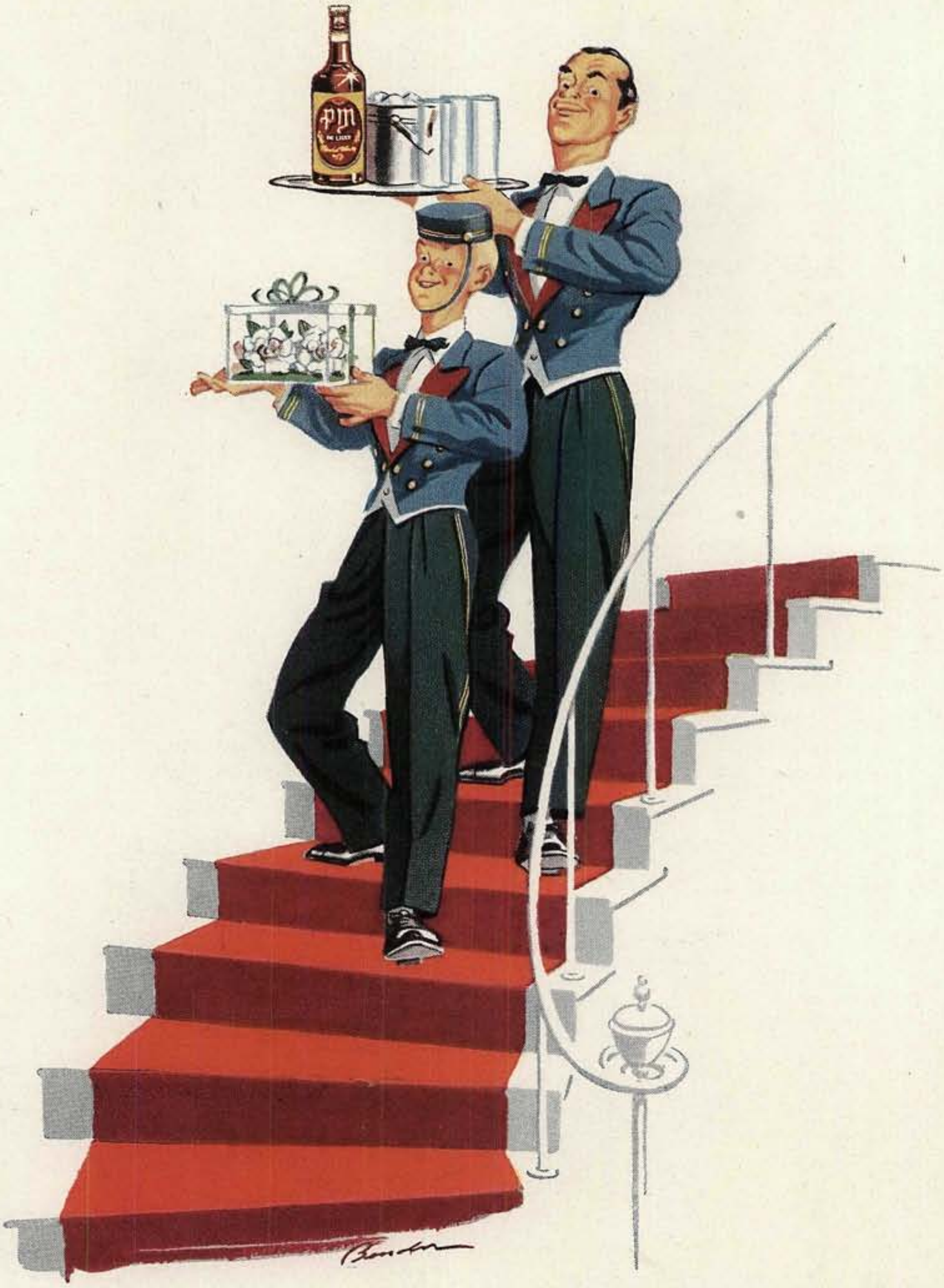

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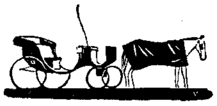
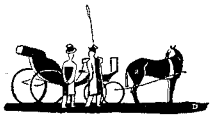


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. With Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman takes the characters in "The Little Foxes" back to 1880, when they were almost as bad as they turned out to be later on. Unfortunately, the play is by no means up to its predecessor. With Patricia Neal and Margaret Phillips. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This revival of the 1927 play about a comedian who couldn't stand success is both funny and touching. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic job, and Jean Parker assists him most fetchingly. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Craig's Wife—George Kelly's great hit of the 1925-26 season is pretty dated as to theme and artificial as to speech, but it still packs a wallop. Judith Evelyn and Philip Ober are excellent in the leading roles. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer's revival of the Rostand piece, in which he plays a more subtle, if somewhat less romantic, Cyrano than the one we've been accustomed to. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Happy Birthday—Helen Hayes superb in what would otherwise be just another comedy about a plain girl who turns into the belle of the ball. Anita Loos is the author, and the expert cast includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, March 16.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's four-hour play proving that life is insupportable without illusions. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A splendid revival of the Wilde play, directed by John Gielgud with a sure-handed comic touch and played by a fine cast, which includes the director. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Maxwell Anderson's ingenious and generally highly effective variation of the Maid of Orleans legend. Ingrid Bergman's performance is one of the best of several seasons. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum about a soldier's postwar difficulties, written by Norman Krasna and helped no little by the direction of Joshua Logan and by a cast that includes Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Monday, March 17, to the Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Cecil Beaton's nineteenth-century costumes and sets are the real stars of the revival of this Wilde comedy. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood do very nicely, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Present Laughter—Noel Coward's comedy about an actor who has too many lady friends. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Years Ago—Fredric March is practically perfect in Ruth Gordon's extremely pleasant and witty play about her ambitious youth. Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are most engaging as the women of the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Yellow Jack—Another revival, one that stands the test of time better than most, by the American Repertory Theatre. Philip Bourneuf, Victor Jory, and Alfred Ryder give convincing performances as doctors in Sidney Howard's semi-documentary story of the campaign against yellow fever in 1900. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas as a big-time crook and Judy Holliday as the little girl who ruins his racket. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LIFE WITH FATHER:** You know—"Life with Father." With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **O MISTRESS MINE:** Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Ralph Bellamy in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy dealing with Republican politics and principles. Kay Francis and Minor Watson are in it, too. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** John van Druten's play about a sergeant and his two girls. With Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 93
BOOKS 98
THE CURRENT CINEMA 54
LETTER FROM PRAGUE 84
MUSICAL EVENTS 91
OF ALL THINGS 53
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  MARKETS AND MENUS 76
THE RACE TRACK 79
A REPORTER AT LARGE 66
THE THEATRE 50

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MUSICALS

Beggar's Holiday—A *modernization of* "The Beggar's Opera" that has originality and charm but somehow doesn't achieve a unified effect. Duke Ellington wrote the score and John Latouche the book and lyrics. Alfred Drake heads a large and gifted cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—A good, bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With Ella Logan, David Wayne, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Street Scene—The Elmer Rice classic, put effectively, if a bit pretentiously, into operatic form, with a cast that can really sing. The music is by Kurt Weill, the book by Mr. Rice, and the lyrics by Langston Hughes. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or on the outside, either. With Jules Munshin. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CAROUSEL:** "Liliom," transplanted to New England by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Mr. R.'s and Mr. H.'s musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Maurice Chevalier—In a one-man show. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

The Chocolate Soldier—The Oscar Straus operetta, with a revised book by Guy Bolton. Directed by Felix Brentano and produced by J. H. Del Bondio and Hans Bartsch. The cast is headed by Billy Gilbert. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Brigadoon—A musical comedy produced by Cheryl Crawford, with a cast that includes David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner and the music by Frederick Loewe. Robert Lewis is the director. Opens Thursday, March 13. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th

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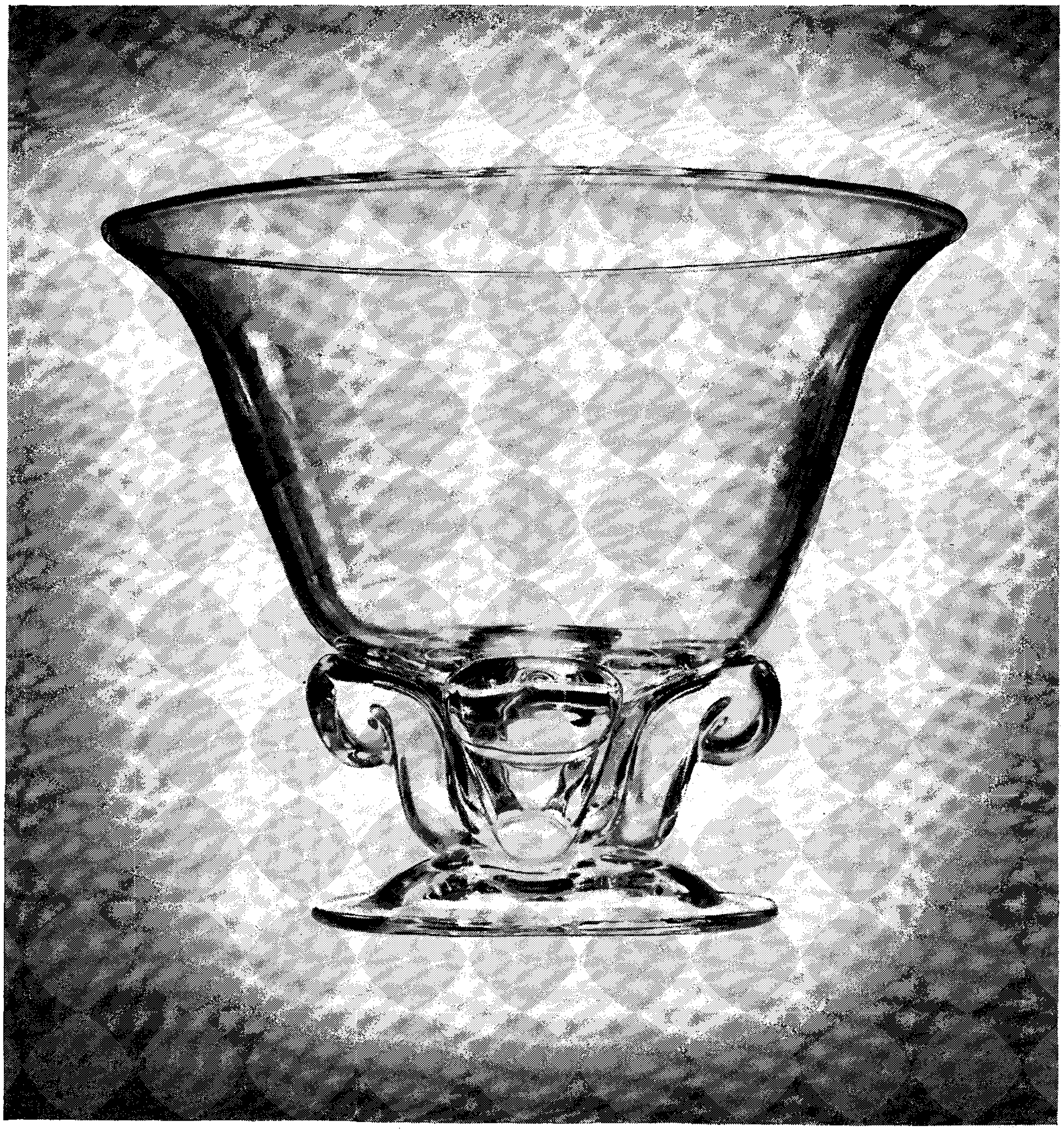

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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The Eagle Has Two Heads—Tallulah Bankhead, with Helmut Dantine and Clarence Derwent, in a play by Jean Cocteau. John C. Wilson is the producer and director, and Donald Oenslager designed the settings. Opens Wednesday, March 19. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 13: "Ballet Imperial," "Night Shadow," "Blue Bird," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Swan Lake," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Les Sylphides," "Comedia Balletica," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Baiser de la Fée," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 16: "Ballet Imperial," "Virginia Sampler," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 16: "Danses Concertantes," "Frankie and Johnny," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 18: "The Nutcracker," "Schéhérazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 19: "Swan Lake," "The Bells," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 20: "Les Sylphides," "Madroños" (première), "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 21: "Danses Concertantes," "Night Shadow," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 22: "The Snow Maiden," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 22: "Ballet Imperial," "Madroños," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Rodeo." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Original Ballet Russe—Tentative schedule—"Les Sylphides," "Paganini," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, March 18, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 20: "Giselle," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 21: "Constantia," "Mute Wife," "Pas de Deux," and "Paganini." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 22: "Les Sylphides," "Mute Wife," "Pas de Deux," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 22: "Swan Lake," "Camille," "Mute Wife," and "Schéhérazade." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Puppet Show—"The Princess Who Would Not Weep." (Junior League, 221 E. 71st St. BU 8-6220. Saturday morning, March 22, at 11.)

American Youth Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting a concert for young people. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, March 22, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), and at the Beacon (Broadway at 74th, TR 4-9132), both starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so it's a good idea to phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—There are still honest, old-fashioned crystal chandeliers in the Trianon Room, and hardly any Lucite. William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has polite and civilized dance music by Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and a rumba band.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, as captivating as she ever was, which is plenty. Edmund Hall's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A fairly close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, with placid romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—A leading example of the jet-propelled, or untrammelled, school of interior decoration. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—In the stately Cotillion Room, you'll come upon an unpretentious show, Charles Reader's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays in the Café Pierre daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, singing, prattling, and turning the Persian Room upside down at both dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's orchestra plays all evening, with Mark Monte's lending a hand after the theatre.

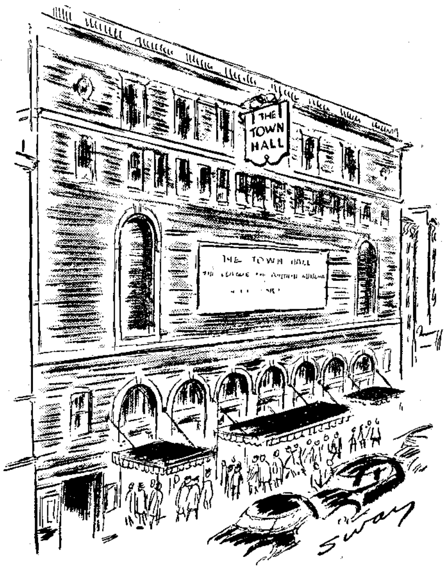
Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, Larry Siry's string orchestra offers graceful, reminiscent music during the dinner hour; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an unassuming ice show, and Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. . . . ¶ Two small dance orchestras play downstairs, in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The Bernard Brothers, asking you to believe that they are, in turn, the Andrews Sisters, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, and a number of other people, none of whom would think the act as entertaining as the customers do.



Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens, a singer, and Russell Swann, a magician, are in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre. Emil Coleman, at dinner and supper, plays nostalgic, deb-party music; Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): The subdued and elegant Drake Room has stylish piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Paul Berlin, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotger's rumba band play jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns, furnishing a background of contemplative piano music for the customers' chatter; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Bilingual merriment from the real, original Borsch Circuit; dance music of all varieties. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, with dance music by the Dardanelle Trio until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after nine-thirty, in this agreeable cranny; no dancing. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An unpretentious East Side hall, colorfully decorated and offering peace and quiet during dinner and casual dancing to a trio later in the evening. There's also a singer. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): *Unexciting but comfortable, with* dance music by Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Lots of heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White is the chief attraction here; dance music by Gene Sedric's orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A populous and rococo old drawing room, filled with East Side talky-talk, table visiting, and a thin but sturdy thread of piano playing.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson have taken over here, and you know what *that's* like. Dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Tony Martin, and the usual lavish and boisterous floor show, pointed up by the dance team of Raye and Naldi. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.

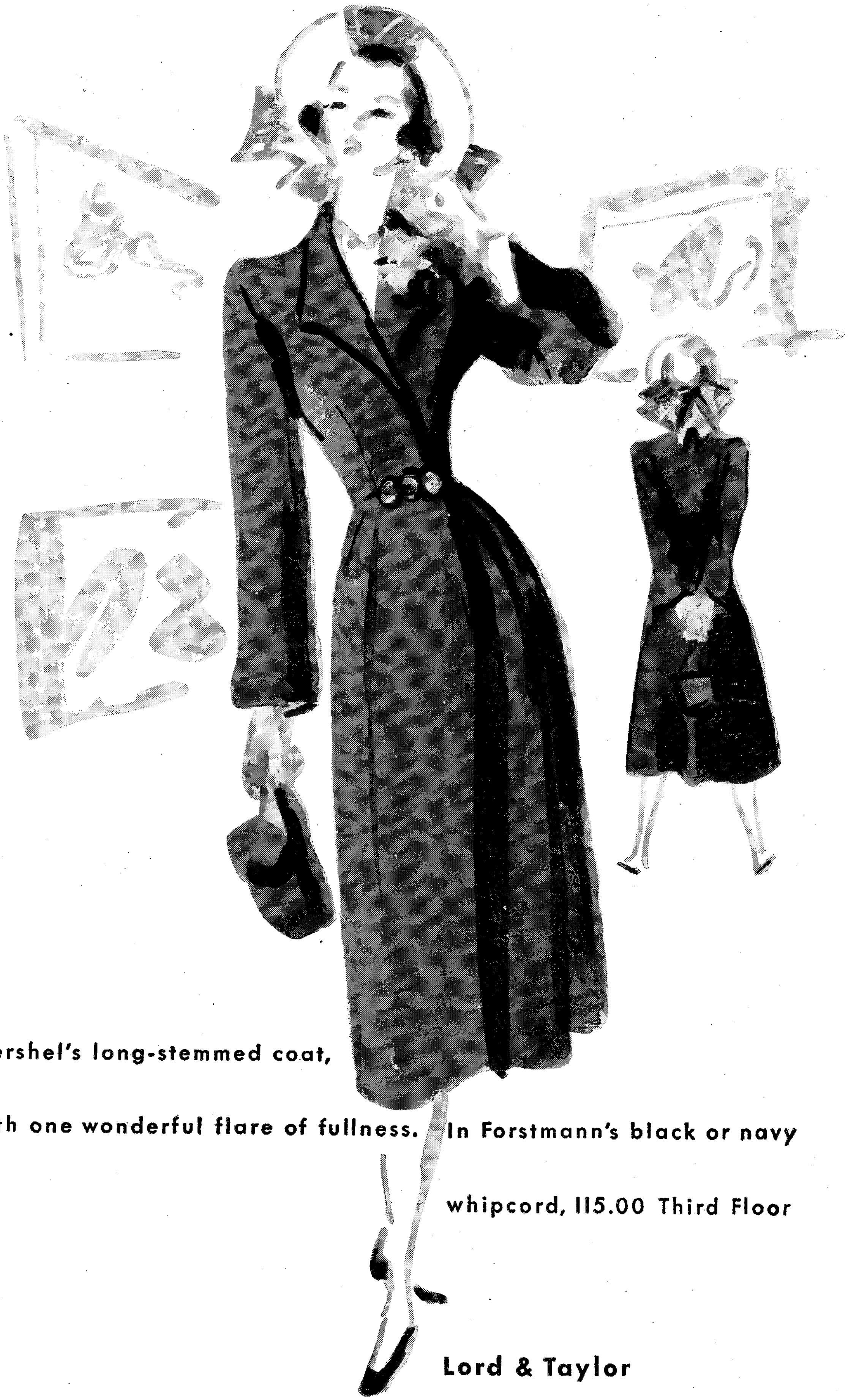
SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): John Buckmaster, Florence Desmond, and so many others that you are bound to run into something to suit your taste. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice, Pete Seeger, and the Three Flames, providing you with one of the better excuses for staying *up all night; dancing*. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): For a starter, you'll find the Four Notes (to be replaced by Day, Dawn, and Dusk on Monday, March 17), and Josef Marais and Miranda. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Late in the evening, Daphne Hellman plucks several well-chosen strings on her harp, Stella Brooks delivers herself of her husky musings, and Spivy herself turns up with a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright's sardonic mimicry of such standard victims as Hildegarde and Katharine Hepburn. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S EAST SIDE**, 55 E. 54th St. (EL 5-7845): This modest way station between the theatre and home offers invigorating singing by Bunty Pendleton.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Joe Sullivan. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors. . . . **DIXON'S**, 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet, showing how the rustic rhythms of



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night life on the other side of the Hudson can be raised to an art. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Miff Mole, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, Danny Alvin, Max Kaminsky, and some assistants make a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday, singing about the troubles a girl can have.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Jack Edwards' orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

DARREL AUSTIN—Bulls and fishermen have been added to this artist's familiar categories of tigers and moonstruck ladies. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through March 22.)

HERBERT BARNETT—Figure paintings and elaborately patterned landscapes. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through March 14.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Drinking and drunkenness celebrated in a series of spry abstractions. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

ABE BIRNBAUM—Neat, witty, understated paintings of people absorbed in steak fries, housecleaning, and other such pursuits. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

DORIS CAESAR—New sculptures, in which a sound neo-Gothic motivation is mixed agreeably with some modern experimentation. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 26.)

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO—Paintings, mainly of the last twenty-odd years, showing his almost embarrassing flounderings after abandoning his early, Surrealist style and taking up politics. (Acquavella, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

GEORGE CONSTANT—Mostly figure studies, painted in broad, chunky planes but somehow very alive and rhythmic. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

CONTEMPORARY IRISH PAINTING—Eleven artists, the majority of them young and talented, in an introductory American showing. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 22.)

ENRICO DONATI—Dreamy, graceful fantasies, done in iridescent color. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

ENGLISH PAINTERS—A small collection of lesser-known landscapes by Constable, Gainsborough, and others. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

ANGNA ENTERS—More of this dancer's piquant, childlike water colors. (Newhouse, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 14.)

FRENCH—Paintings by Bonnard, Rouault, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

ARSHILE GORKY—A symbolic abstractionist plays around with rural subjects in an agreeable series of pencil and crayon drawings. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

MAURICE GROSMAN—Quiet, unpretentious still-lifes and landscapes. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 13.)

CLEO HARTWIG—Small sculptures, mostly animals and birds, that show a close relationship between the subjects and the materials used to represent them. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.)

CHILDE HASSAM—Paintings done by this Impressionist around 1900, when nudes were nymphs and Dunkirk Beach was lined with bathing machines. (Milch, 108 W. 57th St.; through March 25.)

WINSLOW HOMER—An exhibition, for the benefit of the New York Botanical Gardens, of oils, water colors, and drawings. The oils are the most important. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through March 22.)

GEORGE INNESS—A first-rate collection of twenty-two American and Italian landscapes. (John Levy, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK—Small, elongated wooden sculptures, some of them carved from chair legs—bizarre but engaging. (Marquie, 16 W. 57th St.; through March 22.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Symbolic Expressionist paintings that, despite their lack of discipline, show a good sense of pattern and color. (Art of This Century, 30 W. 57th St.; through March 22.)

IVER ROSE—Clowns and other subjects, portrayed in a pleasant swirl of color. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

MARK ROTHKO—New abstractions, sweeping but well organized. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

JOSEF SCHARL—Religious drawings, done in a mixture of Oriental and symbolic styles that carries great conviction. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

GEORGES SEURAT—A small but sumptuous loan show of his too seldom exhibited drawings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES—Fancy interpretations of mythological and Biblical subjects by an artist who knows how to handle water colors. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through March 29.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings by one of the foremost contemporary Mexican artists. (Valentine, 55 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

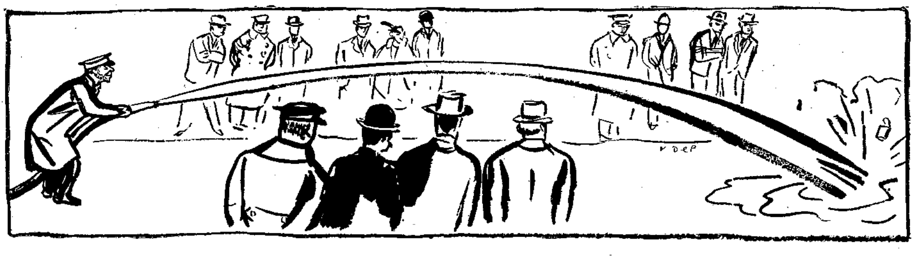
VACLAV VYTLACIL—Spidery, precise abstractions, mostly having to do with fish, the sea, and boats. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 15.)

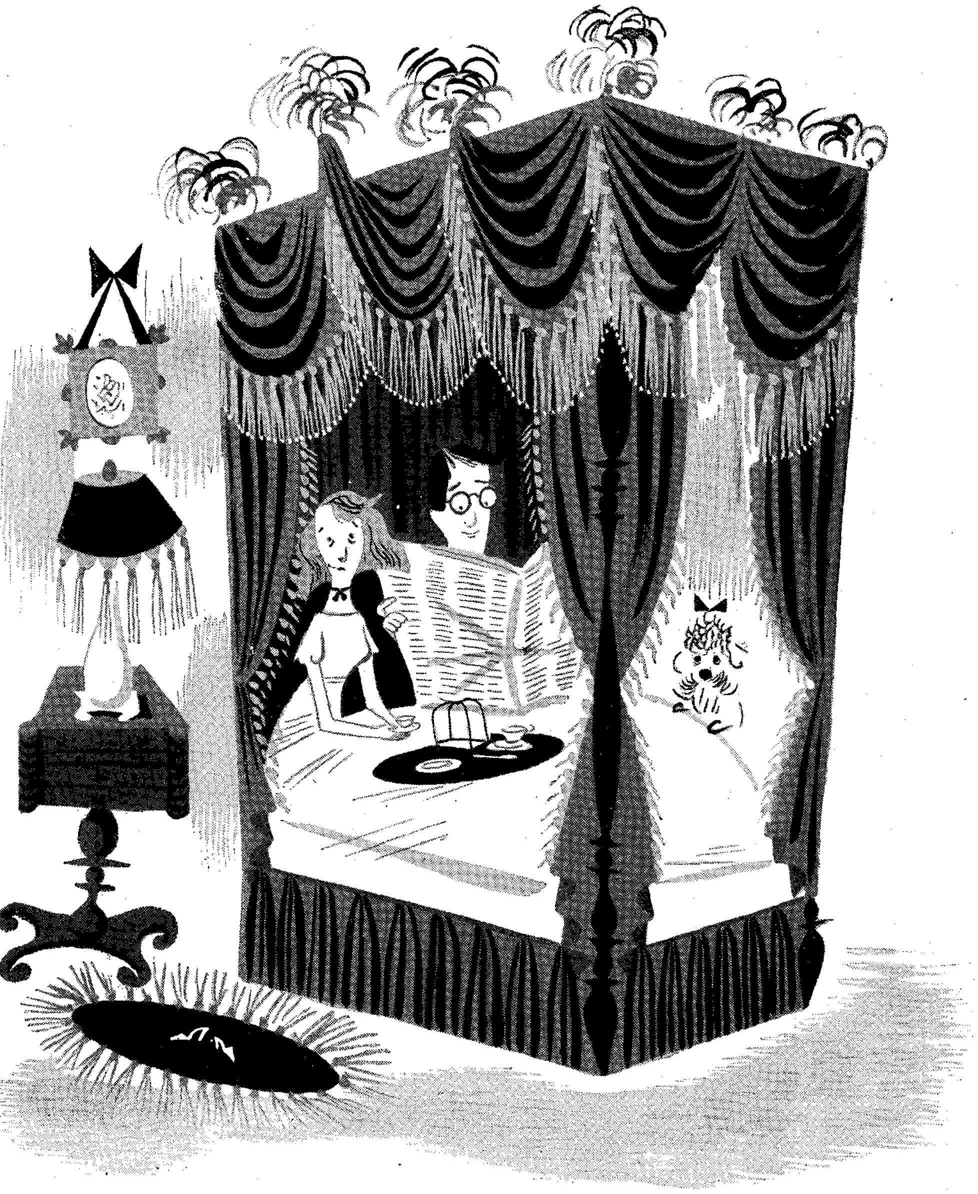
WAR PAINTINGS—Sixteen battle scenes, commissioned by the Chrysler Sales Corporation. You have to go through the automobile salesroom to get to them, but some of the canvases are worth the trouble. (Chrysler Building, 405 Lexington Ave., at 42nd St.; through April 26.)

SOL WILSON—Waterfronts and beaches that have a fine, briny quality. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

WILLIAM ZORACH—First showing in four years by one of our major sculptors. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 29.)

GROUPS—At the **HUGO,** 26 E. 55th St.: Modern paintings and sculptures by Wifredo Lam, Isamu Noguchi, and others, in a setting (by Frederick Kiesler) that tends at times to overshadow the exhibits; through March 22. . . . **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57th St.: A thoughtfully chosen collection of abstract paintings, most of them by Paul Klee and the rest by Mark Tobey, Henry Moore, and others; through March 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A mid-season show by this gallery's group, including Constantine Abanavas and Stephen Csoka; through March 21. . . . **NEW AGE,** 138





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 15th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and other members of this gallery. Weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Rouault; through April 5. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Corot; through March 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eric Isenburger; through March 22. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Moses Soyer; through March 29. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Louis Bosa; through March 27. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: Theodore Fried; through March 28. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56th St.: Maxim Kopf; through March 29. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Drawings by Robert Gwathmey, Mario Carreño, and twenty-five others; through March 30. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Dong Kingman; through March 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Woldemar Neufeld; through March 29.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A fiftieth-anniversary show of paintings, prints, and sculptures newly acquired by the Museum. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings by Hogarth, Constable, and Turner, lent by British museums and private collectors. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore; through March 16. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, a man who combines an understanding of people and their troubles with a discriminating eye for composition; through April 6. . . . ¶ Forty-six recent lithographs by Picasso; through April 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings, by twenty-six artists, including Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's annual show of water colors, drawings, and sculptures by contemporary artists. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 7.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

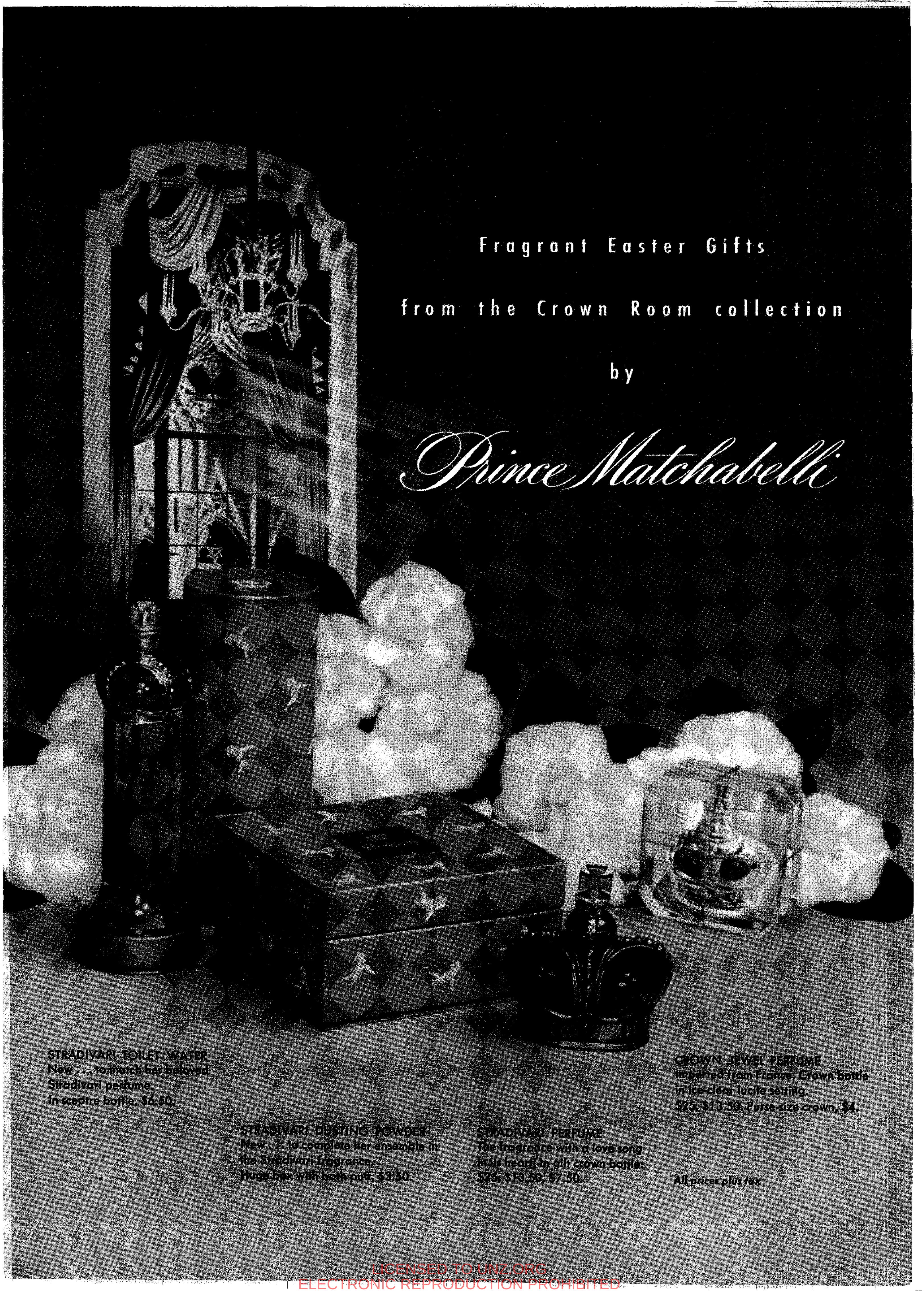
METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, March 13, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Rose Bampton and Torsten Ralf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Hjoerdis Schymberg, and Ezio Pinza. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15, at 8:15: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 19, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten and Ferruccio Tagliavini. (A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Guild; for information about tickets, call RE 4-2410.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, March 13, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, March 14, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, March 16, at 3; all with Robert Casadesus, piano. . . . ¶ Efrem Kurtz conducting: Thursday evening, March 20, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 21, at 2:30, both with John Corigliano, violin; Saturday evening, March 22, at 8:45, with Isaac Stern, violin.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 15, at 2:30.)

SMITH COLLEGE AND PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GLEE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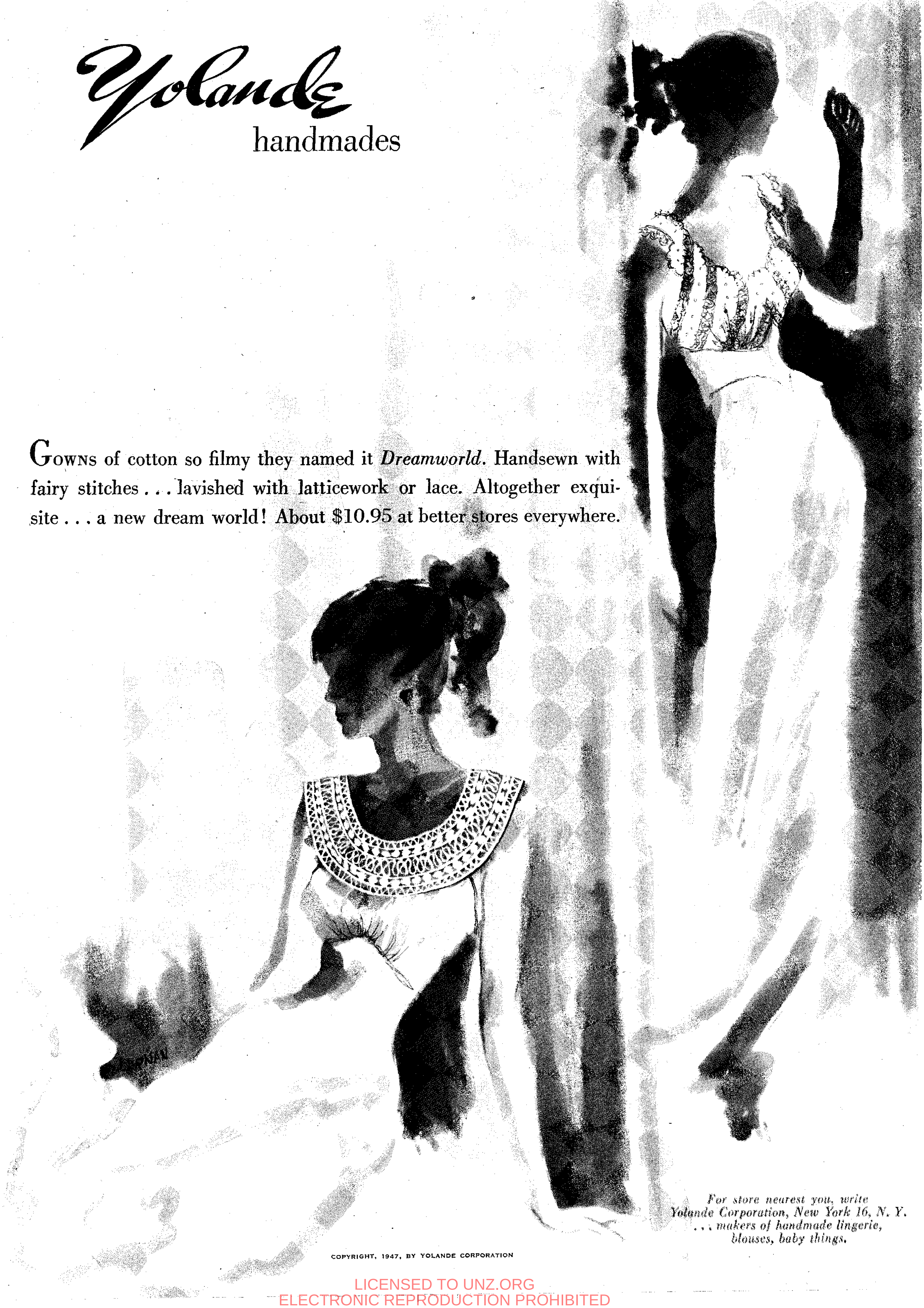

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clubs—In a joint concert. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday evening, March 15, at 8:30.)

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—Annual concert. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, March 15, at 8:30.)

Original Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, March 16, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, March 18, at 8:30.)

Westminster Choir—John Finlay Williamson directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, March 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Louis Kaufman—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 14, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe and Alfred Zighera—Harpsichord and viola da gamba. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. Sunday afternoon, March 16, at 3:15.)

League of Composers Concert—Andor Foldes, piano; Helen Boatwright, soprano; and others, in a program of new chamber music. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday evening, March 16, at 8:30. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 130 W. 56th St.)

Robert Brereton—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, March 17, at 8:30.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, March 17, at 8:30.)

Musicians' Guild—The Kroll Quartet; Frank Sheridan, piano; Leonard Rose, cello; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, March 17, at 8:30.)

Jean Carlton—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday evening, March 18, at 8:30.)

Maria Carreras—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, March 19, at 8:30.)

Jerome Rappaport—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, March 19, at 8:30.)

William Kapell—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 21, at 8:30.)

Olga Coelho—Soprano, with Adrian Fisher, pianist. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 22, at 5:30.)

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773. Saturday evening, March 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

College Basketball—National Invitation Tournament: quarter-finals, Monday, March 17; semi-finals, Wednesday, March 19.... ¶ N.C.A.A. Eastern Regional Tournament: semi-finals, Thursday, March 20; finals, Saturday, March 22. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Jake LaMotta vs. Tommy Bell, middleweights, 10 rounds, Friday, March 14.... ¶ Billy Graham vs. Tippy Larkin, welterweights, 10 rounds, Friday, March 21. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Show—Saw Mill River Kennel Club. (White Plains, N.Y. Sunday, March 16.)

Fencing—Metropolitan Open Foil Team Championship. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Tuesday, March 18, at 7 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, March 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden.)

Indoor Polo—Georgetown vs. Yale, and N.Y.A.C. vs. Ramapo, Saturday, March 15. ... ¶ An all-star exhibition game, and a semi-final match in the Sherman Low-Goal Tournament, Wednesday, March 19; a benefit for the Red Cross. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

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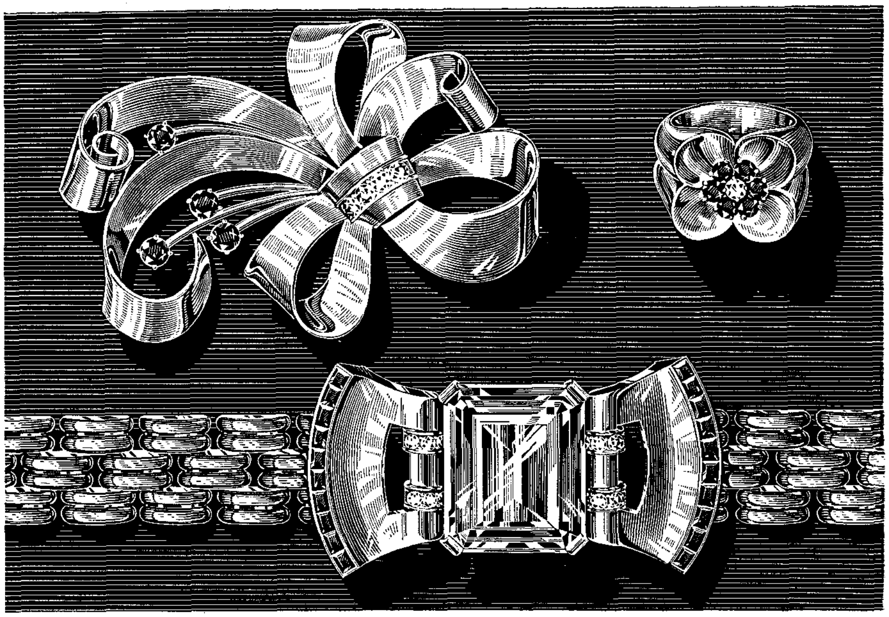

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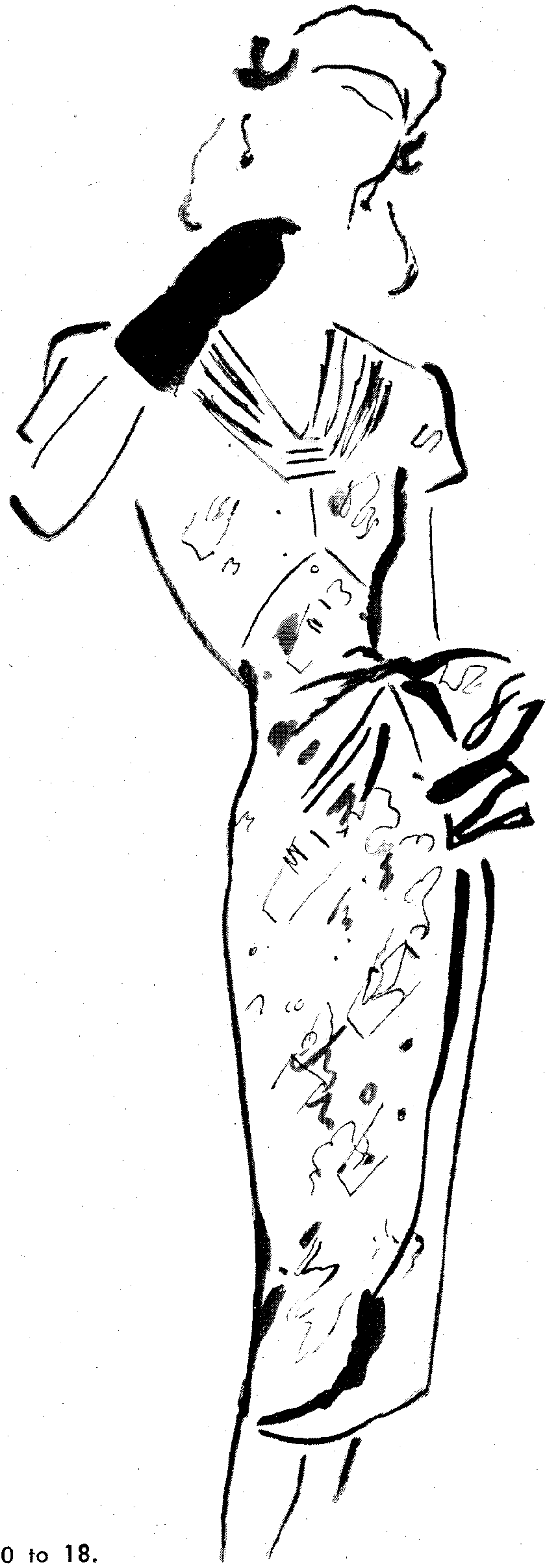

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OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—The Economic and Social Council is in plenary session, and two hundred unofficial spectators are admitted to all open meetings. The Security Council, of course, continues to function, and two hundred and fifty visitors are allowed to sit in. If you are thinking of attending one of these meetings, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Bric-a-brac, furniture, and odds and ends found by rummagers in hundreds of attics, here and abroad. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sunday, March 16, from 1 to 7 P.M.)

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field's amaryllis, Mr. H. McK. Twombly's spring garden, and, for those who are moved to grow their own, plenty of seeds and shovels. If you don't like flowers, you can concentrate on the tropical fish and lawnmowers. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Monday, March 17, from 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; Tuesday through Saturday, March 18-22, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE—The occasion for which, some people will tell you, the police force was founded, St. Patrick's Cathedral was built, and any number of fife-and-drum corps were organized. Starts up Fifth Avenue from 44th St. at 1 P.M., Monday, March 17, and evaporates at 96th St.

PLANETARIUM—The current demonstration is "Seven Wonders of the Universe." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

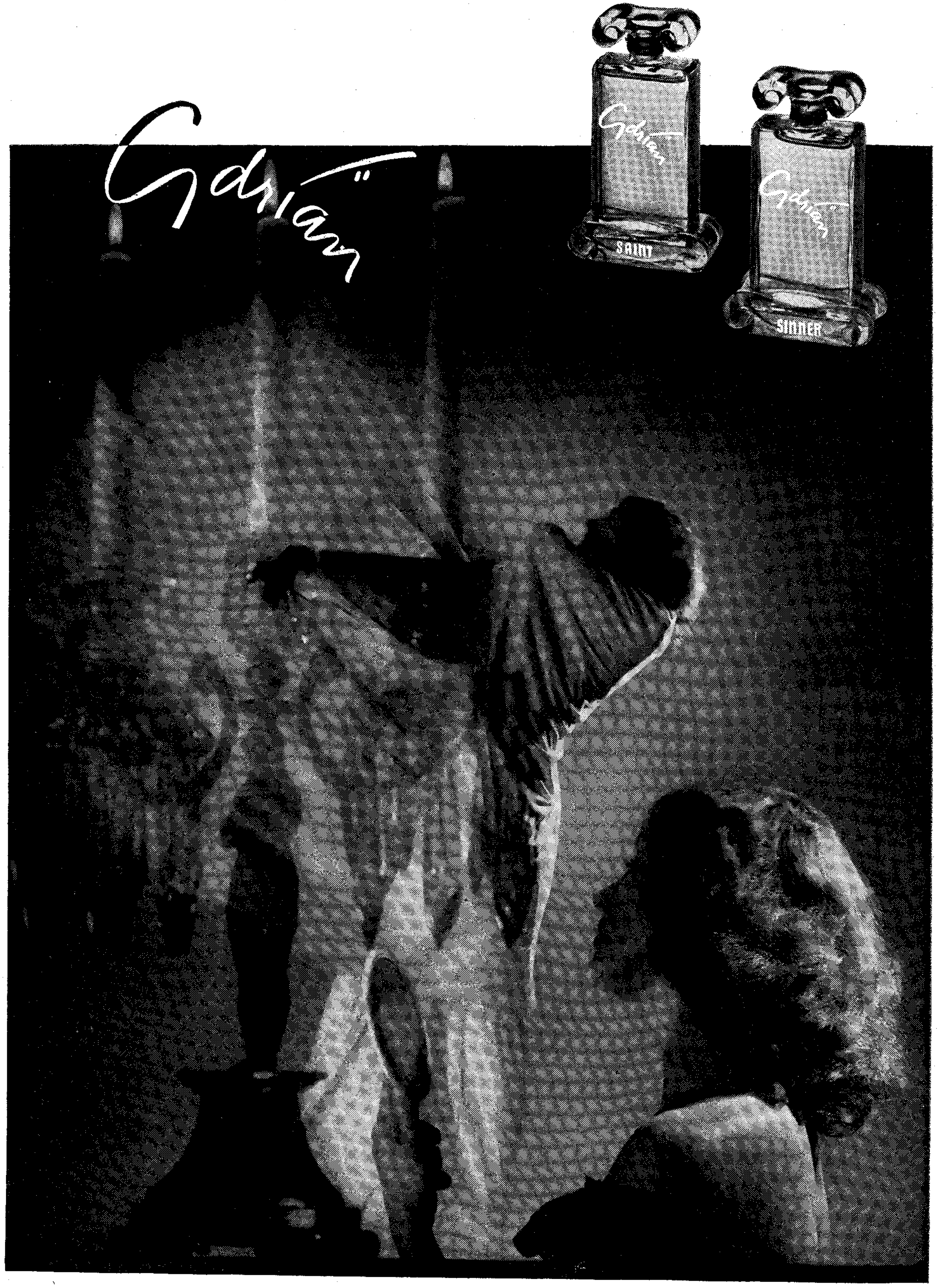
AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Early American furniture, china, and Currier & Ives prints, owned by Mrs. de Lancey Kountze, Miss Alice M. Dunne, and others. (Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Prints by Rembrandt, Whistler, Zorn, and other artists, from the collections of the Chicago Art Institute, Mrs. Robert Fowler, and others. (Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Eleanor Steber and Ezio Pinza, Saturday, March 15, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, March 16, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, March 16, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, March 15 and 22, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Saturday, March 22, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ E. Power Biggs, organist, in the second of a series of recitals devoted to Bach's "Art of Fugue," Sunday, March 16, at 9:15 P.M., WCBS.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis (to be replaced by Joseph. Alsop beginning Friday, March 14), Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.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SINNER
Saint . . . to be loved and adored
Sinner . . . as mischievous as a sidelong glance

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Angel and Sinner—A couple of De Maupassant stories, "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi," have been combined to make a very droll French romp. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March, but not enough to warrant your taking this three-hour epic as seriously as it takes itself. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—An adaptation of a *Reader's Digest* piece about a Connecticut trial that turns out to be first-rate entertainment. Dana Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, and Lee Cobb head a cast that also includes some talented amateurs the producer picked up in Stamford, where most of the picture was shot. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Brief Encounter—Noel Coward has expanded his short play "Still Life" into one of the most adult films in years. It is the story of an affair between a respectable British matron and a doctor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Henry V—Any superlatives you have handy may well be applied to Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sundays at 3 and 8:40 P.M.)

Ivan the Terrible—The massive first part of what Sergei Eisenstein intends to make into a cinematic trilogy, wind and politics permitting, about the fierce old Czar. Lumbering, pretentious, and lethargic, and hardly as sprightly as a high-class funeral. In Russian, with music by Prokofieff. (Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st, WI 7-9686.)

Jericho—This film about the French Resistance movement, which deals mostly with fifty hostages awaiting their last dawn, does its share to keep up the high standard French pictures have been setting right along. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

Lady in the Lake—Robert Montgomery, the director and hero, lets the camera serve as the eye of the protagonist and appears himself only as narrator. A small step toward originality, rather wasted on a confused Raymond Chandler story. (State, B'way at 45th, BR 9-1957; through March 19.)

A Night in Casablanca—The Marx Brothers aren't quite as funny as they have been in the rollicking past, but they work out enough laughs to keep their followers moderately amused. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 14-17.)

Open City—A moving description of the workings of the Italian underground, produced in Rome after the city's liberation. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Sea of Grass—Spencer Tracy wastes a lot of time looking at a prairie when he would be better occupied looking after Katharine Hepburn. There is some pretty spectacular photography, though. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French film proving that seduction and its consequences are not always as grim as they are made out to be. The late Raimu and his associates make it one you probably will want to see. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

The Years Between—An old-hat plot about a lady who mistakenly thinks that her husband is dead doesn't prevent the actors in this one from going about their chores in remarkably convincing fashion. The dialogue is excellent. With Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson, and Flora Robson. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. With Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 14-17.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; March 13.)

The Green Years (1946)—A boy growing up in Scotland around 1900. With Charles Coburn and Tom Drake. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; starting March 19.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 16-17.)

My Name Is Julia Ross (1945)—Dame May Whitty and George Macready try to drive Nina Foch out of her mind. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 18.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery concerning Manhattan life. With Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 15.)

Potemkin (1925)—That famous Russian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 18.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 13.)

The Spiral Staircase (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 14-17.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, romance, and songs, all wrapped up as a musical comedy. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, Charles Winninger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; March 13.)

Street Scene (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 14-17.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 14-17. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 18-19. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting March 18.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St., CI 5-8900) is showing movies from its collection on the following schedule. Thursday, March 13: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 14-16: "La Cucaracha" (1934); and "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ Starting Monday, March 17: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"It Happened in Brooklyn," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Peter Lawford, Jimmy Durante.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through March 18: "Song of Scheherazade," Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From March 19: "The Show-Off," Red Skelton, Marilyn Maxwell.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through March 14: "The Strange Woman," Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders.
From March 15 (tentative): "The Red House," Edward G. Robinson.

Golden, 252 W 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Angel and the Bad Man," John Wayne, Gail Russell.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Nora Prentiss," Ann Sheridan, Kent Smith.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SEA OF GRASS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through March 18: "Sinbad the Sailor," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara.
From March 19: "The Locket," Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through March 18: "Suddenly It's Spring," Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard.
From March 19: "My Favorite Brunette," Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Blaze of Noon," Sterling Hayden, Sonny Tufts, Anne Baxter.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
BOOMERANG!

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through March 19: **LADY IN THE LAKE.**

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Pursued," Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, revival.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
March 13: "I'll Be Yours," Deanna Durbin, Tom Drake.
From March 14: "Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), Arletty.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
JERICHO.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ANGEL AND SINNER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE YEARS BETWEEN.

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
"Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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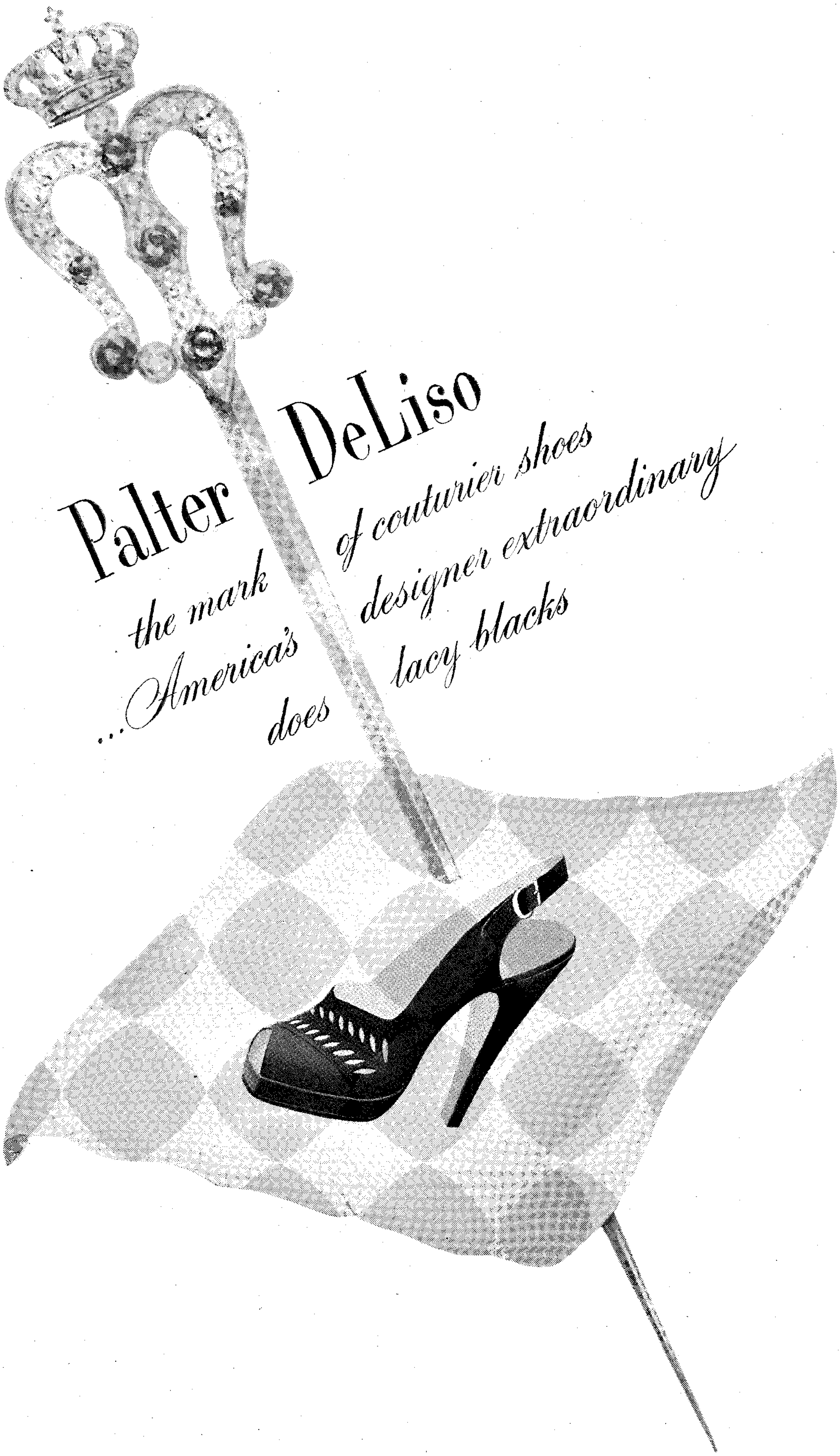
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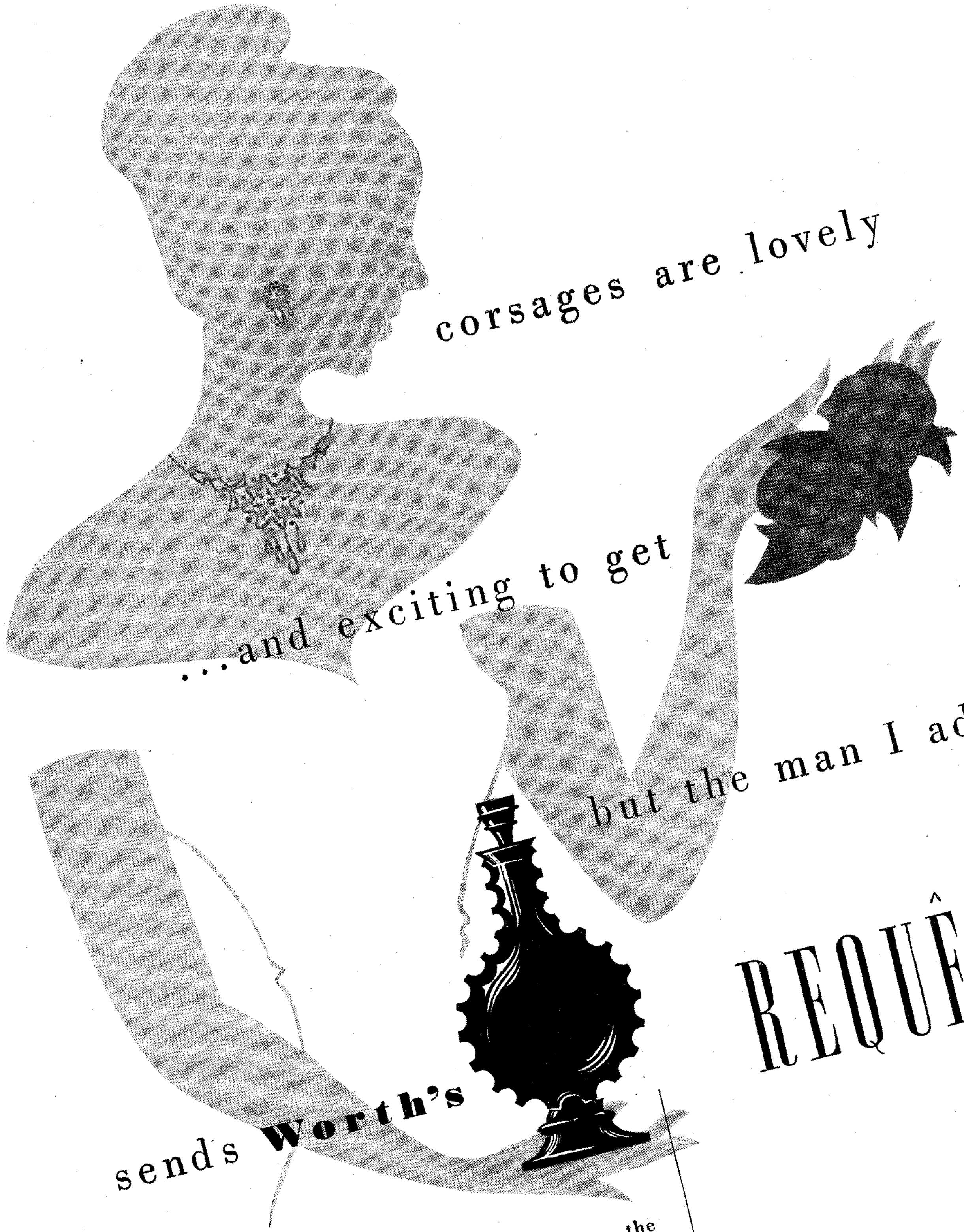

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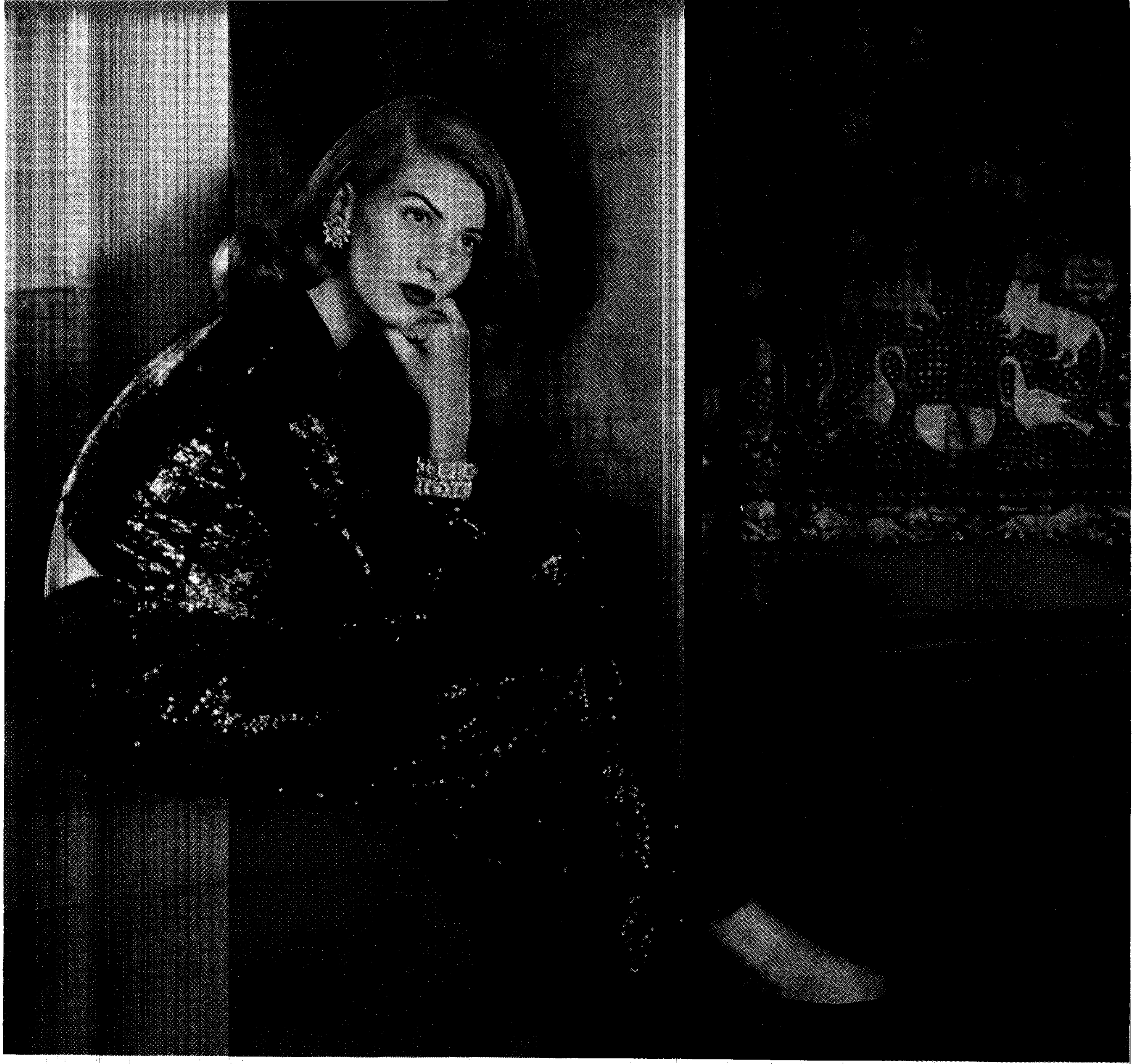
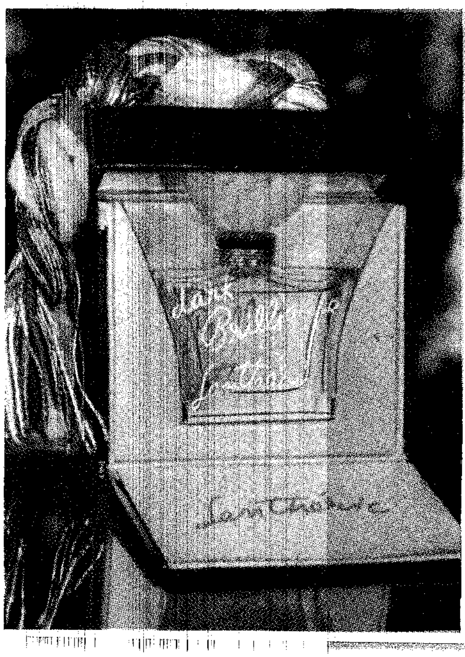


Jewels from Van Cleef & Arpels

Lenthéric Paris, announces a distinguished new perfume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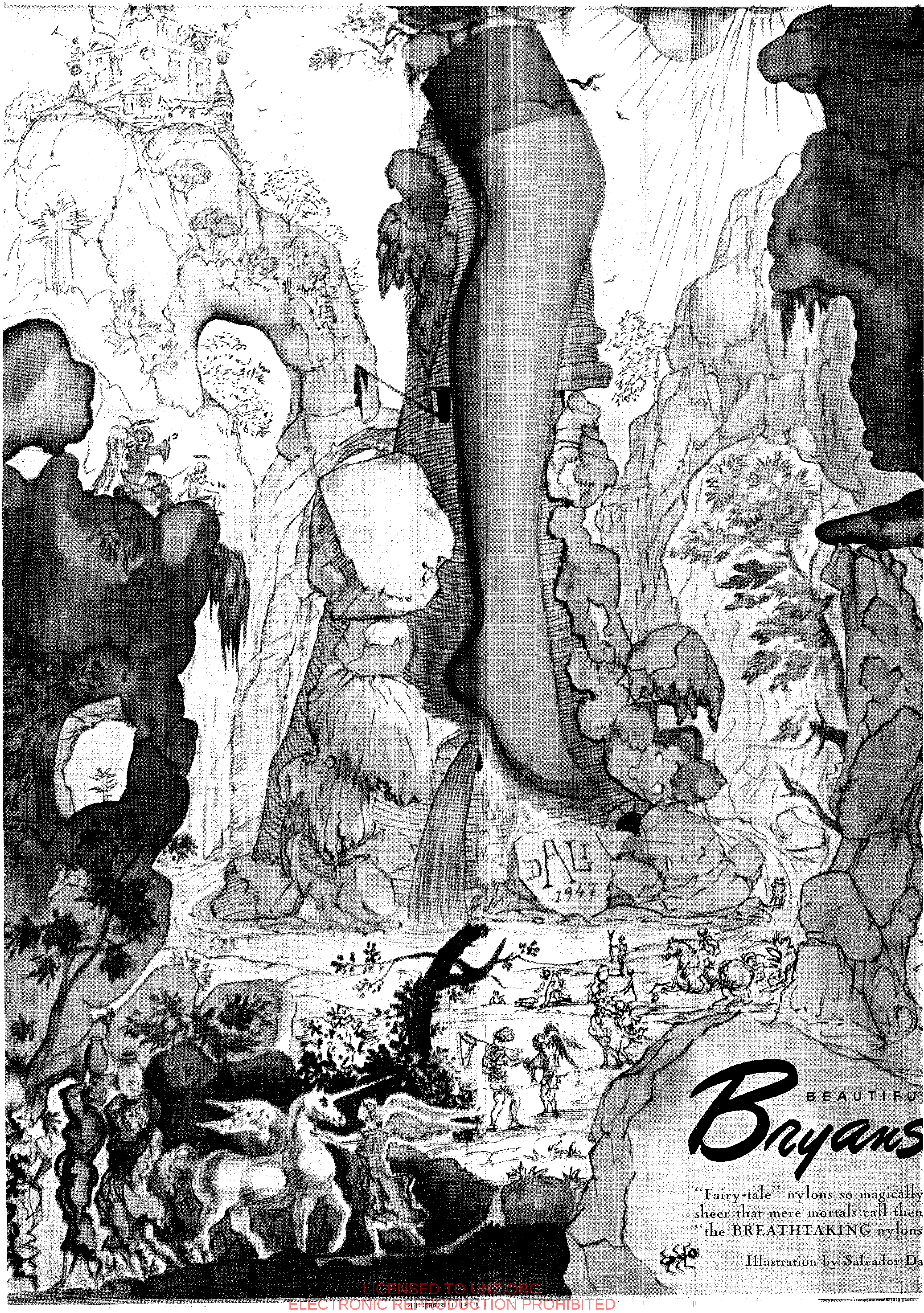
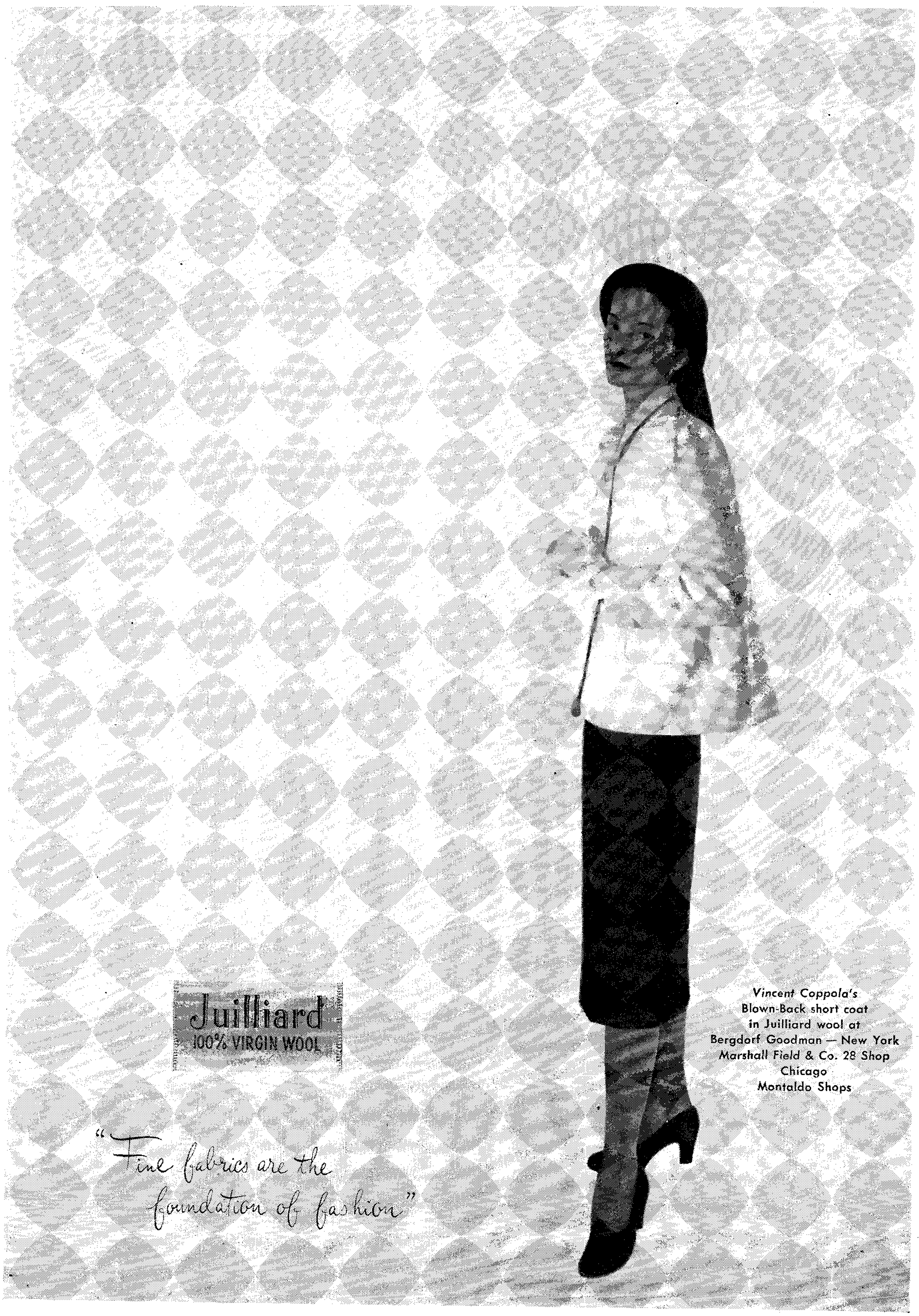


BEAUTIFU

Bryans

“Fairy-tale” nylons so magically
sheer that mere mortals call then
“the BREATHTAKING nylons

Illustration by Salvador Da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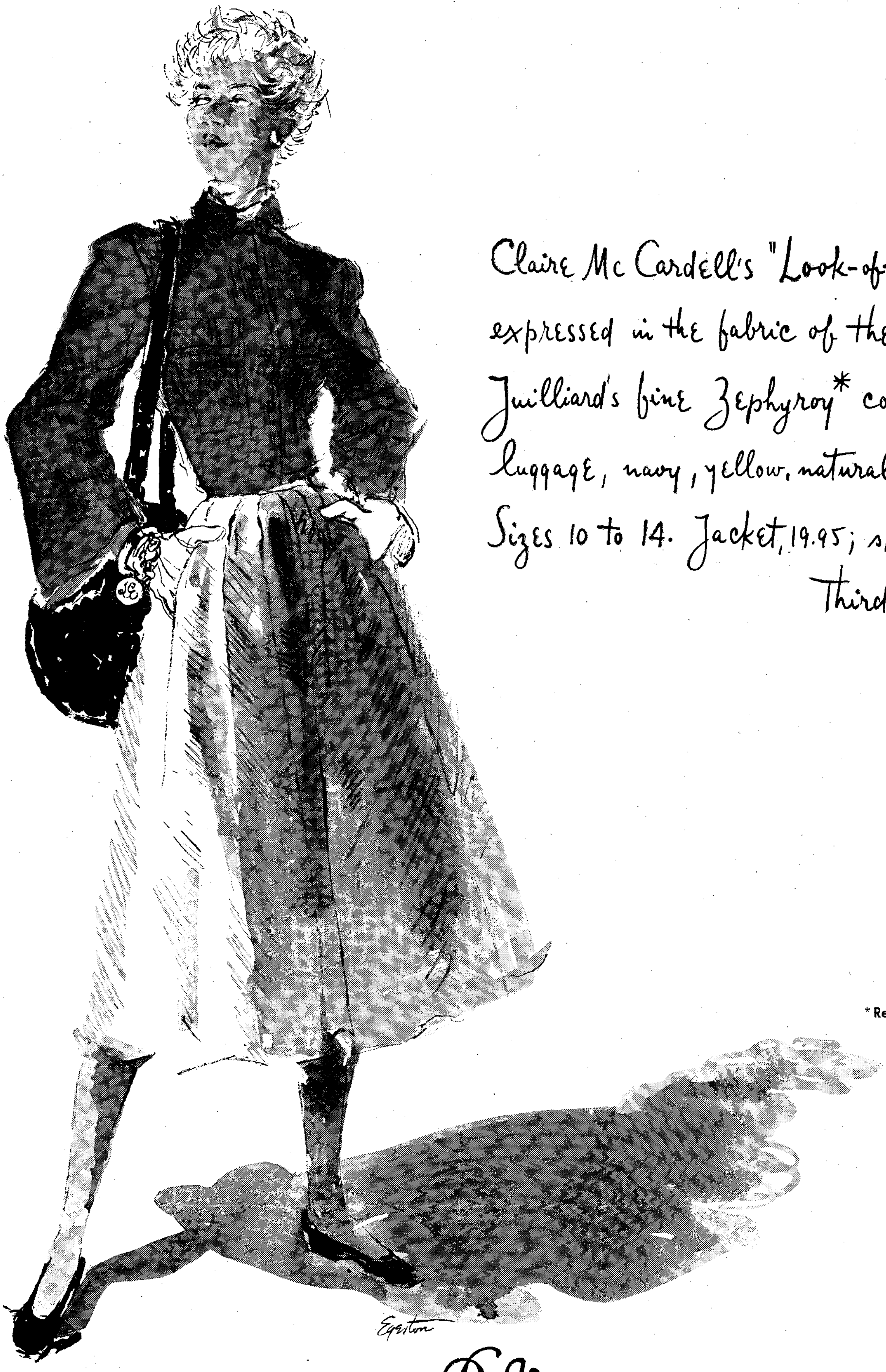

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN his long speech last week, Mr. Gromyko said that the atom-control plan is inconsistent with the principles of the United Nations. We believe that to be true. The Charter of the United Nations reserves full sovereignty for each member state and leaves unchallenged the position of the great powers in relation to the world community. The atom-control plan proposes to override state sovereignty in the case of atomic energy by taking the whole business out of the national field and placing it in a world of its own. The conflict is obvious.

THE subject of Mr. Gromyko's remarks was the principle of unanimity, which is the heart of the Charter. This principle means that when nations are like-minded, the league can function; when nations are ultimately unable to agree, the jig is up and the people can start looking for the exits. The principle of unanimity is simply a plushy name for the principle of national sovereignty. The reason it conflicts with the scheme for atom control is that the Baruch plan assumes that an atomic authority can and must operate freely inside the borders of sovereign states and that the authority cannot be held answerable to any one state. In short, the atom plan would elevate the world community, in this one respect, to the position of top dog and demote the big power to second place. This is something new. Mr. Gromyko's word for it is "peculiar." Whatever name you want to call it by, the conflict is basic. Atomic inspection and national secrecy (or sovereignty) are irreconcilable. To keep an atom in hand, you need inspectors making their rounds, poking about, like night watchmen. And if the inspectors are to be allowed the run of the earth, where does that leave the national-spy system—or, if you prefer polite words, the national-security system?

THE Soviet Union apparently hasn't any intention of yielding sovereignty to an atomic authority or to any other kind of authority. In this, the Soviet Union can point to the Charter and say, "Look, it says we don't have to." The other nations on the commission seem at last willing to move away from the principle of sovereignty but are loath to say, in so many words, that that is what is taking place. Probably nobody can quite envision the meaning and the activity of an atomic authority—a sort of world government in a vacuum, with all the energy in the world at its command, but with a league of independent nations at the helm. It is a hard picture to see clearly, and it is not a restful picture to the eye.

MR. GROMYKO argued that the principle of unanimity of the great powers "corresponds to the interests of the maintenance of peace." In this, we disagree. If anything is clear in the world at all, it is that nations are not enjoying unanimous feelings these days. They are not one-minded but many-minded. What happens from here? Does the individual nation (the great power) give way or does the world community give way when the conflict is fundamental and irreconcilable?

THE speech ended with a question. "What other principle," asked Mr. Gromyko, "can be proposed to us by those who are sick of the principle of unanimity of the great powers, for the solution of all the important questions involved in the maintenance of peace?" An honest question. We propose the principle of the sovereign man. It is an unwieldy principle for the world to face, and at the moment sovereign man is a misty figure, but he is emerging. You saw him dimly at Nuremberg at the trials, in the Human Rights Commission asking for justice, in the Atomic Energy Commission looking for sanctuary from his own skill. He is a bigger pumpkin than a great power, and we will put our money on him every time.

WE don't doubt that the powers may yet conclude an "appropriate convention" on the atomic-energy matter and that they will continue to adjust their precarious balances by the familiar methods of leverage, of bluff, and of armament. But the control of atomic energy will remain just what it has always been—a matter of war and peace. If we get war, we will get atomic energy or a reasonable facsimile. If we achieve peace, the atom bombs could be piled as high as the Alleghenies or the Urals and they wouldn't harm anybody. And the question of war and peace will remain concealed in Mr. Gromyko's excellent question: "What other principle can be proposed?" A most honest and fearless question.

NOTE FOR HISTORIANS OF THESE DISORDERED TIMES. The first engagement has been announced between a Vassar girl and a Vassar boy.

A MAN whose tax returns probably make the Collector of Internal Revenue rub his eyes is Mr. Carlton S. Nash, of South Hadley, Massachusetts, a good part of whose income derives from the sale of dinosaur tracks. Mr. Nash's only other business is Christmas trees, and the seasonal nature of this calling recently permitted him to make a trip to New York, in the course of which we sought him out. He pressed upon us an advertisement he is running in *Natural History* ("Original Dinosaur Tracks for Your Garden Walk, Door Step, Museum, Fireplace, Terrace. Be Different") and a leaflet that read, in part, "Petrified Footprints Monsters Made Millions of Years Ago. Is it surprising then that folks should place these timeless symbols in their homes and marvel at them, the oldest footprints in the world?" Before we could say yes, he advised us that his interest in this commodity dated from 1923, when, aged nine, he accompanied his father, an Amherst man, to the paleontological museum at that college. Further stimulated by the knowledge that an ancestor of his, Pliny Moody, had in 1802 plowed up the first dinosaur track found in New England, he delved deep into dinosaurian lore. At an age when most youngsters are learning to distinguish between the square knot and the granny, he learned to distinguish dark, fine-grained, glacially compacted slate—the kind likely to contain dinosaur tracks—from other, trackless kinds. Leaving his schoolmates to their stamps and vacant dreams, he bicycled far and wide, searching for promising outcroppings of slate. At seventeen, he found his first track, six inches long, near the Connecticut River. Two years later, a mile from his home, he descried and dug up a toe track, three inches long, and three complete tracks, all embedded in the same outcropping of slate. These treasures were on a two-acre lot owned by the local power company. Nash made an offer for the property, but it was refused. He then cagily lay low, staying away from the area, so that no one would suspect its unusual value. Six long years passed, during which he didn't breathe a telltale paleontological word. In 1939, the power company sold the two acres to a contractor, who let Nash have them for a couple of hundred dollars, plus seven building lots he owned in South Hadley. The necessity for caution gone, he searched his new property and in three months found fifty slate tracks, varying in size from three to twenty inches. With what ecstasy he cut them out and carried them to his modest home! Since then, he has quarried more than twelve hundred prints—five of them twenty-three inches long—and sold half of them. He charges an average of twelve dollars for a five-inch track, and three hundred dollars for a twenty-three-incher. Deep tracks, generally made soon after a rainstorm, cost a bit more than shallow ones. He sells the smaller prints as ashtrays, bookends, paperweights, doorstops, knockers, and souvenirs; the larger ones he recommends for garden walks and terraces. "Dale Carnegie has bought them for his fireplace," he told us, "Mr. Fenly Hunter, president of the Hunter Illuminated Car Sign Company, in Flushing, for his terrace. Hunter College has two in its rock garden. General Patton's widow has them in her flag walk."

Mr. Nash's tracks are three-toed, and he is indebted for them mostly to the following dinosaurs: Anchisauripus tuberosus (sometimes known as Eubrontes tuberosus), Anchisauripus sillimani, Anchisauripus minusculus, Eubrontes giganteus (or Brontozoum giganteum), and Grallator formosus. These monsters flourished a hundred and twenty-five million years ago, were bipedal and herbivorous, ranged in length from one to twelve yards and in height from two to twenty feet, and took little, mincing steps except when in a terrible hurry. Nash believes that the great profusion of tracks in his quarry indicates that it was once a mud flat by a water hole, since dinosaurs were crazy about water holes. The tracks come in layers, one on top of another. There's a satisfactory paleontological reason for this, but don't ask us what it is. So far, Nash has dug out four feet of slate, or twenty layers, from an area the size of a tennis court; he has no idea how far down the outcropping extends. He's still digging. "There's nothing monotonous about this sort of work," he said. "I once found a two-toed track, which must have been made by a freak or by a dinosaur that had lost one toe. Another time, I dug up a petrified slough left by a dinosaur's tail. And, of course, there've been any number of fossil remains of Upper Triassic rainstorms."

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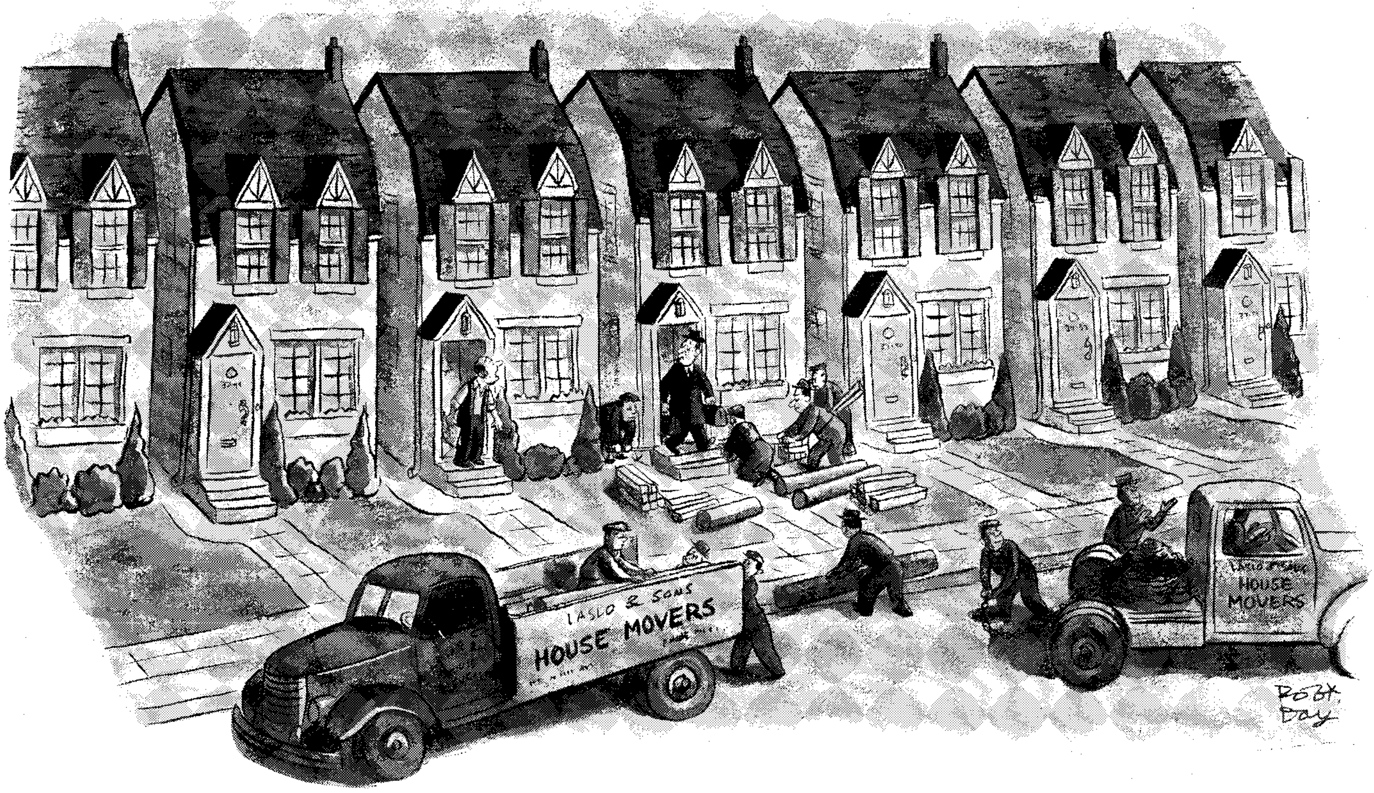
WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE: Signs have been posted in certain Los Angeles buses reading, "DO NOT LEAVE ARMS IN DOOR AFTER ALIGHTING."

REPAIRING
THE RAPID SHOE REPAIR
MEN'S HALF SOLES
LADIES LIFTS

There is an establishment in Pasadena called the Stufft Shirt Restaurant.

Stocks and Sandwiches

ONCE a month for twelve years, Miss Helen Slade, a financial writer who is president of the New York chapter of the American Statistical Association, has given a soirée to which forty or fifty of Manhattan's leading stock-market analysts and their wives are invited. These salons—the only economists' salons we know of—immediately follow the monthly meetings of the Analysts Club, a group of thirty-odd market researchers and forecasters who dine downtown, exchange prophecies, and then repair to the Slade apartment, on East Fifty-seventh Street. There they are joined by other financial analysts, and there, on the last such occasion, we were taken by an economist who had obtained permission to infiltrate us. "Canadian Club or Haig & Haig?" asked our hostess, a dark, cordial, intellectual-looking woman, when we were presented to her. She introduced us to her husband, Henry S. Sanders, a Public National Bank vice-president who specializes in commercial loans. "We're getting busier all the time," he said. "People have too much inventory, so they like to borrow." "Here's Shelby Harrison," said Miss Slade, leading us to a clump of analysts who were munching enormous sandwiches. "He runs the Russell Sage Foundation." Next, she had us meet Bradford Bixby Smith, economist for United States Steel; Dean Langmuir, "a very wise investment counsellor;" Lucien Hooper, head of research at W. E. Hutton; Washington Dodge, of Roberts & Co.; Pierre Bretey, railroad analyst for Baker, Weeks & Harden; and half a dozen others. "And *here's* Frederick R. Macaulay, one of the greatest mathematicians in the world," said Miss Slade. "Son of a former president of Sun Life of Canada, and author of—" " 'Some Theoretical Problems Suggested by the Movements of Interest Rates, Bond Yields and Stock Prices in the United States Since 1856,' " said an unidentified man, looking at Mr. Macaulay admiringly. "We're not so much concerned with whether a stock goes up or down as with its value as a year-round investment," Mr. Hooper told us. "We always take a vote at our club dinner on what things will be like a month later. Tonight's vote was a little on the bullish side." "Is Great



"Good heavens, Hatfield! I had no idea you were so touchy."

* * *

Northern going to be hurt by the diminishing of iron deposits in Minnesota?" Mr. Dodge asked. "Ore deposits will not be depleted until 1976, maybe even beyond," said Mr. Bretey. "I like the road, I like the Northwest, and when President Gavin steps down, you have a keen second-in-line in Vernon Turnburke." "Have some stuffed eggs," said Miss Slade.

We took one and wandered around the room, listening in awe to such remarks as "We've thrown the market over to the psychoanalysts. It's not what it's going to do that counts but what people think it's going to do." . . . "The economy now is bigger than any man or group of men can absorb; all we can do is grasp facets of it." . . . "Most people don't realize that the operating ratio on those iron-ore railroads is even lower than coal—runs to forty-seven per cent." . . . "Coal has been mechanized, but not to the extent that you can take a fifty-car train and tipple it in one minute." . . . "I think they made a big mistake; they could have charged it off to E.P.T."

"I call these people my tipsters," Miss Slade told us. "I got interested in economics years ago when I was running a boys' club at the Henry Street Settlement. The boys kept asking me financial questions, so I went to Columbia and studied economics under Professor Seligman, so as to be able to answer them." Miss Slade runs a department on mutual funds for the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* under the name John Dean, which she took because someone had just sent her a cake from Dean's. She also cables a weekly market letter to a paper in Johannesburg, South Africa. "I want you to meet Alexander," said Miss Slade, and introduced us to a Welsh Corgi, a short-legged, terrier-like dog. "Alexander's done well," she said. "He has twenty shares of Alexander Smith and gave me a lovely watch for Christmas out of his market profits. I think if you have a dog or cat, you should leave him a few thousand dollars. I keep Alexander's securities in a separate envelope, with a letter to my executors." Miss Slade has compiled a record of financial conditions in America from 1790 to 1900. "My favorite year is 1836," she said. "Imports reached a high point of $189,980,035, flour in Cincinnati sold at fifteen dollars a barrel, and the country was practically out of debt. People made wild speculations and were very, very prosperous. However, 1819 was a terrible year. Property values fell and failures were continuous. My, how everyone suffered! Nothing bothers me today, because my historical background tells me it's all happened before."

Double Trouble

A FATHER of whom we've heard happened to be glancing over his daughter's high-school textbooks the other evening and found the following pencilled marginal note beside the opening lines of a long poem by Shelley: "Read *and* understand by Monday."

Teatro Americano

WE'VE just received a report on a one-week run of "Pygmalion," complete with Gertrude Lawrence, which took place in Mexico City last month. Seems three ex-G.I.s there have rented an old movie house, called the Gran Teatro Esperanza Iris, in which, under the name Teatro Americano, they are presenting a series of productions from the United States. "Pygmalion" started the thing off and was the first drama ever done professionally in Mexico in English. Richard S. Aldrich, managing director of Theatre Incorporated, which produced the show here, and husband of its star, went down for the occasion. We buttonholed him on his return and learned that troubles abounded from start to finish. In the first place, the cast, scheduled to fly from Cincinnati, in mid-road tour, on a Saturday, became firmly train-minded when news of the Grace Moore crash came in that day. It would have taken four and a half days to get to Mexico City by train, and a festive opening had been arranged for Tuesday, with the entire diplomatic corps present, so something of an international crisis developed. The first secretary of our embassy in Mexico, advised by Aldrich of the change in plans, reached him by phone and said, "Look here, you've got to get 'Pygmalion' to open on time. The Ambassador has scheduled a big reception!" Aldrich explained that Equity couldn't force actors to fly, that Miss Lawrence was still willing to but some of the others weren't, and suggested that the first secretary get the first secretaries of all the other embassies to telephone the cast and tell them they'd be upsetting international relations and the whole social life of Mexico if they didn't fly. Actors are ambassadors of good will, and this worked. The cast took off from Cincinnati Sunday at 1:30 A.M. and were in Mexico City by noon, in plenty of time for the Ambassador's reception.

Aldrich took off from LaGuardia Field, and on opening night helped the ushers disperse ragamuffins who kept popping up in the ambassadors' front-row seats. Nights get very cold down there, so, finding the dressing rooms unheated, he rushed out and bought electric radiators for them. "They kept the cast's blood circulating," he told us. "Then, the plumbing backstage was on the blink. The cast had to use the audience's rest rooms between the acts, which confused the audience. The audience kept pelting the cast with violets during the acts, which confused the cast. Apparently, this is an old opening-night custom in Mexico. Our stage braces never arrived, so we had to nail and unnail the scenery after each shift. Shifts that should have taken one minute took fifteen, but the audience didn't mind—gave them time to throw violets at each other." The American-tour scenery for "Pygmalion" had been shipped to San Francisco, its next port of call here; the Mexican scenery, built at the Gran Teatro, included a backdrop of a river that looked like a mid-Atlantic storm and one of Covent Garden with pink, orange, and blue stucco houses. "We had amazing luck with the taxi that appears in the prologue," Mr. Aldrich said. "The action takes place in 1908, and we found a 1905 Cadillac touring car behind the Reforma Hotel. We drove it right on the stage. Half an hour before each show, two mechanics would warm it up. The fumes damn near asphyxiated the cast."

On the fourth day of the show's Mexican run, a couple of small boys turned up with bundles of programs no one had ordered. The theatre had been handing out programs all along—thin, conservative ones. The new ones (Mr. A. let us look at one) were much more impressive: picture of Miss Lawrence on the front cover and Dennis King on the back; departments called "Useful Hints for the Home" and "A Woman's Charms" ("How to Fix the Lips of the Mouth"); a spate of epigrams, riddles, He-She jokes, poems, and love songs; some sage *consejo* by Benjamin Franklin; odd bits of information, such as "Did you know that Lady Hamilton, the woman who changed the destiny of Europe, was pressed by debts?" "Mexican printers throw in things like that all the time to fill up empty spaces," Mr. Aldrich explained. "The unofficial programs were entitled 'Celuloide Cinematográfico,' or 'Celluloid Motion Pictures,' and, it turned out, were got up by an old lady who does the Gran Teatro's movie programs. She'd taken it for granted she had to get one out for us, and was just a little late. We distributed both sets the last three days. Possibly the only time this ever happened in the theatre."

Well, there was a lot more trial and tribulation, but to hell with it. Aldrich finally got his company to California and himself to Manhattan, where he lunches quietly at the Coffee House Club every day, conversing easily about Lady Hamilton.

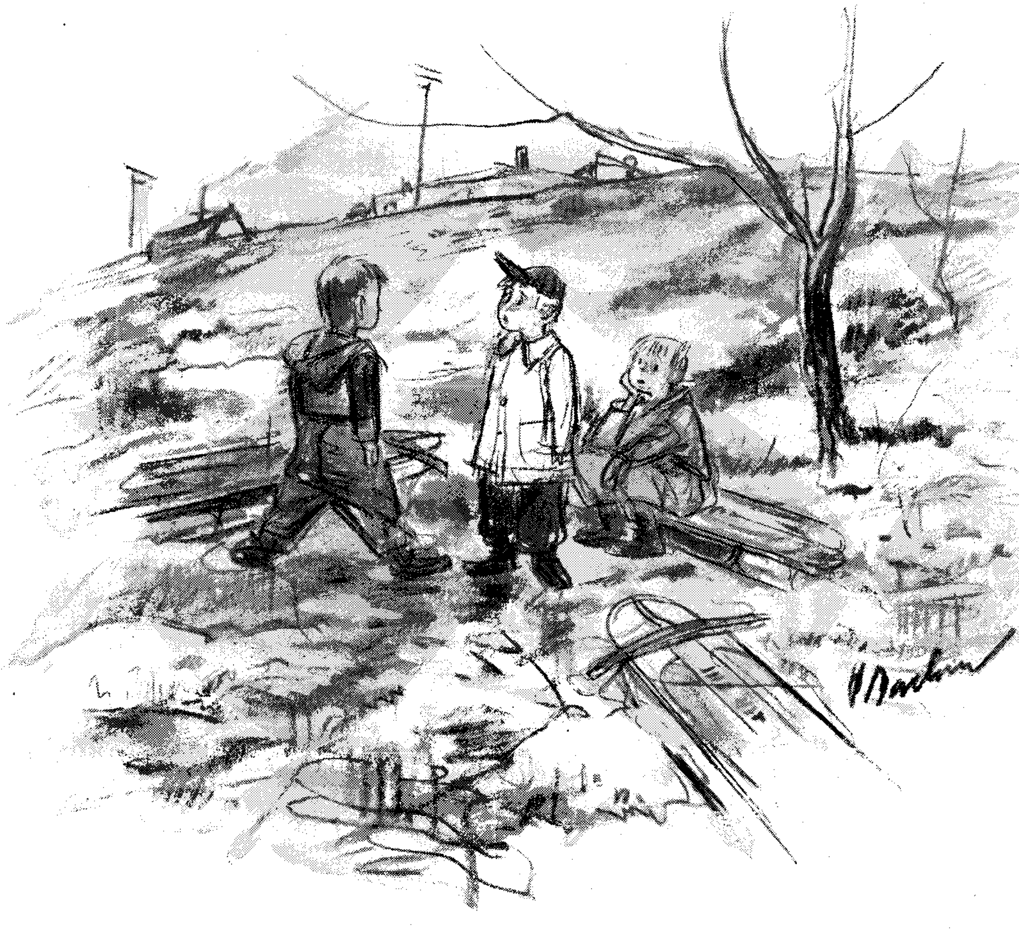
NO AGENTS OR PEDDLERS
BEWARE TH
PRIVATE

Black Sheep

COMING into town the other morning, a commuter reports, he noticed a New York, New Haven & Hartford locomotive standing forlornly in the Stamford yards, its cab empty, its once shining surface coated with dust, and on its flank, in large, crude letters, the pathetic plea "Wash Me in New Haven?"

Cheerful

WE had a talk with Evelyn John St. Loe Strachey, the British Food Minister, last week and found him a tall, aristocratic-looking man, with liquid brown eyes, a great, aquiline nose, black suit, stiff collar. "Your weather is rather nice after England," he said, gazing at the Fifth Avenue slush from his window at the St. Regis. "It's been frightfully uncomfortable there. The cold has lasted more than a month. For length of frost, it has been unprecedented. There was an ice floe four miles long off the mouth of the Thames. Our office is a drafty old building that used to be the town house of the Duke of Buccleuch. It's been uncomfortable working there, but nothing worse than uncomfortable. Your papers are enormously over-gloomy about England. We are going to leave India, but that has nothing to do with the cold snap. The Empire is undergoing a profound transformation, but I've been saying it should for twenty years." We asked whether heavy taxation and a general dearth of business opportunity weren't turning many British minds toward emigration. "English businessmen are making more money than ever before in history," said the Minister. "Of course, a lot is taxed off them, but by no means all. One's attitude depends on what class one belongs to. If I were the untrained son of an English duke, I would feel it was a poor show." Mr. Strachey quickly went on to say that a miner in England now finds himself one of the most sought-after people in the country. "Miners used to rank way down in the pay scale for manual workers. Now they're second," he said. "That's why the working class solidly and obstinately goes on voting for us. At a recent by-election in a Yorkshire mining constituency, the miners cut their way through ten-foot drifts of snow to vote for us. Don't think the nationalization of the mines doesn't mean something to the miners."



"Are you sure WOR said, 'Colder, snow flurries toward late afternoon'?"

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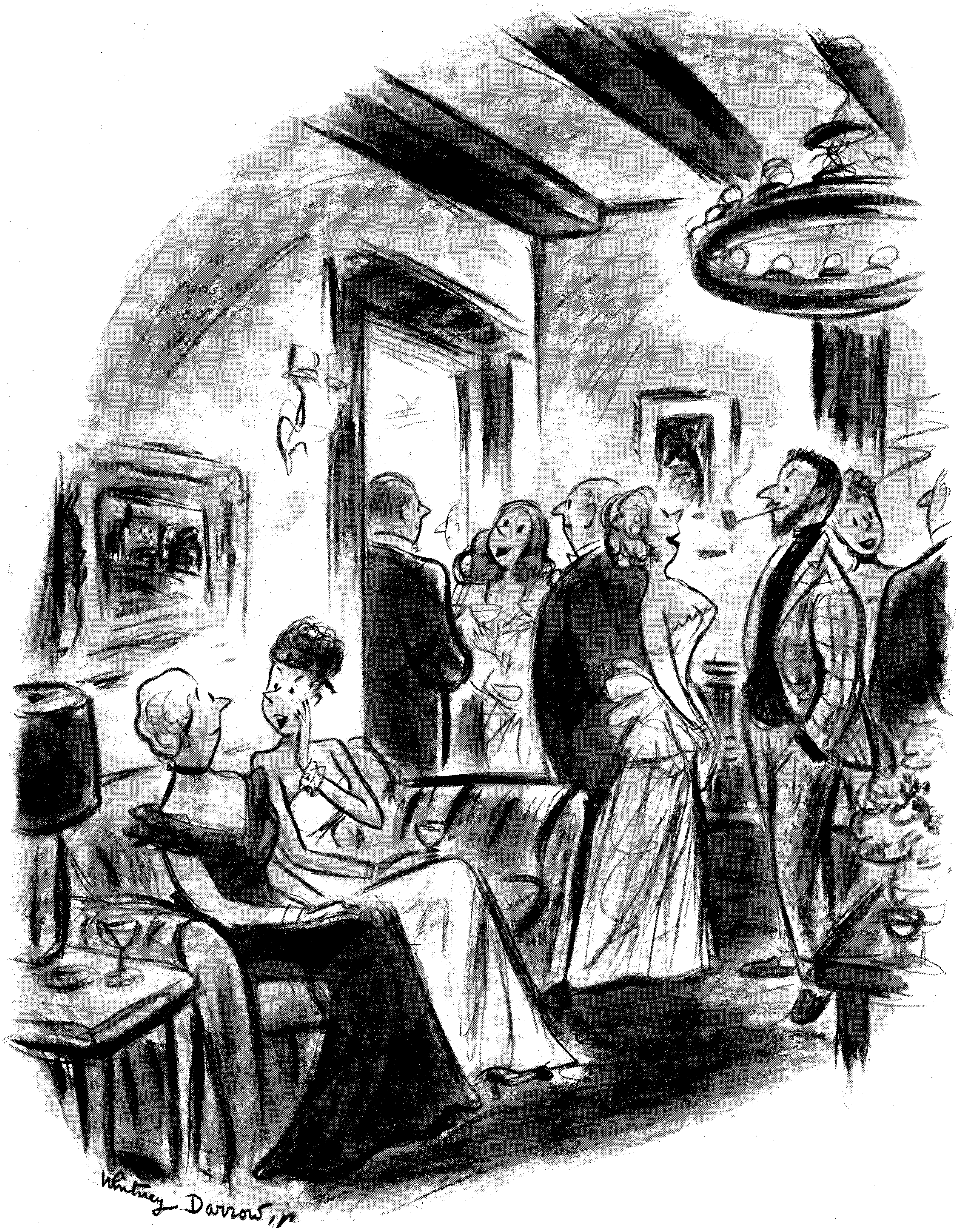
Strachey, an Eton and Oxford graduate and the author of several books, was a politician before he was a writer; he stood for Parliament in 1924, when he was twenty-three. He was often called by his first name in those days; he has since dropped it. "I was named after my godfather, Lord Cromer, who was Evelyn Baring," he said, "and damn it if my opponent in 1924 wasn't Sir Evelyn Cecil, a minor member of the Cecil family." During the recent war, Strachey entered the R.A.F. as a squadron adjutant ("something like the manager of a theatrical troupe—attends to advance bookings and billets"), later became a public-relations officer of the Bomber Command in North Africa, and ended up as secretary (with the rank of wing commander) of the Combined Strategic Targets Committee of the Air Staff. "All I did was write the minutes," he said. "I also wrote a war novel—an R.A.F. escape story with a good deal of politics in it—but it was censored by Military Intelligence. Now I write Cabinet papers—rather an interesting form of composition. It's as wrong to tamper with the composition of a Cabinet paper as with the sonnet. It's enormously good if you get it all on one page. Keynes was by far the greatest writer of state papers in our time." Strachey likes to recall his induction into the R.A.F. He applied for a commission and was interviewed by two fatherly officers. "I thought I was a fairly notorious character," he told us. "I'd been denounced a lot, and was reasonably well known as a radical, so I was a bit apprehensive. One officer asked for my school. I said Eton. 'Oh,' he said. 'Games?' asked the other. I said cricket. That went down very well. 'Any other games?' he asked. I said tennis and squash. It all seemed to be going frightfully well. Finally, they both put down their pencils. 'As a matter of fact, Mr. Strachey, we know *all* about you,' one of them said. I waited in suspense. 'Your father was the editor of the *Spectator*,' he said."

Strachey's secretary brought in some photographs of his boss, which had been made for press distribution, and we remarked that in some of them he looked worried. "Each time I come to America—I've been here a dozen times, first and last—I feel there's much more worry about the world here than in England," he said. "I begin to worry as soon as I come here. I'll calm down when I get back and become interested in the British political scene again. We're too busy with our own affairs to worry about the world as you do. Now, what's the body here that sees to it that people get milk when there's a strike? You call it the Disaster Control Board, don't you? We'd call it the Unusual Circumstances Distribution Committee."

Precise

A LADY having lunch at the house of a friend praised a sauce that was served, and was afterward given permission to ask the cook for the recipe. The cook said she didn't really have any recipe—just worked things out as she went along; the usual ingredients, though, were butter, flour, lemon juice, a few shakes of paprika, and water. The lady wanted to know how much water. "Oh, about a mouthful," said the cook.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"He's a good poet, but he isn't *that* *good."*

ANOTHER PART OF THE HUBBARDS

OR, WHEN THEY WERE EVEN YOUNGER

(WITH AN AWED BOW TO THEIR CREATOR, LILLIAN HELLMAN)

The scene is a deep part of the Hubbard nursery. The time is long before "The Little Foxes" and "Another Part of the Forest." Now Ben, Regina, and Oscar Hubbard are as nearly children as they ever could have been. The spacing of their ages, however, is deliberately inconsistent with the earlier plays, chronological accuracy being abandoned in favor of suggesting their psychical relationships. Thus, Ben and Regina are presented as being as close in years as they grew to be in purpose, while Oscar appears as a baby, since that is how he is regarded, and always treated, by his brother and sister. There is no attempt to suggest childish speech, as it is extremely doubtful that the little Hubbards used it.

When the curtain rises, their nurse, Alabastra, is discovered. She is a tall, dignified young Negress. She is ironing, and sings in a low, rich voice.

Alabastra:

Heaven's for the rich folk,
Heaven's in the sky.
There ain't no Heaven hereabouts
For such as I.
Roll down, Judgment, come my way,
Rise us poor folk, meet that day—

(*She breaks off at an unearthly scream from outside.*)

Alabastra (*calling out of the window*): Master Oscar! Master Oscar! You leave that cat alone, you hear me? (*Regina Hubbard enters. She is about eight years old and very beautiful. She listens avidly.*)

Alabastra (*as the cat yells again*): Master Oscar! That cat scratch you, you get poisoned, I'm telling you.

Regina: Would it really poison him, Ally? Poison him so he'd die, I mean?

Alabastra (*going back to her ironing*): Cats got bad poison in their claws. Bad poison.

Regina: What would happen, Ally? Would he swell up and turn green?

Alabastra: Don't be talking like that.

Regina: I'd like to see him swell up, just like a balloon, and burst. (*Laughs*) Poppa said he'd bring me a balloon someday—all the way from Chicago. They got great big ones in Chicago, and when you stick a pin in them, they burst—just like Oscar would.

Alabastra: That ain't no way to talk about your brother.

Regina (*suddenly savage*): He's *my* brother, Ally, and if I want to see him burst, it's none of your business. (*Calm again*) Where's Ben?

Alabastra: He's with your Momma.

Regina: Is he teasing Momma again? That's *my* business. (*She opens the nursery door and calls downstairs.*) Ben! Ben! You come up here! You come up here or I'll tell you-know-what.

Alabastra: What'll you tell? What big thing you going to tell?

Regina: You'll know someday. Everybody'll know someday. (*Looks around nursery*) Where's my doll that Grandma made me?

Alabastra (*apprehensively*): Now, Miss Regina, you don't want that old thing.

Regina: You quit that fancy fooling and tell me where it is. That's fine and dandy! Hiding my own doll that Grandma made me. (*Alabastra points to cupboard.*) Ah! (*She brings out a small wax figure, crudely resembling a human figure.*) Grandma made me this her own self. She said I should play it was Momma. Grandma hates Momma because she married Poppa. Grandma didn't want anyone to marry Poppa. But I got my own way of teasing Momma, so I play this is Grandma. (*She takes a long pin from her pinafore and jabs it in the figure.*) Dear Grandma—sciatica still bad? (*Jabs again*) Poor Grandma! (*Ben Hubbard, Regina's older brother, enters. He is a heavy boy.*)

Ben: You called me?

Regina: What were you doing to Momma?

Ben: Not a thing, Regina, not a thing in the world. Momma was teaching me a new text. I'll get another gold star in Sunday school.

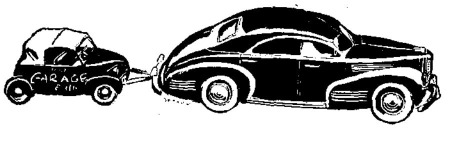
Regina: And you'll sell it to someone else, as usual. How's Grandma, did Momma say?

Ben (*sighing*): Momma says she's some better. (*Regina looks at Ben and then at Alabastra, who is still ironing.*)

Regina: Ally, you quit that everlasting ironing and go get our supper.

Alabastra: These diapers got to be done.

Regina: Oscar's diapers! What good are they? He never waits for them. Time he was through with them anyway.



Alabastra: Oscar was always slow catching on to things. Once he gets hold, though, he don't never let go. (*She moves with majesty to the door.*) Sometimes it's good to hold on, sometimes it's better to let go. Some people let everything go. It ain't right to let *everything* go. (*She exits.*)

Regina: Grandma's holding on, that's one thing certain.

Ben: Momma says the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

Regina: He ain't taking away Grandma. Did Momma also tell you that the Lord helps those that help themselves? (*Chuckling*) I guess *someone* must have—I notice they don't pass the collection plate anywhere near you at church any more. But that's all right, too. Your taking it, I mean. Collection's meant for poor folk, and some people would call us poor. Oh, Ben, if only Poppa had Grandma's money! We'd be rich. Big rich. Poppa'd give me *anything* then, he said. Dolls from Chicago—high-toned china ones, that you can *break*. He'd give me money, too, Ben, and if I had money, I wouldn't see my own brother go without.

Ben (*reasonably*): But Poppa hasn't got Grandma's money.

Regina: Not yet, he hasn't. (*Slowly drawing pin from doll and thoughtfully replacing it*) Did you know that cats have poison in their claws, Ben? Suppose a cat scratched Grandma and poor Grandma died . . .

Ben: How would a cat scratch Grandma?

Regina: Oscar's got a cat. Supposing he took it to show Grandma?

Ben: Grandma has fits around Oscar. He'd never go.

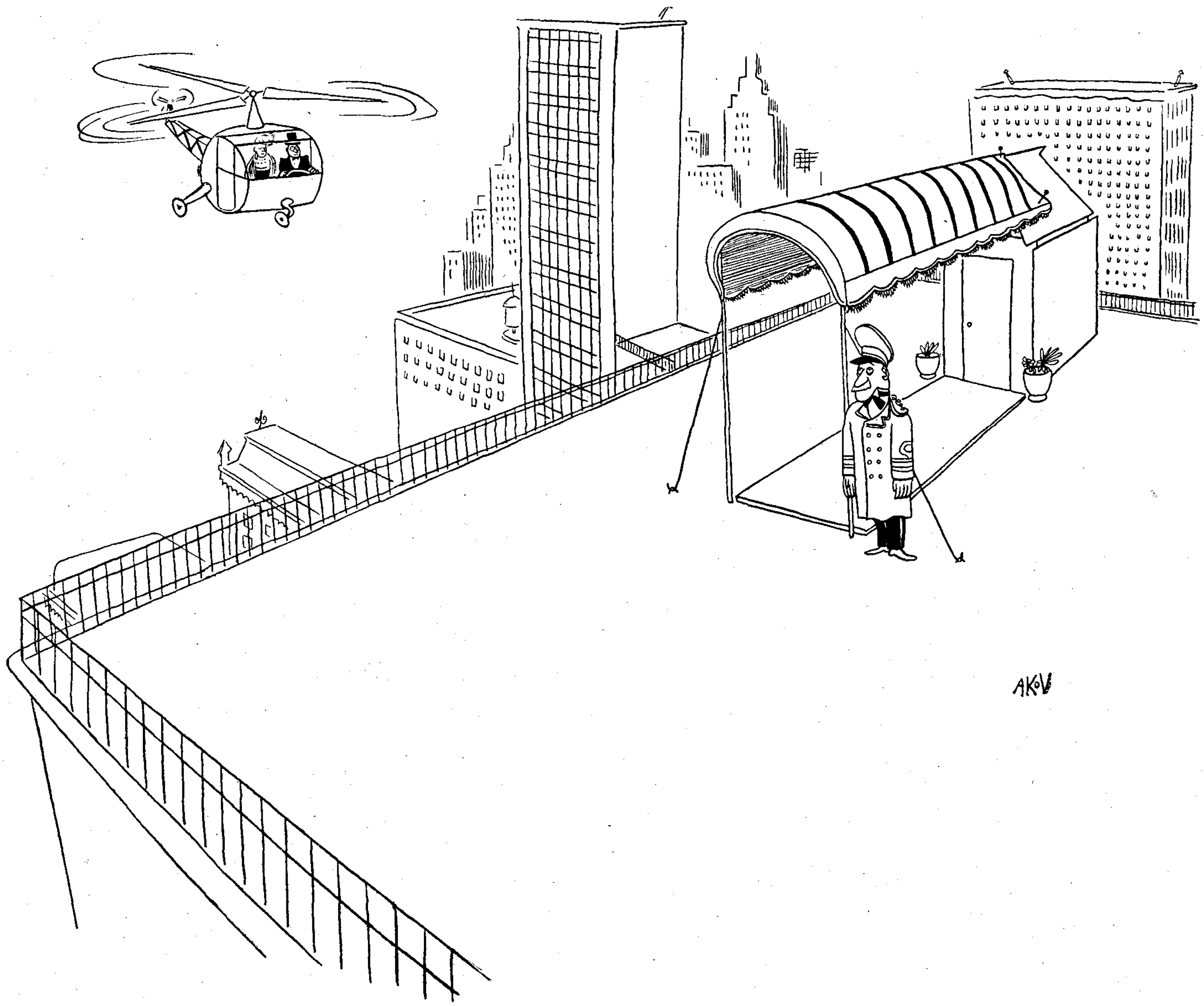
Regina: He'd go if *you* told him, Ben. He'll do anything you tell him since those caterpillars got in his milk.

Ben: But I'm not aiming to tell him, Regina.

Regina: No? That's too bad. That's really too bad, because now I'm beginning to think.

Ben: Thinking isn't girls' work, Regina. Smiling and looking pleasant is work for little girls.

Regina (*smiling and looking pleasant*): Then maybe I'm just imagining things—things like strings across stairs, strings that kill old gentlemen, like Grandpa was. Funny no one noticed the string on the stairs the night Grandpa fell. No one but me, that is. I suppose they were all excited over his being dead that way. (*Innocently*) How do you suppose a string got there? Did a ghost bring it in? (*A change of tone*)



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You didn't like Grandpa, did you, Ben?

Ben (*darkening*): He ate my white mice.

Regina: Even so, if people knew about that string . . . (*Getting up in decision*) I'm calling Oscar. (*Going to window*) Oscar! Oscar! You come up here. I won't touch you, I promise. (*Wheedling*) I've got a fly for you, Oscar. It's got all its wings on. (*To Ben*) He's coming. My, he certainly loves flies. (*Returning to the doll and punctuating each word with a jab of the pin*) In the arm . . . in the leg—oh, Momma says a lady doesn't say "leg"—in the limb . . . in the other limb . . . (*Enter Oscar, on the double. He is three or four years old and chubby, and has a stranglehold on a very tired cat.*)

Oscar: Where's the fly?

Regina: Oh, Oscar, baby, I'm so sorry—it got away. But I'll catch you another if you'll do something that Ben wants.

Oscar: No.

Regina: But this is a *nice* thing. Ben wants you to show Kitty to Grandma. Ben wants you to put Kitty right in Grandma's bed, because if you don't, Ben thinks there's no knowing what you'll find in yours. Isn't that right, Ben?

Ben (*slowly*): Grandma likes cats, cats like Grandma. Might be a good deed all around. Better do as your sister says.

Regina: Not as *I* say, Oscar. As *Ben* says. Always remember that. So you run along with Kitty to Grandma, and when you come back, I'll have that fly for you.

Oscar: With all its legs on? (*Regina nods. Oscar giggles and rushes out.*)

Ben (*after a pause*): Suppose it don't scratch?

Regina: Suppose it don't. Every evening, I go tell Grandma good night. Suppose I had a pin in my sleeve, a pin with poison on it—plenty of poison in Poppa's room. Who'd know if a person was scratched by a pin or a cat, if a cat had *been* there?

Ben (*admiringly*): You're growing up to be a right interesting girl, Regina. (*Alabastra enters with a supper tray.*)

Alabastra: You children go wash your hands now.

Regina: I don't need to. *My* hands are clean as clean.

Ben: Mine, too.

Alabastra: Some folks act clean. Some folks just look clean. Someday all the folks will *be* clean. Where's Oscar?

Regina: He's visiting Grandma. (*From outside the nursery, we hear a cat spit, and then a sudden groan. Ben and Regina exchange a look of relief and triumph.*)

Alabastra: Come along, now. Supper's all ready.

Regina (*seeing great things*): They call it dinner in Chicago. (*And she and Ben fold their hands for grace as the curtain falls.*) —Patricia Collinge

MME. POLIAKOV

SHORTLY after Mme. Poliakov came to the Kuling American School as our new French teacher, we realized that she was going to be a welcome relief in the monotony of our carefully planned school routine. With the exception of one of the men on the faculty, an Englishman, everyone in authority at the school, which was located in the mountains above the town of Kiukiang on the Yangtze, was an American. This made Mme. Poliakov's descent upon us more vivid and, we felt, more "Russian" than it might otherwise have appeared.

My own awareness of the difference Mme. Poliakov might make in the life of the school came a few days after her arrival. I was walking down the second-floor hall of the main building when I heard an outburst of sharp yelps and screams from one end of the hall, and a few seconds later a Great Dane came around the corner at a dead run, and right after him, her yellow hair flying out behind her head, her legs bare, a young woman I had never seen before, who was whipping the animal with a leash. As she beat the dog, she shrieked a series of what I was sure were wonderful Russian oaths. I had heard enough Russian spoken at least to recognize the language, and the tone of voice was unmistakable. I was fascinated not only by the cursing—the fluency of which I could appreciate even if I couldn't grasp its nice detail—but also by the fact that a woman would lay into a dog in such an athletic fashion. Having been raised in the belief that to beat a dog in anger was only a little less dangerous to one's hope of salvation than neglecting to say one's evening prayers, I was both frightened and attracted by this exhibition.

Then I heard an icy voice from the end of the hall calling, "Galina! Galina!" I turned and saw Mme. Poliakov come sailing down the hall, the full sleeves of her dress trailing out behind her, making her look like a dignified and somewhat worldly angel as she bore down on us. Her gray hair was put up in small curls, and what I took to be diamond pendants sparkled in her ears. "Galina!" she said again, and the woman who had been chasing the dog faced about while the dog ran off. Mme. Poliakov spoke to her rapidly in Russian and then, noticing me, switched into English. "You see, you fright the children," she said. Turning to me, she asked, "What is your name?"

"John Espey," I said.

"Ah, Jean Espé, a French name," Mme. Poliakov said. "It must be a French name. Beautiful! I apologize for my daughter."

"I don't know if it's French or not," I said. "My people are Presbyterians. And I really couldn't understand anything your daughter was saying, but it sounded wonderful."

Mme. Poliakov looked startled. Then she smiled at me and laughed. "Oh, it was indeed wonderful," she said. "Very wonderful!" And since her daughter seemed to have difficulty in following English, Mme. Poliakov said something to her in Russian. They both laughed. Galina reached out and patted me on the shoulder. I had some notion that I ought to kiss her hand, but instead I satisfied myself with a jerky bow. The two women, still laughing, turned and went down the hall toward Mme. Poliakov's apartment. Later in the day, I saw Galina collect her dog and leave the school, going in the direction of Russian Valley, a part of Kuling to the southeast which had been settled by a group of refugees from the Russian Revolution.

Soon, Mme. Poliakov was the principal topic of conversation at the school. Everyone became familiar with her girlhood on an enormous Russian estate; her education, which she had received in the company of the Czar's daughters; her flirtation in Paris with a young man of good family but no means; and her later marriage, to M. Poliakov. Before long, we all knew the details of how she and her husband had been living in an eastern Russian town, where he had held a government post, when the Revolution broke out, and how they had made their way to Vladivostok, where they had lived until the Soviet regime took over Siberia. Mme. Poliakov revealed most of these details either during meals or in her French classes.

She soon began to make herself felt in the life of the school. For one thing, she was certain that for a boy to walk with his hands in his pockets was about the most wicked thing he could do, and to whistle in a building was almost as bad. Since the headmaster himself always walked around with his hands in his pockets, and whistled from time to time when he was indoors, Mme. Poliakov had difficulty in convincing us that she was right in these matters, but she continued her crusade nevertheless.

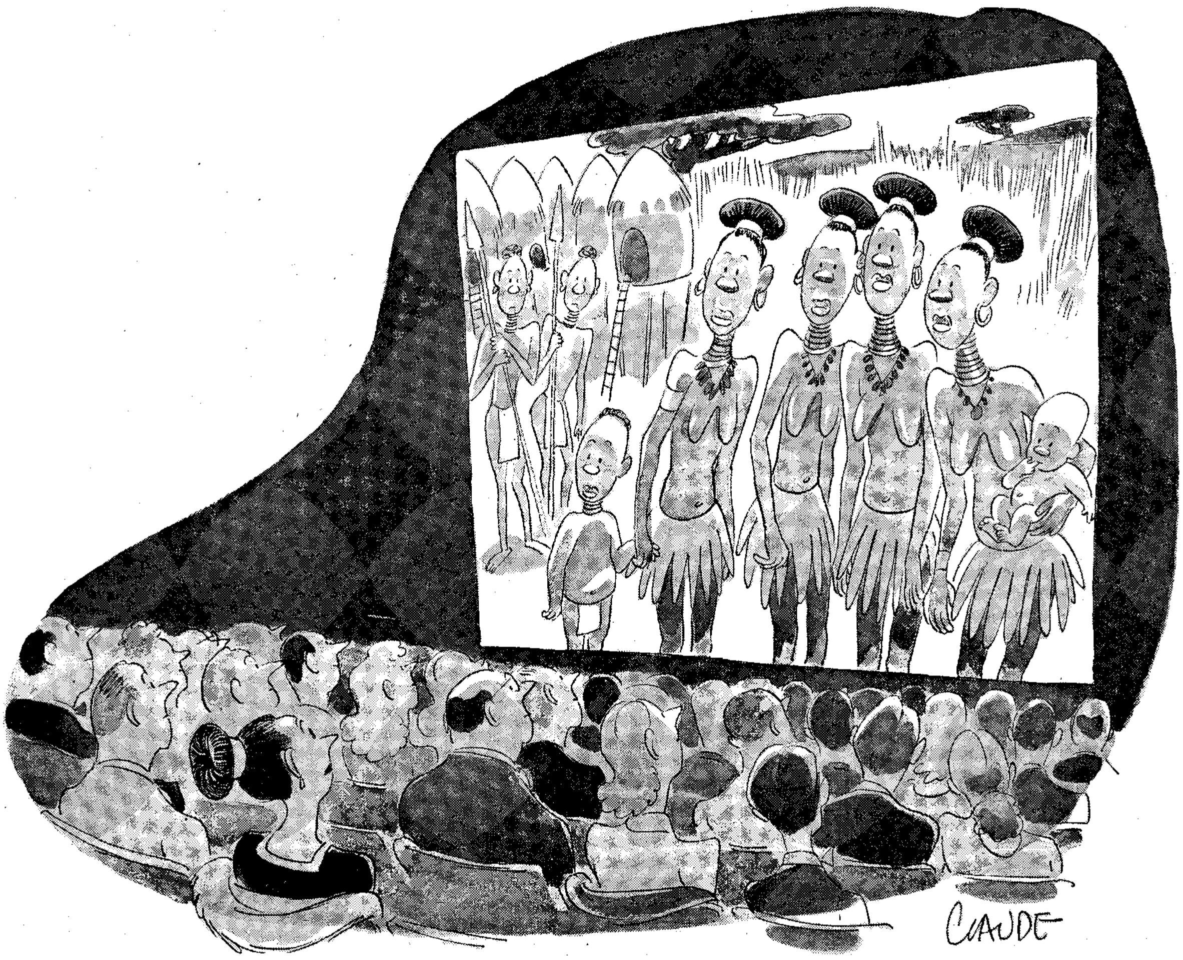
Although we felt that Madame's views on the conduct of boys were unnecessarily strict, at times she startled us by her liberality. Such an instance occurred one night during bath period while the headmaster was away on a short vacation and the school had been left in the charge of a prudish woman substitute, a Miss Blanchard. Each boy at the school took two baths a week, and we were divided into shifts and assigned to a Monday-and-Thursday, Tuesday-and-Friday, or Wednesday-and-Saturday-night bath schedule. The bathrooms were at the ends of the hall on each floor of the main building. There was no running hot water, but the school coolies carried steaming cans of water up to the galvanized-iron tubs in five-gallon Standard Oil tins. Though we had cubicles for bathing, most of us found it more satisfactory to pull the tubs out into the central part of the room. In winter, this meant that we would be closer to the sheet-iron wood-burning stove that heated the bathroom, and at all seasons it made for an easier exchange of conversation and soap.

Bath night was a social occasion, and during the months the stove was in use, the bathers were expected to provide refreshments for themselves and the other boys. We never had anything but toast, which we prepared by putting bread that we had sneaked out of the dining hall on the top of the stove and letting it scorch. The product could be appetizing only to boys on bath night, but it had grown into a school tradition. And there was something very friendly about standing around the stove with the three or four others who had taken baths, drying in the heat of the stove, and turning over the pieces of smoking bread. The room was usually so full of steam that we could hardly see from one end to the other, and its atmosphere was both intimate and strange.

On the night in question, my roommates and I had finished our baths and were standing around the stove, the steam swirling about at the other end of the room, as we toasted our bread and handed pieces of it to the boys coming in to wash before going to bed.

"What would you do if Miss Blanchard came in now?" Ed Lowry, one of my roommates, asked me as he turned over a piece of blackening bread.

"What would I do?" I said rhetorically as I wound my bath towel around my head, getting ready to give an imitation of a Sikh policeman in Shanghai. "Why, I would say to her, 'My dear Miss Blanchard, you see me now as God made me.'" Everyone laughed approvingly, for it was unthinkable that



"Notice the hair-do on these beauties. The men of the tribe go for it. Ha, ha! Everyone to his taste."

Miss Blanchard or any other woman would come into the bathroom.

Just as I was going into my Sikh act, the door was thrown open and a woman burst in. We froze around the stove while the bread sent up streamers of smoke. For an instant, I thought the intruder really was Miss Blanchard, but when she stepped forward and closed the door, I saw through the smoke and steam that it was Mme. Poliakov.

She took another step into the room. "Boys, I thought I have smell a burning," she said. Her eyes lit on the bread. "What is that dirt?" she demanded.

I was the first to find his tongue. "That's our toast," I said. "We always make toast on bath night. It's a tradition."

"A tradition?" she asked sharply.

"Yes," Ed Lowry said. "We always make it. It's part of being at school."

Mme. Poliakov peered at us all. We felt quite self-conscious, and I wondered what Miss Blanchard would do when she heard of all this nakedness. But for the moment Mme. Poliakov was more interested in the bread. "Where does it come from?" she asked.

We hesitated. "It comes from the table," Ed said at last.

"You mean you steal?" Mme. Poliakov asked in surprise.

"Oh, no—at least, not exactly," I said. "You see, it's really been served to us and we just save it for later."

Mme. Poliakov looked at me sternly for a moment. "Very clever. Very, very clever," she said finally. "Well, in Russia we have not this tradition—a very filthy one, it seems to me—but, of course, you are Americans."

We waited, tense, for the punishment that was going to fall on us for our shame. Yet Mme. Poliakov simply stood there, the steam swirling around her head. Then she said, "It would be easier to get from the servants."

Only after she had made this sensible remark did she seem to notice that my roommates and I were standing there without a stitch on. Her eyes lit up, and I thought that now we were really in for it. She stepped closer to us. Then she smiled. "Really, it's picturesque to see young boys stand like this," she said. "Very charming. In Russia, the lower classes bathe thus in the Moskva." She continued to smile, and stepped back, as if to look at us in a better light. Then she laughed and said, "You need a little more flesh, Jean."

"Yes, Madame," I said. "I'm sorry you caught us like this."

Mme. Poliakov laughed again. "But why be sorry? It is really picturesque, most picturesque." She opened the door, then paused and said, "The poor Miss Blanchard!" We heard her giggle as the door shut, and looked at each other without speaking. It was a few minutes before I could pull myself together and go on with the Sikh imitation.

WHATEVER difficulties we had adjusting ourselves to Mme. Poliakov's notions of propriety, they must have been as nothing compared with her trials in fitting herself into the life of an American school in China. We learned that she had two children, Galina and another daughter, that they had been successfully married off since the family had fled Vladivostok, and that her husband, who suffered from the incapacities of his rank and station, was living in a cottage over in Russian Valley, unable to do much but let his wife support him.

One thing Mme. Poliakov soon told us in class was that when one had been educated with the Czar's daughters, one never made a mistake; when one learned a thing, it was learned forever. We found this difficult to believe, particularly since, though she spoke adequate if at times stilted English, Mme. Poliakov made frequent errors. The knowledge of her fallibility did us no good, however, and as Madame tried to conduct us through the "New Complete French Grammar," by MM. Fraser, Squair, and Coleman, we found we were not getting very far. This was the result of Madame's insisting whenever anyone made a mistake in recitation, composition, or *dictée* that the entire class go back to the lesson in which that particular point was covered and start the book over again from there. This rule brought great tension into our classes, for after working our way heroically up to Lesson XIV ("Partitives"), someone would be likely to make an error involving pronoun objects, which had been taken up in Lesson IV, so back we would go to Lesson IV and start from there. When we had struggled forward again to Lesson XII ("Feminine of Adjectives, Irregularities, Position, Interrogative Adjective"), someone would probably make a mistake involving a section of Lesson X ("Plural Forms, Contractions, Use of *il y a* [ilja]"), and back we would go to Lesson X. This unending review had its value, but when the headmaster discovered, near the end of the year, that we were stuck at Lesson XV ("Past Participles, Compound Tenses, the Past Indefinite, Word Order, Use of Past Indefinite, Idiomatic Present Indicative"), he had to step in and assure Madame that the members of the Kuling American School could not hope to approach the daughters of the Czar in perfection. Since Madame had suspected this all along, she settled down at last, and did no more than cluck despairingly at our errors and conduct rapid weekly reviews, in which she bombarded us with tricky questions.

Before this, the headmaster had had to interfere in another of Madame's activities. One of the things about her that enchanted us when she first came to the school was the variety of her wardrobe. Almost every day, she wore a different dress, and when she appeared for the first Saturday-night games of the term in black velvet décolletage, with what I thought were diamonds in her ears and in her hair (though some said they were only rhinestones) and her back held with the peculiar rigidity she had acquired in her life with the Czar's daughters, she made all the other teachers look like oafs. We knew then that school would never be quite the same again, and many of us were thankful. Madame's wardrobe, however, puzzled us. If she really had to work for a living—and none of us were so fatuous as to think that she was there for the love of teaching—we couldn't understand how she could afford so many clothes. Once or twice a week, her Chinese tailor came to the school carrying a bundle tied in a large square of cloth, and Madame continued to astonish us by the variety of her costumes.

I was just coming in from a walk one Wednesday afternoon later in the term when the tailor dashed by me, almost knocking me down, and behind him came Mme. Poliakov, shouting. Her voice was not raised as high as her daughter's had been when she chased the Great Dane, but it had a more cutting quality. As the tailor reached the front steps and started to run down them, Madame let fly with a book. She halted, her eyes fiery, and shouted "*Canaille!*," an expression for which MM. Fraser, Squair, and Coleman had not prepared me. "*Canaille!*" repeated Mme. Poliakov. Then she turned to me and went on, "That is the wrong with the world. Never let the *canaille* get you!"

"No, Madame," I said. "I'll try not to."

"Good!" she said emphatically.

It was not long before we learned by the school grapevine that the headmaster had had to intervene and adjust matters with the tailor, because Mme. Poliakov owed him a sum greater than her salary for the entire year. Just what the final settlement was we never heard, but thereafter Madame appeared in a limited wardrobe and wore each dress more frequently than she had before.

ONCE Madame had pretty well broken us boys of putting our hands in our pockets and whistling in the buildings, she decided it was time to stop the slamming of the screen doors. All the dormitory rooms had screen doors equipped with stiff springs, and most of the pupils let them bang shut behind them. This, Mme. Poliakov insisted, reminded her of the bombardment of Vladivostok—which she had been through, and which had left her nerves very susceptible to loud noises—and was unmannerly anyway. Since I had been trained at home not to slam any sort of door, I thought very little about the matter until one evening, as I was leaving my room for supper, I was stopped by Madame's voice coming down the hall.

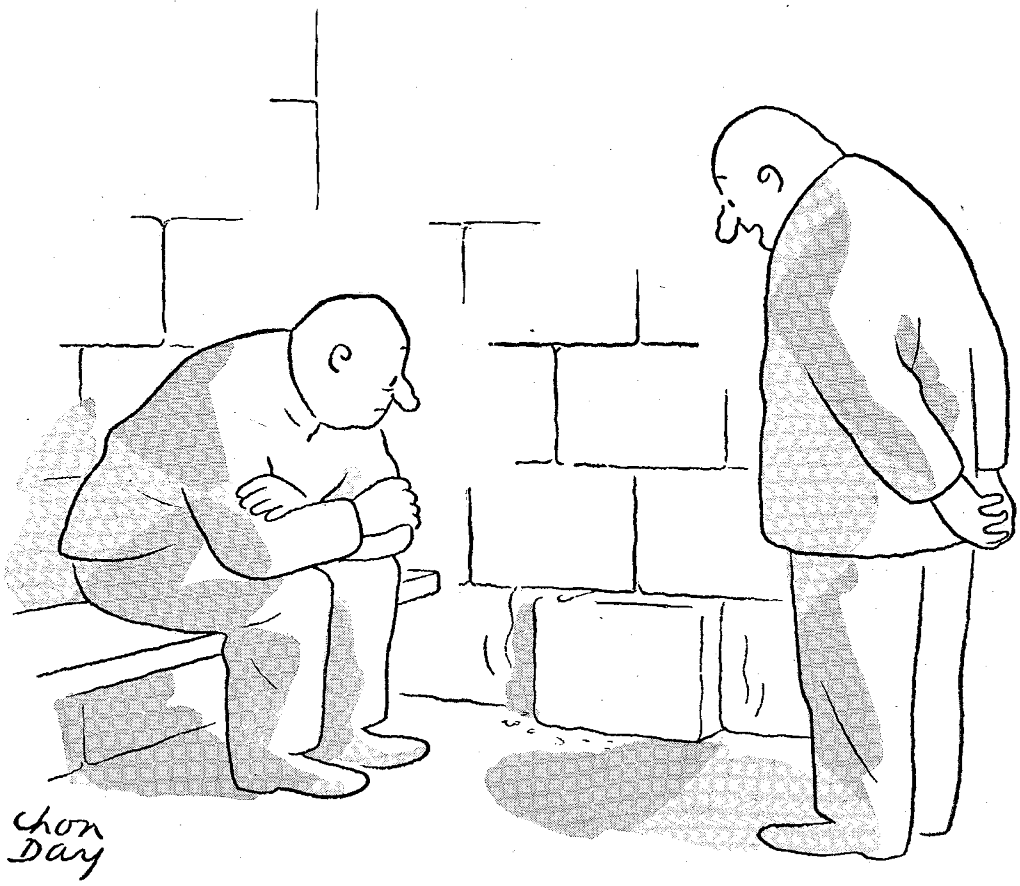
"Who is that?" she called out. "Wait a minute, I must see. It's too dark." And Madame surged toward me.

I couldn't imagine what I had done. When Madame recognized me, she said, "Ah, the little Espé! It's the little Espé. But how *gentil!* You do not bang the door."

"Oh, no," I said, relieved. "I'm always scolded at home if I do."

"Then you have been raised a gentleman," Mme. Poliakov said, with obvious approval.

Though it had never occurred to me to consider whether I had or hadn't been raised a gentleman, I said, "Thank



"I can hardly wait to see the expression on his face."

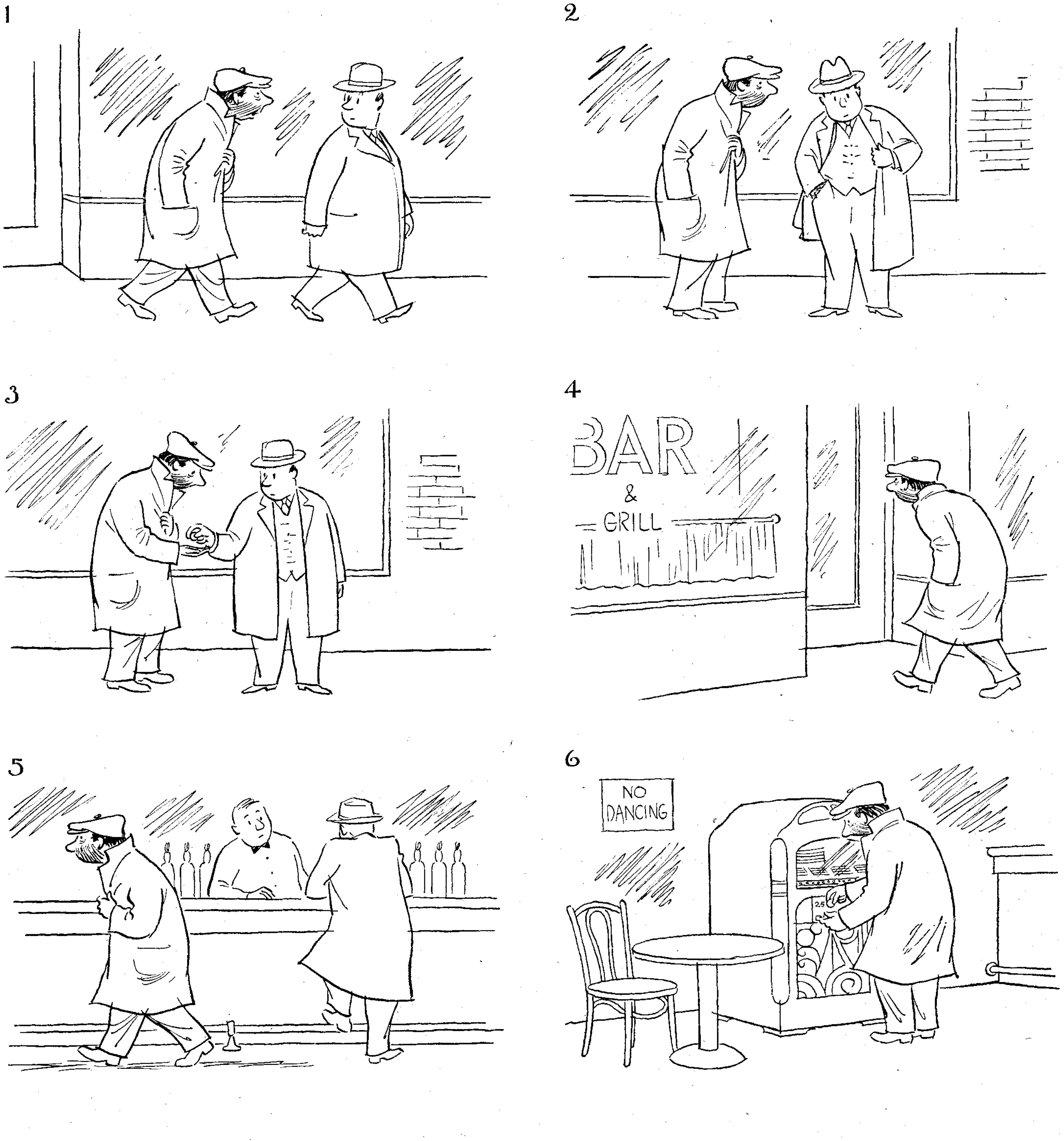
you, Madame," and from then on Mme. Poliakov took a personal interest in me that continued for many years. It was, I learned, her hope that she could do something for me, a benighted American child. Though she was happy to work in an American school, which paid better than anything else she could hope for, she never doubted that America was a peculiar land, a bit savage and uncultivated, and I am afraid the years she spent with us in Kuling did little to alter her view. I do not know how many times Mme. Poliakov told me about her life in Russia, about the country house where she lived as a child, and its conservatory, housing a collection of exotic plants and birds. She talked almost as much about Paris—the Paris that was to her, now that Russia was no longer her country, more real than any other place in the world. Madame was on occasion depressed, as I can well understand now, and there were days, I think, when the school must have been almost too much for her to bear. At these times, she was electric in her teaching, ready to snap up the slightest mistake and hound the poor student she had caught. During class on one such day, I wrote in the margin of my French reader, "She is crazy again today," for the benefit of the boy sitting beside me. He refused to read it, keeping his eyes on his book, and I jogged his elbow. He blushed and looked straight ahead. When I glanced up, I saw Mme. Poliakov standing beside me.

"What have you written?" she asked, and snatched the book from me. She read my scrawl, then handed me her own book and said, "I will keep this." I sat through the rest of the period as if I were waiting for a clap of thunder.

What Madame intended to do, I had no idea, but after lunch I gathered up my courage and went to her apartment. When I heard her call out "*Entrez!*" in answer to my knock, I went in and found her lying on a couch.

"I am desolated!" she said when she saw who it was.

"I'm very sorry, Madame, for what I did," I apologized in French.



"Really, it was I who was crazy, not you."

Mme. Poliakov sat up abruptly. "That's very pretty," she said. "You have style. That is what I know from the beginning. If you work hard, do special work, you can polish your French. Shall I give you special lessons?"

This sudden turn was too much for me, and whatever style I had vanished for the moment. But it seemed such a delightful solution that I consented, and I never regretted my decision. Madame handed me the reader she had confiscated, and we were fast friends from then on. That was the day she gave me the nickname of Jean le Terrible. As the result of her offer, I enjoyed a special "tutorial" each Wednesday afternoon, and if I learned less French than she hoped I would, she opened up for me a new world, albeit one already dead.

THE tutorials had their moments of embarrassment. Shortly after we had started them, Madame, in an effort to make her apartment more like the wonderful conservatory of her girlhood home, decided to keep two pairs of uncaged canaries in her sitting room. One had to rush through the door and close it quickly, so that the birds should not escape, yet without making any noise, in order to save Madame's nerves. Unfortunately, this was only the beginning of the complications the birds brought with them. The first time I had a tutorial after she had acquired them, I was shocked by the state of the furniture.

Madame spread a newspaper over the couch for me to sit on. When she noticed the expression on my face, she said, "Don't speak of it, Jean. It would be vulgar to notice."

"Yes, Madame," I said, but I found the four birds, fluttering about the room, clinging to the curtains, and calling to each other, not the best accompaniment for mastering the uses of the conditional anterior.

Madame herself was eventually forced to recognize the impossibility of her arrangement and she gave the birds to her husband to keep in his cottage in Russian Valley. She was disconsolate for some days, until a scrawny black kitten wandered into the back yard of the main building. Madame snatched it up and thereafter cherished it, feeding it milk and taking it scraps of food from the table. She confined it to her apartment, making the servants, who thought the whole business a nuisance, bring in a box of fresh dirt for it every day.

Two weeks after Madame had adopted the kitten, I went to her apartment for my regular Wednesday-afternoon tutorial. The kitten was lying on the couch, and I sat down beside it. Shortly after the lesson began, I reached out to pet the kitten and was astonished when I found myself touching a cold, unresponsive body. I looked at Madame and was on the point of speaking when she held up her hand to stop me.

"*Non, non, Jean le Terrible!*" she said. "Don't say a word, not a word. The little cat is asleep. Some might think the little cat is dead, but *non*. I know, and you must believe, the little cat has been asleep now for one day. Isn't it a charming little cat?"

"Oh, yes, Madame," I said, trying to come up to what was expected of me. "Some cats, especially kittens, sleep all the time, for days and days." Stimulated by this invention, I went on and fabricated a tale of how a cat of mine in Shanghai had once slept for a week.

"Just pet it a little," Madame said, her eyes full of tears.

Trying to conceal my distaste, I put out my hand again and scratched the top of the dead kitten's head.

"Ah, that is charming," Mme. Poliakov said. "Very charming. You have the right feeling, *un cœur aimable*. And now the irregular verbs in '-ir.' The principal parts of '*acquérir*,' please."

"Yes, Madame," I said, and from time to time during the following hour I reached out and touched the little black kitten curled up beside me.

WHEN the Kuling American School was forced to close in 1927 because of civil war in China, those of us who transferred to the Shanghai American School were delighted to learn that Mme. Poliakov would continue to teach us. The next year, she was appointed the regular French teacher at the Shanghai school, a position she still held when I graduated from high school. Her husband, who had come to Shanghai with her, died shortly after of a heart attack. Shanghai, Madame often remarked to me, was more to her taste than Kuling had been, but she seemed to be particularly fond of those of us who had been among her first pupils at Kuling. During the year after I left Shanghai, I sent Mme. Poliakov a series of what I considered suitable postcards from Moscow, Berlin, Munich, Paris, and Vevey, each one bearing a message written in careful French. And for some years thereafter, Madame and I exchanged letters, mine devoted to the details of my formal education, hers to sentiment and worldly advice. I lost track of her when she left the Shanghai American School, and all my efforts in recent months to get news of her in the unsettled China of today have failed. I hope that if she is still alive, she has plenty of modish dresses to wear and canaries flying about in her room.

—John J. Espey

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser*]

"How much do you pay for a pound of meat?" he asked one day.

"Oh, there are different prices," said Carrie. "Sirloin steak is twenty-two cents."

"That's steep, isn't it?" he answered.

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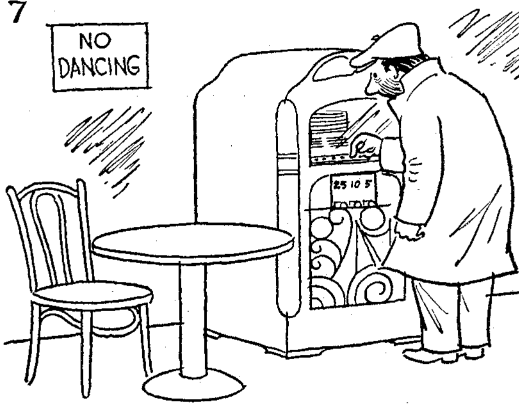

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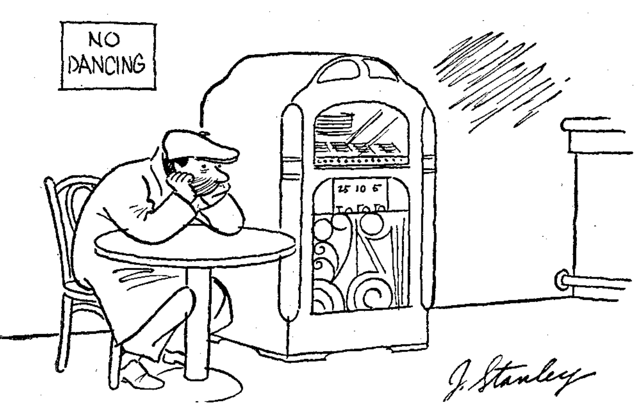
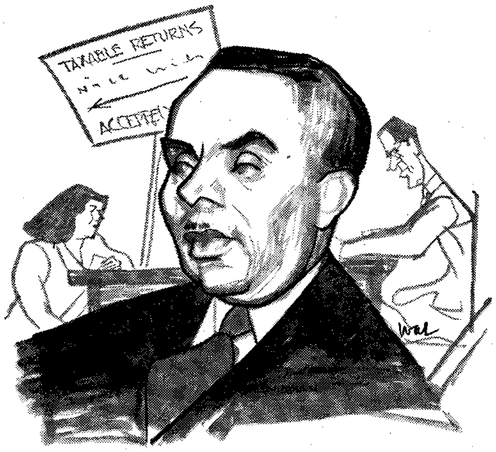


PROFILES

THE FRIENDLY ATTITUDE



James William Johnson, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third District of New York, which includes most of Manhattan Island, considers himself a true and devoted friend of the people, and it distresses him to think that his affection may not always be reciprocated. Some of the people, he is resignedly aware, not only do not consider him any friend of theirs but at times take an attitude toward him almost exactly the opposite of the one they have toward that other seasonal reshuffler of wealth, Santa Claus. If an unpopularity poll were taken, along about now, among the taxpayers of the Third District, the Collector would probably win a high rating, regardless of allowable deductions. Mr. Johnson is annually comforted, however, by the knowledge that the harsh words he inspires are seldom directed at him personally, inasmuch as few citizens outside of inner internal-revenue circles know his name or even realize that the Collector is not merely the symbolic recipient of intolerably large sums of their money but a living, breathing human being who has to pay taxes himself.

Johnson, an amiable Negro lawyer of fifty, who has been a tax official of the Third District since 1939, was appointed Collector by President Roosevelt in the fall of 1943. His district is one of sixty-four federal tax areas in the country, six of which among them cover the state of New York. They are under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, in Washington, which is headed by Commissioner Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., a former Brooklyn collector. Collectors' jobs are usually rewards for faithful party service; Johnson is a loyal Democrat of the Twenty-first Assembly District, in Harlem. He and his fellow-collectors are prevented by the Hatch Act from engaging in political activity. Accordingly, they sublimate their natural competitive instincts in a good-natured rivalry among themselves, hoping to outdo each other in the collection of various kinds of internal revenue. Johnson's district takes in all of Manhattan north of, and including, Twenty-third Street, as well as Blackwell's, Randalls, and Ward's Islands. Because of this advantageous geographical situation, the Third New York, as the district is known among tax men, has always made a splendid showing. In 1946, to Johnson's delight, it finally went out in front of the pack, a position held the year before by the First Illinois. Up to several years ago, not only did the First Illinois run well ahead of the Third in revenue but so did the Second New York, which consists of lower Manhattan and was then the home of nearly all the city's big businesses. In recent years, however, many large corporations have moved north to Rockefeller Center and other midtown temples, and the Third has benefited handsomely from this migration.

Internal-revenue officials discussing tax districts sound like military historians arguing the merits of Civil War regiments. Johnson and his assistants used to be embarrassed because the Third New York could never quite catch up with the First Illinois, which takes in the whole of Chicago. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1945, the First Illinois collected $3,201,036,804.77, edging out Johnson's forces, whose booty totalled $2,994,463,398.12. The following year, however, the Third New York rang up a mighty $3,221,980,555.86, while the First Illinois slipped to $2,978,532,844.32. These two districts, plus the Second New York, with $2,599,615,619.20, accounted for more than one-fifth of the last fiscal year's internal revenue, which reached the giddy sum of $40,672,096,997.88. Johnson is highly satisfied with the present state of affairs. In bygone days, when he had to take the dust of the First Illinois, he liked to point out that the eminence of that district as a contributor to the national kitty was the result of purely arbitrary allocation of profitable acreage. "Why, there are only two districts in the whole of the state of Illinois," he once complained, "and the First Illinois has twenty-six counties in it. The Second and Third New Yorks together comprise just one little county. If we were united, the First Illinois wouldn't be in the same league with us."

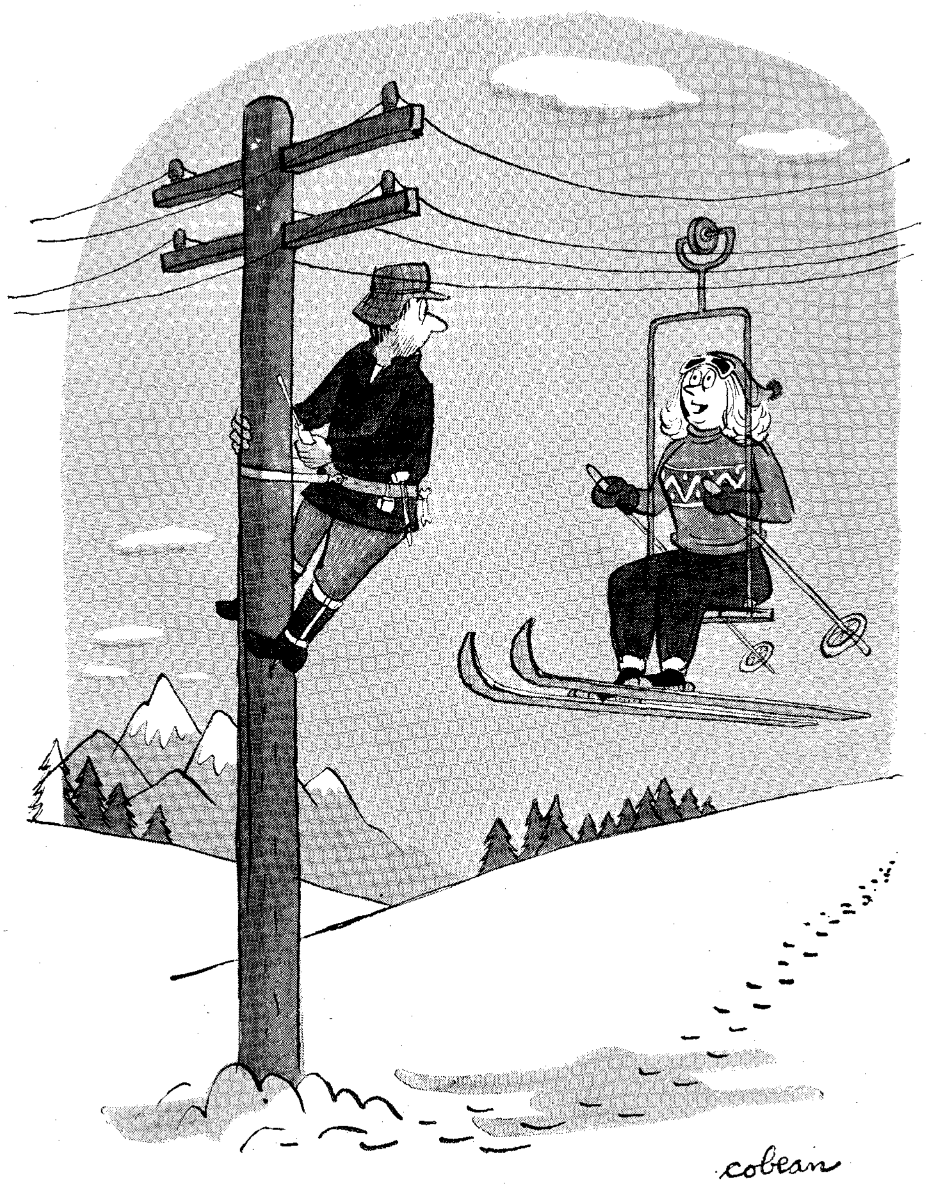
The Collector's interest in collecting all the money he can from the taxpayers is by no means exclusively sporting. His job, as he puts it, is to "protect" all the internal revenue to which the government is entitled, and by "protect" he means "collect." "A collector's primary function is to collect," he says firmly. Johnson's acquisitive instinct is concerned not only with income taxes but with all other federal internal taxes, of which there are a great number—tobacco, liquor, narcotics, admissions, manufacturers' and retail excise, and so on. The Collector is a patient man, willing to go to considerable lengths for the sake of the federal dollar, and he cordially gives audiences to reluctant taxpayers who wish either to pound on his desk or to cry on his shoulder. He tries never to raise his voice to a taxpayer. "The Collector can't shoo anyone away," he says. "He has to be courteous in order to protect the revenue. He must have integrity, exercise diligence, and use discretion. It is his job not to make the taxpayer's job any harder than it is. The taxpayer always gets a sympathetic ear here. Most taxpayers don't really feel angry toward the Collector; they just pretend to. After all, when you come right down to it, the Collector is doing his friends a favor when he establishes their true liability to their government."

Johnson is not sensitive about occupational gibes, and he usually manages to smile at the dozens of jokes about tax collectors that make the rounds all year long and the hundreds that turn up in March. Once, for several months, he kept on his desk a cartoon in which some firemen stood by in studied idleness while a collector's office went up in flames, and a newspaper clipping about a man in Ontario who was supposed to have handed his shirt to a revenue agent with the obvious explanation. The Collector rarely laughs at jokes about the complexity of tax forms. "They are no joke to those who live with them," he says. He does not, however, think the forms are impossible to crack; anybody, he insists, can understand them if he will only tackle them step by step and line by line. He accepts placidly the laments of people who dispute this analysis. "We've never been critical of the public," he once said, lapsing, as he often does, into the first person plural. "We give taxpayers who coöperate with us a pat on the back. The ones with larceny in their hearts aren't going to change, no matter what we do. With them, it's a perpetual war against us." Johnson is inclined to look upon the gripes of taxpayers with amused tolerance and understanding. "I like the public," Johnson says. "It's really quite a pleasure to deal with the people." He tries to be gentle even with the few unregenerate citizens who are sworn enemies of the tax collector. After the tax, penalty, and interest have been computed, in the case of excessively stubborn tax evaders, he can, by law, impose a levy as high as one hundred per cent on their salaries and bank accounts, but he scarcely ever does, always hoping that a less vengeful device will succeed. He is occasionally disappointed. "Sometimes I wait till people die to collect the money they owe," he says.

WHAT with one tax and another, the Collector has enough to keep him and his staff busy throughout the year, but his biggest day, understandably, is March 15th, when filers of income-tax returns storm his doors from nine in the morning until midnight. (The office customarily closes at five.) The Collector's place of business is, as so many people are unhappily aware, at 110 East Forty-fifth Street, above a post office, which annually forwards upstairs some three and a half million pieces of mail, four hundred thousand of them postmarked March 15th. On that day, his office gets about thirty thousand visitors—an estimate the Collector bases on the capacity of the building's four elevators, which among them can deliver two thousand passengers an hour and in mid-March are always jammed. Johnson stays on the premises all day on March 15th. He likes to be available for consultation in last-minute emergency cases, and he has learned from experience that he can save a good deal of wear on the nerves of his subordinates by keeping himself in readiness to accept, with suitable murmurs of gratitude, the donations of a few citizens who decline to fork over their money to anyone but the Collector himself.

Beginning about March 1st, Johnson writes enlightening articles for the newspapers on how citizens can best play their part in the struggle and makes educational broadcasts. In his early radio talks, he is calm and cool. He explains the intricacies of tax forms in clear, unimpassioned tones, as if he were a schoolteacher. Ten days later, his manner has become tense, and when he broadcasts on March 14th, his voice has a tendency to break and he has all the urgency of a football coach on the eve of a big game. "You have less than thirty hours left," he may proclaim into the microphone, sounding like the voice of doom, which to a great many of his listeners he undoubtedly seems to be. Since his remarks are heard in neighboring tax districts, he tries to be scrupulously fair and not to appear to be influencing his audiences to file with him rather than with one of his fellow-collectors. (A taxpayer may file in the district of his residence or in that of his place of business.) Once, in a radio talk, Johnson accidentally neglected to mention the address of any office but his own, and felt guilty about it for several weeks.

IMMEDIATELY after being sworn in as Collector, on December 1, 1943, Johnson was obliged by law to sign a receipt for approximately $477,000,000, the taxpayers' funds for which the Third New York was then accountable and which Harlem's *Amsterdam News* described as the "largest amount of federal, state, municipal, or commercial money ever handled by a Negro official in the history of the nation." Mr. Johnson is bonded for $100,000, a trifling figure as figures go on East Forty-fifth Street, and most of his employees are also bonded, as a precaution against their yielding to the temptations of their trade. A couple of years ago, a deputy in the district got away with five thousand dollars a



"Pardon me, is this the way to Old Baldy?"

taxpayer owed the government. The deputy had persuaded the taxpayer to settle his obligation by the irregular method of making out a check to him. This trick was discovered when the taxpayer received a bill for the amount he had already paid. The deputy is now in jail, and if the bonding company involved maintains that it shouldn't have to make good the loss, since the taxpayer was guilty of contributory negligence, the Collector will have to determine whether he has to ask the unfortunate taxpayer to kick in all over again.

The Collector has a staff of seven hundred and fifty Civil Service employees, whose ranks are augmented each March by more than a hundred temporary workers. Most of the permanent group address Johnson as "Collector" or "Chief." "Good morning, Collector," a girl calls gaily as he strolls through a corridor on a tour of inspection. "We're going mad. The taxpayers are wild." "What do they want this time?" he asks, moving along. "Everything but the kitchen sink," she replies to his back. "Give them whatever they want, but protect the revenue," he calls over his shoulder.

Up to the time of President Lincoln's administration, all the federal revenue was derived from levies on imports and exports and taxes on liquor and tobacco. Except for the decade between 1862 and 1872, there was, as many older men have no trouble recalling, no federal income tax before 1913, when the income-tax amendment to the Constitution was passed. In 1862, when the country was divided into internal-revenue collection districts, New York State had thirty-two of them. As transportation facilities improved and tax collectors became increasingly mobile, the number of districts was steadily cut down. The Third District as it exists today was set up in 1915, and was absorbed into the Second five years later, when a number of taxes instituted during the first World War were abolished. In 1923, the Third was reconstituted and President Harding appointed as its Collector a Negro Republican, Charles W. Anderson, who kept the job until his death, in 1934, although there had been a change of administration in the meantime. Anderson was succeeded by a Democrat, a white man. The local Negro press, which felt that a desirable precedent had been established, disapproved of this appointment and was delighted when President Roosevelt tagged Johnson for admission to the fraternity of collectors, of which he is the only Negro member.

To Collector Johnson, the central and upper portion of Manhattan Island is a district with points of interest that are never called to the attention of the casual sightseer. In 1946, for instance, he was pleased to note that this slice of a single county outdistanced every other federal-tax district in collecting withholding taxes, of which it banked $847,512,206.47. The Third New York, moreover, showed its heels to all the other districts in capital-stock taxes ($34,351,736.64) and in estate taxes ($67,012,698.47). The district topped every other district in the country, too, in taxes on the manufacture of business

UMPIRES AND THE SECURITY COUNCIL

In this, our own, our native land,
  The usage is a long one,
When mulish umpires take a stand
  Which we regard a wrong one,
To chide them with some emphasis,
  To screech "Oh, fie!" or "Drat 'em!"
And never is it deemed amiss
  To hurl projectiles at 'em.
A bottle whistling through the air
Inclines an umpire to be fair.

The British—to our cruder eyes
  A breed of somewhat prim phlegm—
One might suppose act otherwise,
  But, no, their phlegm is flim-phlegm!
For, as the *Times* will testify
  (See Footnote 1, appended),
In Britain, too, the missiles fly
  When fans are thus offended.
If gentler, yet in basic urge
The Englishman does not diverge.

Consider, then, the Muscovite:
  That he, so regimented,
On like occasion should ignite
  Would seem unprecedented.
Yet my researches make it plain
  (Note 2 cites verse and chapter)
That he's as apt an ump to brain
  As we are, if not apter.
The Russian, likewise, is not one
To see injustice go undone.

So, when the Council take their seats
  And speech commences flowing
And each insists and none retreats,
  I smile, untroubled, knowing
That breeds of such identic bent
  As these which fought the Nazi,
Despite impassioned argument,
  Must end up hotsy-totsy.
Impossible that they should feud
Who share the same sound attitude!

—ARTHUR KRAMER

1. "Disgruntled Soccer Fans in Britain Throw Snowballs at Officials and Visiting Players"—*The Times, February 2, 1947.*
2. " 'Hooliganism' Mars Soviet Sports; Referee Is Threatened with Death"—*The Times, October 17, 1946.*

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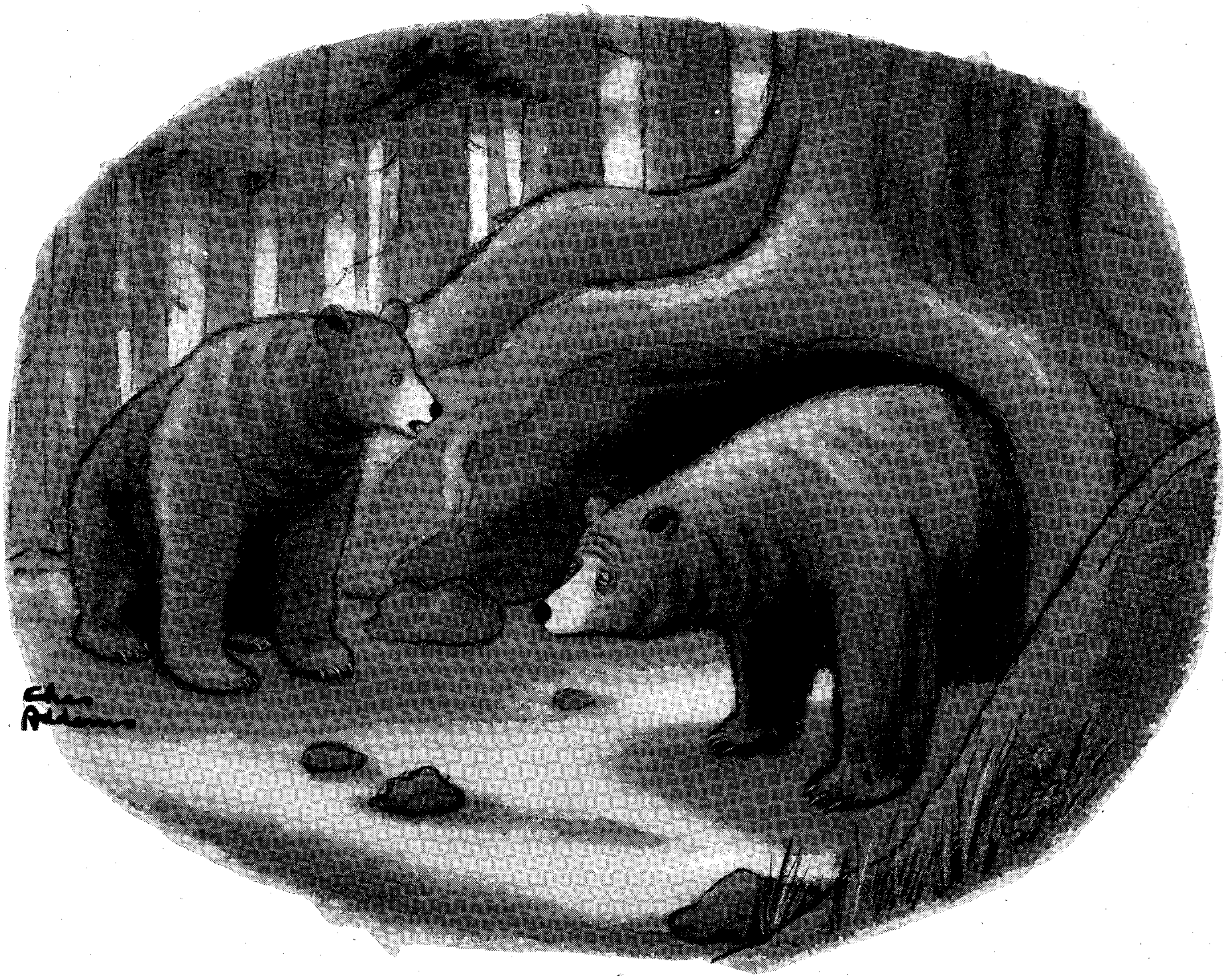

"What in the world was the matter? You tossed and turned all winter."

• •

and store machines and phonograph records, on the sales of jewelry, furs, toilet goods, and luggage, and in employment (or Social Security) taxes—the last category alone accounting for over a hundred and fifty million dollars in taxes, or considerably more than the entire United States internal revenue for the first full fiscal year after the tax laws of 1862 went into effect. The Third New York also rang up the sale of 29,240 marijuana order forms, for a national high of $584.80. (These forms are used for the entirely legal transfer of this narcotic from licensed manufacturers to pharmacists.) In addition to handling such special documents, the Collector's office does a brisk trade in tax stamps for beer and whiskey, juke boxes, playing cards, cigars and cigarettes, deeds, and transferred bonds and stocks. The Third New York does not, however, cater to philatelists. It refers all tax-stamp collectors to Washington and will sell an oleomargarine-manufacturing stamp only to an accredited oleomargarine manufacturer.

COLLECTOR JOHNSON was born in Asheville, North Carolina, where his father ran a small hotel. Both his parents died when he was a boy, and at fourteen he was brought to New York by an older sister, then employed here as a housekeeper. He attended a grammar school in New Jersey and finished up his education at the Academy of Howard University, in Washington, where the curriculum, a formidable one patterned on Exeter's, included four years of Latin and two of Greek. After graduation, James took up a pre-law course at City College but interrupted his studies to enlist in the Army, in March, 1918. He was shipped to France that June. He rapidly developed into one of the most prolific unofficial historians of the A.E.F. As instruments sergeant and later handling reconnaissance for a field-artillery battery, he was obliged to compile certain records for the outfit, but he went far beyond military necessity and wrote down everything. He still has a closetful of wartime data, including a file of battery orders, a bundle of maps (on one he faithfully charted the movements of his battery across France), a lengthy diary, notes he took down in military classes, and random reflections on scraps of paper. Since at the time he was assembling these memorabilia, he wished not to seem too self-centered to anyone who might happen to look over his shoulder, whenever he felt obliged to make an autobiographical entry he would disguise his name by writing it in classical Greek letters. The Greeks had no sound resembling "J," and his name accordingly became somewhat mangled in the transliteration. He qualified for a National Guard first lieutenancy after the war, and is still a military enthusiast.

After being demobilized, in the spring of 1919, Johnson went to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad as a dining-car waiter. He was assigned to two expresses, the Broadway Limited and the St. Louisan. When a crew was selected to man the special train that bore President Harding's casket from Washington to Marion, Ohio, he was among the dining-car attendants chosen. He was still determined to be a lawyer, however, and eventually, dropping his final tray, settled in New York and began working as a post-office clerk and attending the New York University School of Law, from which he was graduated in 1926. During this period he got married. The Johnsons, who are childless, now live on West 142nd Street and have a summer home in Tuckahoe, In 1927, he passed his bar examinations and went into practice by himself in Harlem. He soon became an expert in mortgage closings, a function which, he hastens to explain to people unfamiliar with legal terminology, has nothing to do with foreclosing mortgages but entails helping a property owner get a mortgage in the first place. "As a lawyer, I made people very happy," Johnson says. During the depression of the early thirties, he closed mortgages as attorney for the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and presumably made even more people happy. His affection for people made it extremely difficult for him to be a conventional lawyer. Once, retained for the unusual job, for him, of evicting a nice old lady who had not met the interest payments on a mortgage, he managed to stall off his client for a year before she was dispossessed.

Johnson had always hoped to get into politics, and in 1935, when many Harlem Negroes were beginning to take an interest in their community affairs, control of which had been pretty much in the hands of white politicians, he joined them. He soon became a specialist in certain legal aspects of municipal elections, such as the filing with the Board of Elections of objections and specifications to petitions pertinent to the selection of county committeemen. By 1939, when the state Democratic leaders felt that it was about time to give a New York Negro a responsible government post, Johnson was widely known in Harlem, and he was appointed Chief Office Deputy of the Third New York District. He was not especially familiar with tax law, but he immediately reënrolled at the N.Y.U. Law School for a year of advanced courses, afternoons and evenings, which earned him the degree of Master of Laws. Three years later, when the Collector of the district resigned, Johnson was designated Acting Collector, and soon afterward Collector. His present salary is $9,376.50 a year. Last year, he was paid $8,840.90, of which $1,427 was withheld by his own Disbursing Section. Like ambassadors and many other federal employees, he finds that his income is hardly sufficient to enable him to keep up the appearances required by his position. "I'm the poorest collector of one of the richest districts," he sometimes says. Collectors of Internal Revenue often make out quite well later if they go on their own. Mark Eisner, who was the first Collector of the Third New York, is now a lawyer who is constantly consulted on tax problems by less experienced citizens. If a Republican should be elected President in 1948, Johnson will, of course, submit his resignation at once, as is the political custom.

FOR the last few years, the Third New York has received around a million tax returns a year, three-quarters of them from individuals. During the March rush, four hundred members of Johnson's staff spend practically all their time emptying envelopes. Some of these inevitably contain items not entirely relevant to the collection of federal revenue. Bemused citizens send in dentists' bills, payroll checks, bank statements, and letters to their aunts. Every March, the office gets a thousand or so state income-tax returns, due in April at 80 Centre Street or in Albany. On March 16th, the Third's biggest mail day, the contents of the envelopes that arrive include around five thousand dollars in small bills. The largest single cash enclosure of recent years was a hundred dollars. Johnson's men do not like to fool around with cash; though unruffled by astronomical finance, they feel nervous in the presence of real money.

The first step in handling mail on any day is to ensure that the payment enclosed, if any, is firmly secured to the return. Cash is turned over to the cashier's department and a receipt is appended in its place. (The junction of return and remittance is effected with pins, of which, on March 16th, the Collector's office uses two hundred and fifty pounds. On that one busy day, several dozen internal-revenue employees are likely to prick themselves on behalf of taxpayers.) The incoming forms are then separated according to type—withholding, fiduciary, corporation, partnership, and the like. Then these groups are further subdivided. Withholding returns, for instance, are initially classified as "evens" (if the payment and obligation are happily identical), "taxables" (if the payment is less than the tax due), and "refundables" (if the payment is excessive). Incomplete returns—some people send in forms without payments, or payments without forms—are sent to the

April-May

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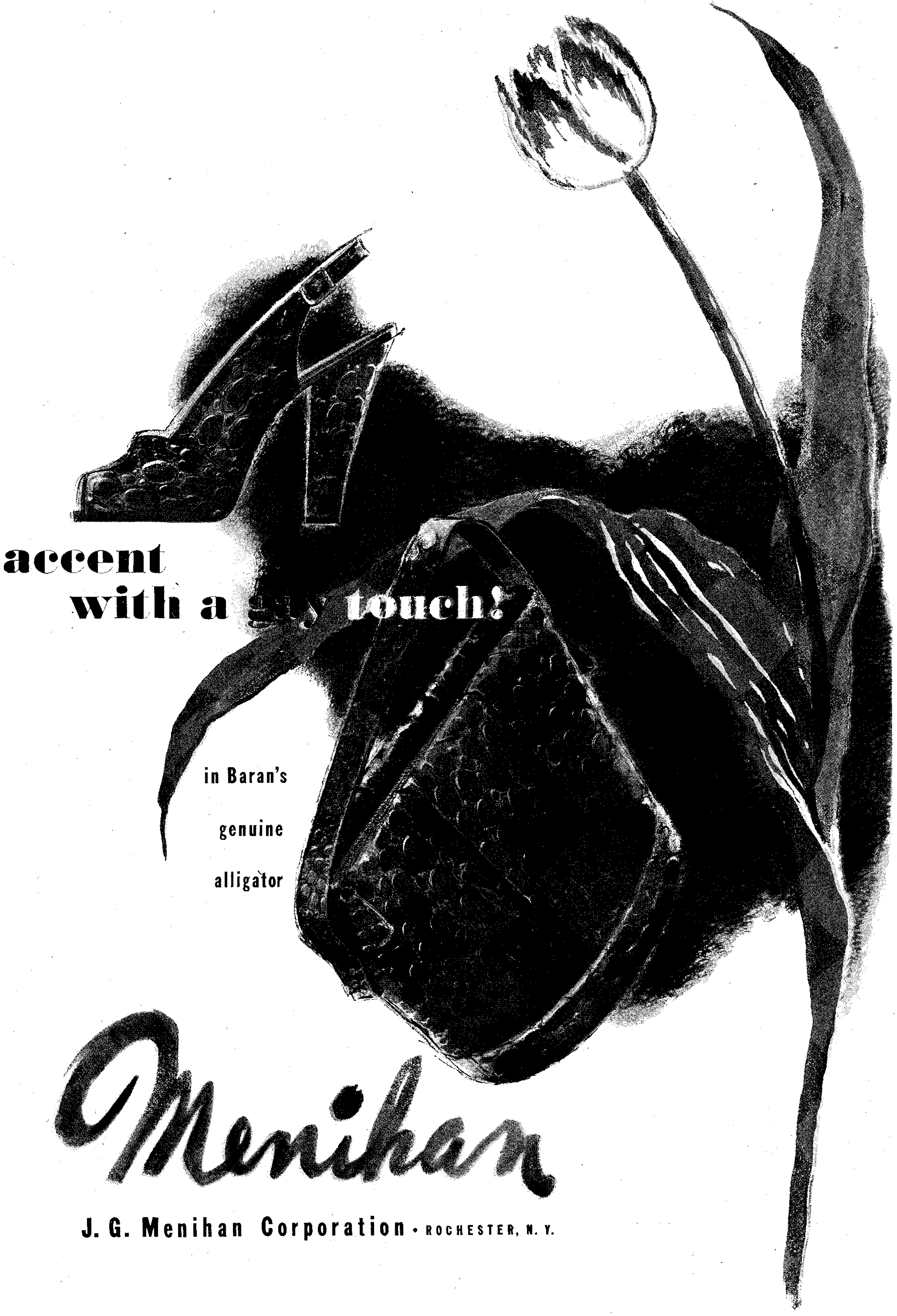
accent
with a gay touch!
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Unclassified Collections department, which sometimes has had as many as fifty thousand such items to puzzle over at once. After a record has been made of a return, the remittance goes to the cashier's desk—assuming it hasn't already gone there because of its being in cash—where it is detached for deposit in the Federal Reserve Bank. Then the return is examined. The Collector's office does not do the whole job on all the returns it receives. Returns from people with no businesses or professions and with an adjusted gross income of less than seven thousand dollars or from people with an adjusted gross income of less than seven thousand and with total receipts of less than twenty-five thousand from businesses or professions, are examined here. The rest go to Washington for final examination and approval or rejection.

The Collector does not only take in money. Last year he distributed twenty-five million in refunds. Between March 15th and July 4th, by which patriotic date, the Commissioner had decreed, citizens who had overpaid the previous year were, if possible, to be reimbursed, Johnson mailed checks to two hundred and fifty thousand New Yorkers. Though the Collector is mainly interested in collecting money, he does not feel too bad when he is obliged to shell it out. Once he interrupted the routine of his office to speed a four-hundred-dollar refund to a young widow who had telephoned him to say that she had only fourteen cents on hand. Her refund check normally would probably not have gone out for several weeks, but Johnson got it in the mails that night. "The government doesn't want any more than it's entitled to," he says.

Johnson has not yet encountered anybody like Grandpa Vanderhof of "You Can't Take It with You," an iconoclastic old character who never paid an income tax because he disapproved of the notion. "Most people want to fulfill their obligations to their government on a fair basis," the Collector says. A handful of citizens, however, always seem resolved not to fulfill them except under severe pressure. During the Roosevelt administration, a number of diehard conservatives balked at paying taxes on the ground that they did not wish to contribute to any Treasury Department under President Roosevelt. (On the other hand, there was a small but steady stream of outlandishly patriotic citizens who, after coming around in person to settle their accounts, would hand a teller a ten- or twenty-dollar bill and mumble, "This is for the war effort." Such contributions were put in a Treasury fund designated "Unexpected Revenue.") It is possible for a person or a business to duck paying any taxes for years, but sooner or later a collector or the Commissioner, who has at his disposal a great many roving agents, catches up with everybody—or they like to think they do. Every March, there are some people who beg for more time to file their returns or pay their taxes. Ordinarily the Collector will not encourage tardy filing or paying, but now and then he makes an exception. There was the case of a lady who, a couple of years ago, arrived in the early evening of March 15th carrying a shopping bag full of unsorted papers. Upon being shown into his office, she pleasantly asked for help in preparing her return. Johnson took one look at her documentary hodgepodge and suggested that she come back in a few days, when things had quieted down.

The Collector's profound desire to collect is sometimes abetted by what he calls "squeal letters" or "squeal phone calls"—reports, usually anonymous, from people who don't love their neighbors and suspect them of having contributed something less than their proper share to the national upkeep. The Collector follows up every complaint. There are on the average a dozen such calls or letters a day. A surprisingly high percentage prove to be accurate. A recent note correctly informed Johnson that a fellow who professed to be a humble wage slave barely able to support his wife and five children, and who had taken some deductions in view of these handicaps, was actually a prosperous landlord whose supposed dependents were all gainfully employed and should have been, but were not, paying taxes themselves. Being a conscientious protector of the revenue, the Collector keeps an alert eye on potential sources of revenue. The managers of theatrical road companies working out of New York, to take one example, are supposed to mail withholding and Social-Security tax statements for their companies to the home district. Occasionally, the managers forget. When it is clear that the neglect is not accidental, as is sometimes the case when a play is barely staggering through an engagement, Johnson is entitled to put a lien on its scenery and costumes. He prefers, however, to hold back, on the chance that business may improve. Accordingly, he reads out-of-town reviews in *Variety* and appraises a show's box-office potentialities. He also assigns dep-

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A New Comedy by **NORMAN KRASNA**
Directed by **MR. LOGAN**
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"*Happy Birthday*"
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Music and Lyrics by **IRVING BERLIN**
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PERCY WARAM • MILDRED DUNNOCK • LEO GENN
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PENELOPE WARD • DAVID MANNERS
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Staged by CECIL BEATON—Directed by JACK MINSTER
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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Henry Michel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling,
Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Jane McGowan
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Evgs. $6, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Mary Hatcher • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Thurs.—$3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

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JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
The Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
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CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE with JANE KEAN
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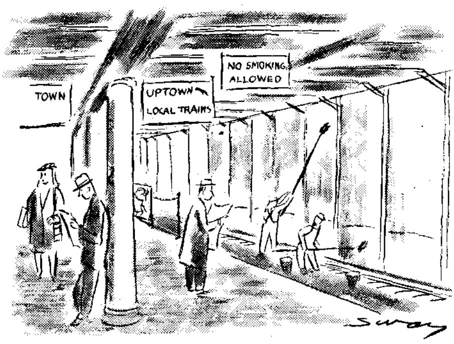
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
(Now in its 3rd Year!)
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Now Playing HARRIS Theatre, CHICAGO.

uties to cover the New York theatrical zone to make sure that admissions taxes are accurately reported. Unlike the firemen on duty in the theatres, they rarely get to see much of a show, being obliged to confine their attention to the box office. Other tax men assigned to the Third New York check up on prizefights, dances, and other social events to which admission is charged. In addition to following theatrical intelligence, the Collector studies the financial columns of the newspapers, and often finds an item about one of his debtors. Not long ago, Johnson saw in the *Times* that a fellow who had claimed to be broke and with whom, accordingly, the Collector had been lenient had just been given an important job by a big corporation. The Collector dropped the man a note congratulating him, and the man forthwith paid his back taxes.

Nearly half of Johnson's employees are in his Field Division, which is at 70 East Forty-fifth. This consists of a hundred and fifty Zone Deputy Collectors (the Third District being divided into a hundred and fifty zones), whose duty it is to pursue citizens who are suspected of having negligently or playfully, or even fraudulently, paid either an insufficient tax or no tax at all. The deputies try to persuade such taxpayers to come in and discuss matters with them, usually beginning negotiations with a chatty, informal letter. If a taxpayer seems indisposed to accept their hospitable offer, or if, as sometimes happens, the letter is returned unopened, a deputy goes out after him. Sometimes it takes the deputies quite a while to flush their game, but when they do, they still, at least at first, radiate amiability. "Our main goal is to satisfy the taxpayer and make him happy," one deputy said a few weeks ago, after having returned from an exhausting hunt for an evasive fellow who hadn't bothered to pay his income tax for four years. "We go into homes and talk things over, and after a while we get to feel like a member of the family. We're not out to harass



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LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK
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JOHN GIELGUD'S PRODUCTION
The Importance of Being Earnest
By Oscar Wilde
MARGARET RUTHERFORD
PAMELA BROWN JANE BAXTER
JEAN CADELL
ROBERT FLEMYNG
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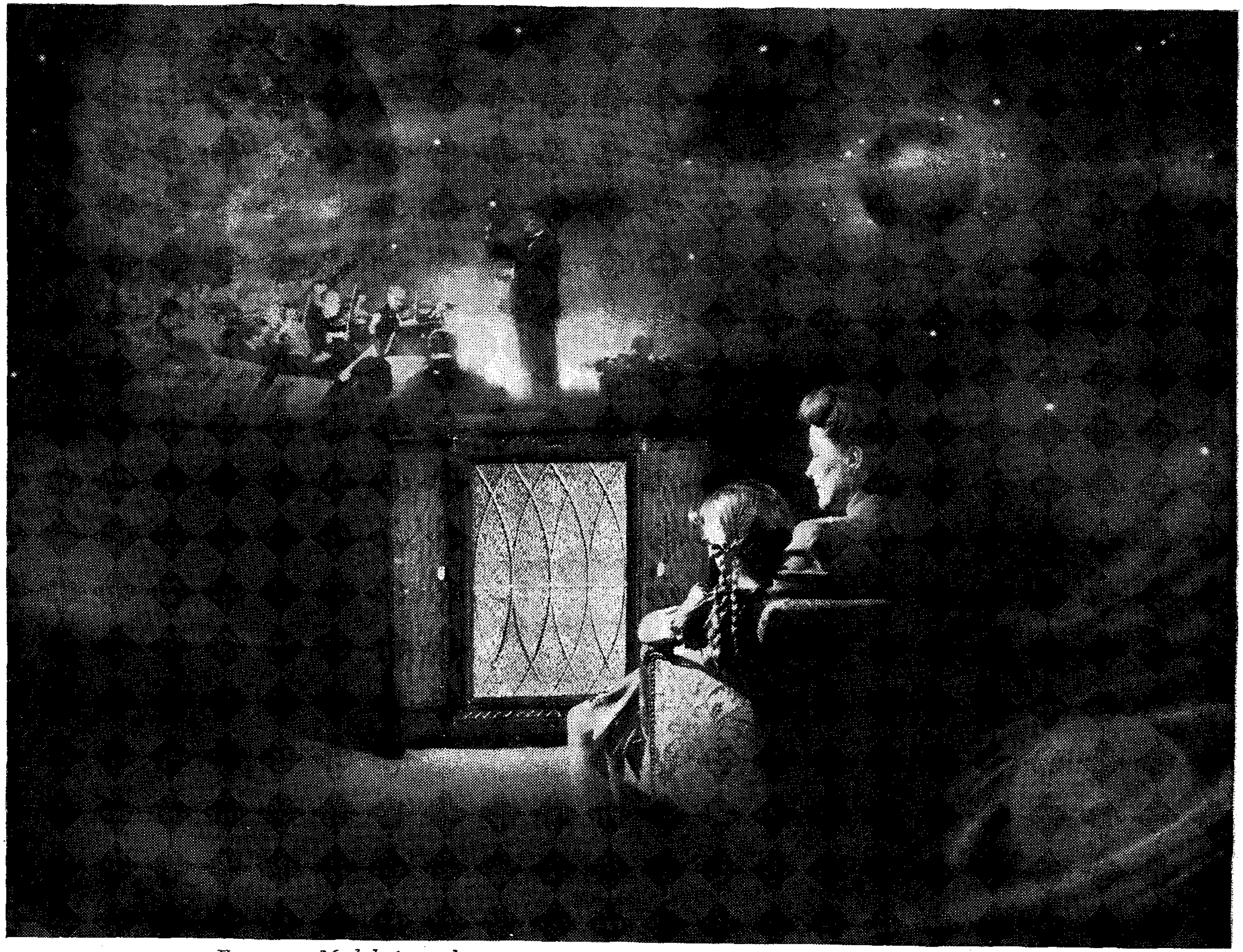
BOBBY CLARK in
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Sweethearts
SHUBERT, 44th St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



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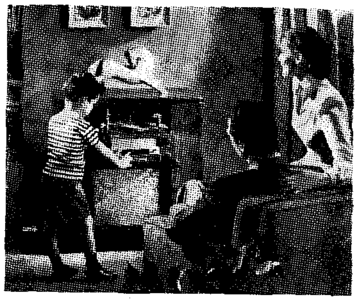

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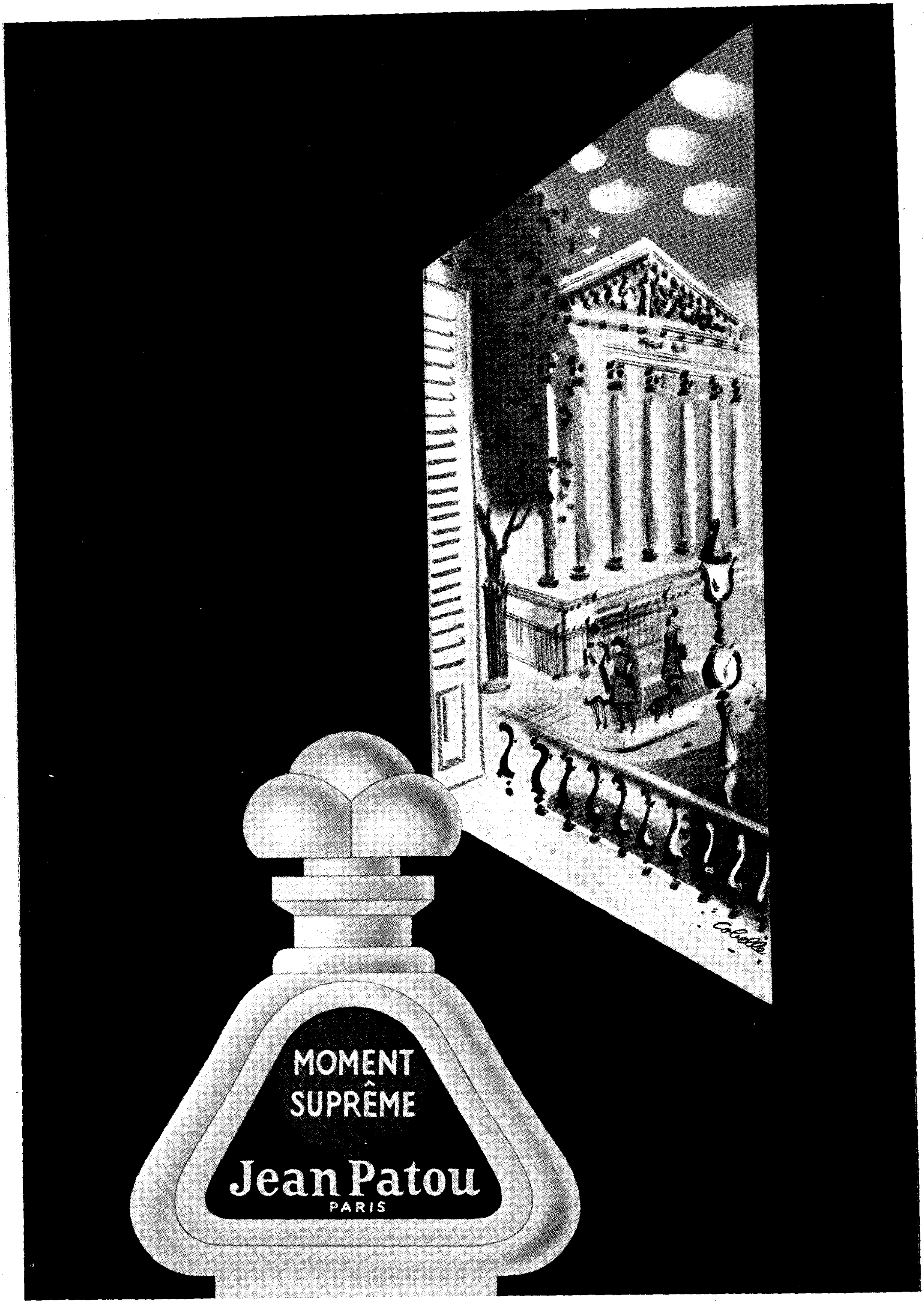
anybody. After all, we realize that we're practically the only bill collectors in the world who take money away from people and give them no tangible assets in return for it. You have to step on our toes pretty hard to make us say 'Ouch.' We're like the Collector. We maintain the friendly attitude."

Frequently the deputies, once they have been accepted in a household, draw up documents in which the taxpayers acknowledge their willingness to pay their taxes—plus interest, plus any penalties, of course—over some mutually acceptable period. One deputy is at last being rewarded for stringing along for three years with a taxpayer who owed the government ten dollars; the man is paying off at the rate of two dollars a month. The deputies usually act hurt when taxpayers rebuff their friendly overtures. If a taxpayer declines to agree to anything, or bars his door to a deputy's comradely knock, Johnson reluctantly signs his name to a Collector's summons, which obliges the taxpayer to call on the Collector and bring along his financial records, or to a document known as a warrant for distraint, which authorizes the deputy, by now stern and unyielding, to seize and auction off the luckless fellow's assets, except for such exempt items as schoolbooks, necessary wearing apparel, and a few other valuables, including "one cow, two hogs, five sheep and the wool thereof, provided that the aggregate market value of such sheep shall not exceed fifty dollars," as well as thirty days' worth of food for the specified livestock. During the recent boom years, the Third New York has conducted few such sales, but back in 1941 the district averaged about one a month. Night-club operators, who are required to pay several kinds of federal taxes, were often served with warrants for distraint and stripped of all their possessions, having no sheep, with or without wool. The Collector never hauls a tax evader into court himself. When he comes upon a fraud case in which criminal prosecution seems advisable, he turns the matter over to the Bureau's Intelligence Unit, which in turn may pass it along to the Treasury Department's Chief Counsel, who may refer it to the Attorney General's office, which carries on from there. It is a source of comfort to Johnson that he has never had to act as a prosecutor.

When March 15th looms, as it must to all men, the Collector is less unsettled by the date than many of his friends. The day even has a certain glamour for him. He was a bit irritated a year ago when the limelight in which his office annually basks was dimmed by Winston Churchill's inopportune tour of the city. He would not have said so, but it was evident to his associates that he felt that Churchill could just as easily have been fêted another time—say, March 16th.

Long before the big day dawns, the Collector's own income-tax return has been processed. He always files early, after an assistant has gone over his figures. "I wouldn't think of filing my return without having somebody else check it," he says. On the fifteenth, Johnson receives a multitude of callers. Some are representatives of corporations bearing checks for millions of dollars, in exchange for which they want the Collector's personal receipt; others are politicians who cannot abide dealing with subordinates; still others are personal acquaintances. The corridors of his offices are lined with rickety tables, and a deputy is at each one to assist taxpayers who need help but don't insist on dealing with the Collector himself. Some citizens expect the deputies to estimate their future earnings for them as well as their income taxes. Some just like to chat. An elderly actor strode in last year, sat down at a table, and began reciting Shakespeare. The deputy asked him what was the principal source of his income, and he replied, "The Bard of Avon." This sort of thing went on for some time, and finally the exasperated deputy told him he could recite uninterruptedly for fifteen minutes if he would agree to settle down to business afterward. The actor accepted this compromise offer, and after a quarter-hour performance submitted to having his tax computed. A somewhat younger member of the acting profession, a seven-year-old girl who, having earned more than five hundred dollars the previous year, was required to pay a tax, is one of the most contented patrons the Third New York has ever had. "She was delighted with the whole procedure," the deputy who assisted her later said. "She thought it was some wonderful kind of game."

There are taxpayers who, as the deputies say, "like to shop around." They approach one deputy, quote him a set of facts and figures on exemptions and deductions, and take down his computation of their tax. Then they confer with another deputy, quote him a new set of facts and figures, and get another


MOMENT
SUPRÊME
Jean Patou
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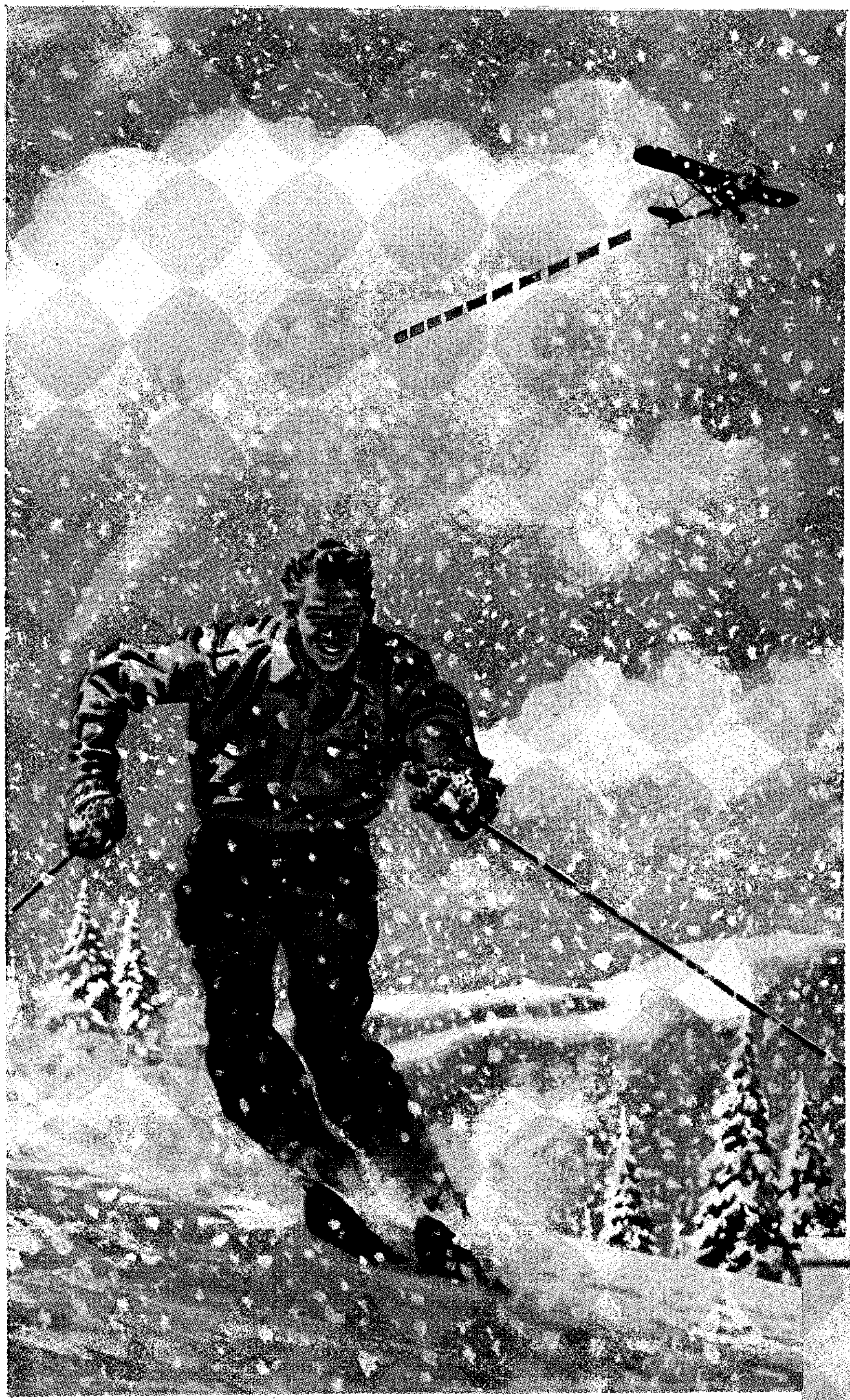
ANOTHER TRIUMPH...by Men who Plan beyond Tomorrow



Pleasure or Profit from Man-made Snow!

Science now does something about the weather. Airplanes, flying through clouds, scatter dry ice, which turns the cloud-moisture into falling snow.

Good news to winter sports fans, who no longer need wait on Nature. Great boon to farmers, too, whose summer crops depend on a winter blanket of protecting snow.

Men who plan have helped Nature make Today's great whisky—Seagram's V.O. Canadian. Six years is the minimum age of the rare Canadian whiskies that make up this wholly unique blend. Result: a whisky very light, very *clean-tasting*, and very much the choice of those who order by name...as proved by today's unprecedented demand for this imported luxury blend.

This Whisky Is Six Years Old—86.8 Proof.
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Canadian Whisky

Seagram's V.O. Canadian

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES tax. They keep this up until they are offered a tax figure that suits them. Whenever a deputy realizes that he is dealing with a "shopper," he tells the fellow to go home and bring back the facts on his income, deductions, and exemptions, in writing. One of the most unpopular of last year's visitors was a lady with a Southern accent who refused to be helped by a Negro deputy when her turn came. She was so angry at what she considered an affront that she protested to some of the white deputies, who paid no attention to her. Finally she pushed her way into Johnson's office. He looked up from his desk, and she asked who he thought *he* was. He said he was the Collector, whereupon she denounced him as an impostor and stalked out, presumably to lodge a protest with Senator Bilbo. Johnson is tolerant of the few taxpayers who act like that. "I couldn't get my work done if I let them upset me too much," he says.

At midnight on March 15th, the office shuts up, invariably in the face of several taxpayers who say they were delayed in the subway, and the Collector goes home to bed, possibly to dream uneasily about the stacks of mail he knows will be delivered next morning. The taxpayers of the Third New York may sigh with relief when their returns are finally finished, but the Collector, though happy that once again he has helped his friends exercise their right of citizenship, cannot share their feeling of deliverance from an oppressive burden. "On March 15th," he says, "my headaches just begin."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

Resigned young lady with reliable references desires work by day or week. RI 7191.—*Adv. in the Buffalo Evening News.*

Broken on life's wheel?

•

His mother and four brothers were educated in public schools there and Homer after a year in high school decided to become a wonderlust.—*Wilmington (Del.) Journal.*

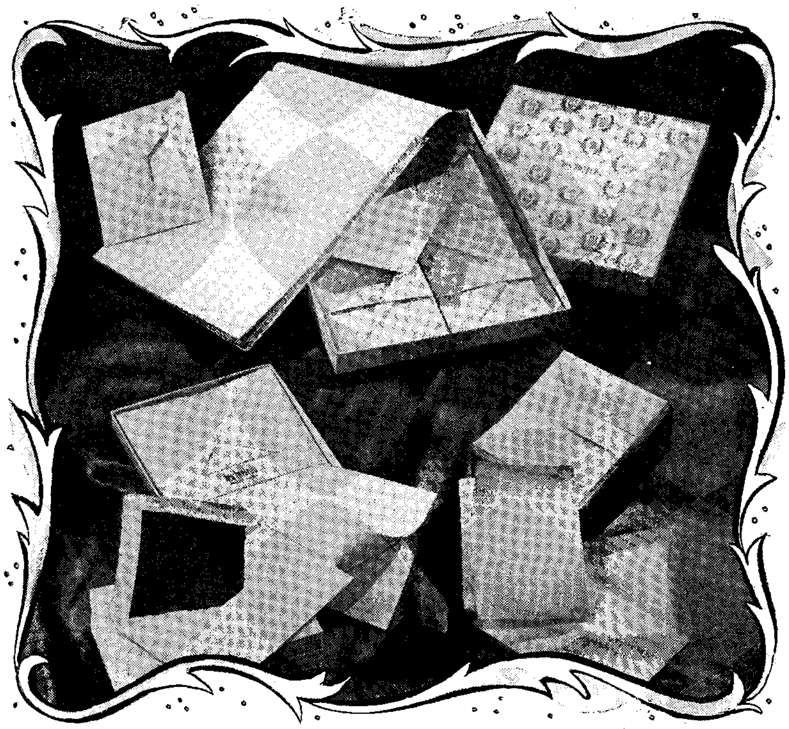
Touch of Wildschmerz, probably.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Minneapolis Tribune*]

Mrs. Harrison Williams has arrived from New York at her villa on the ocean. Mr. Williams, who has been here, left Sunday. It's a large house, too. Plenty of room.



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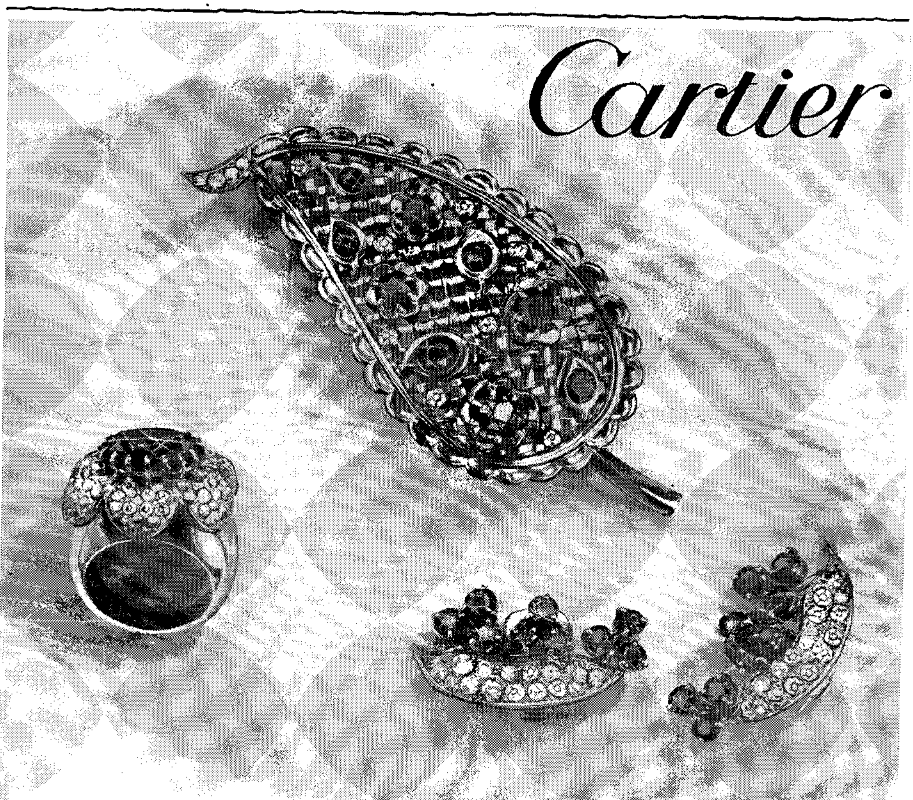

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THE THEATRE

THE IMPORTANCE OF JOHN GIELGUD

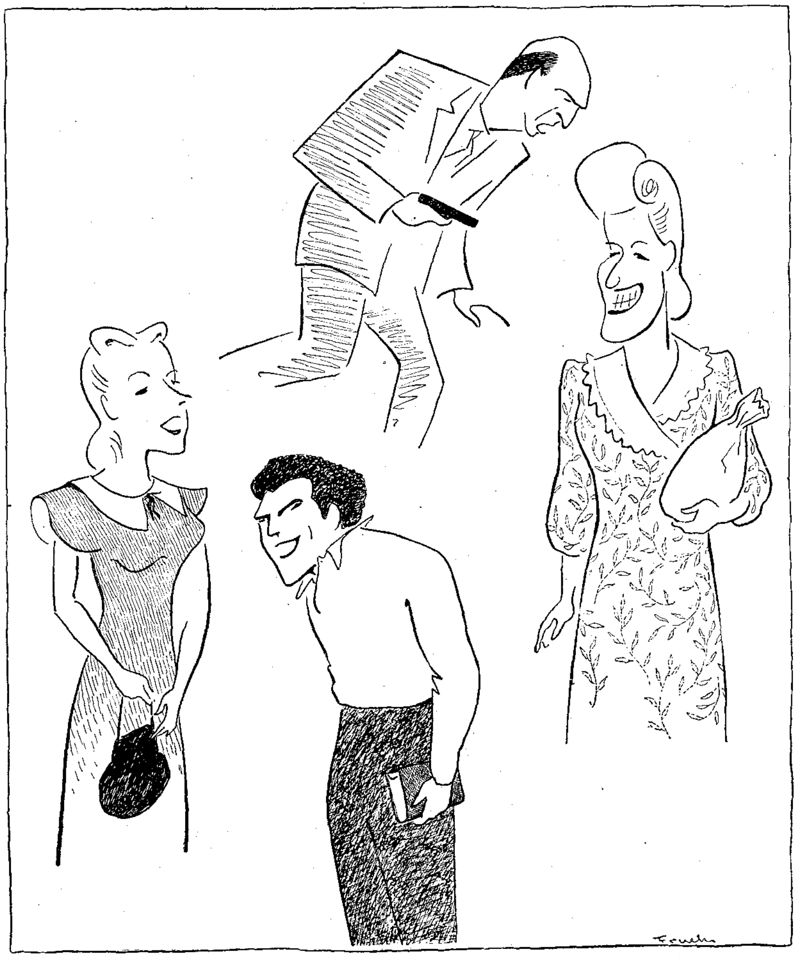
IN Act I of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," Mr. Algernon Moncrieff speaks as follows: "Have some bread and butter. The bread and butter is for Gwendolen. Gwendolen is devoted to bread and butter." The Wilde method of getting things into the record is not without usefulness, so I will begin by stating that the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson last week opened a production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the Royale. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is played by an English company led by John Gielgud. The Gielgud company is excessively good at playing "The Importance of Being Earnest." The first-night audience went for "The Importance of Being Earnest" the way Gwendolen went for a stack of buttered bread, and that means real zest, for Gwendolen, as Mr. Moncrieff implied, is keen as a wolf when it comes teatime. So are all the other characters in the work. I doubt if Englishmen at this very moment feel as strongly about victuals as the genteel society of Mr. Wilde's day seems to have felt about its muffins, cake, and cucumber sandwiches.

I never saw "The Importance of Being Earnest" before, but I reread it a few months ago. I would have been careful then, even if I had known of Mr. Gielgud's plans, to avoid betting that it would turn out to be a comedy hit of a Broadway season in the nineteen-forties, as it appears certain to be for the limited time of its engagement here. You can see, reading the play, that it was a good, tough, cynical piece when Mr. Wilde wrote it, with a number of funny lines. But it assays such a quantity of talk to the square foot and is so full of palpable tricks of dialogue that the late author himself might be bashful about putting it on the stage today if he had a voice in the matter. His curtain line for the first act is the essence of the very thinnest Wilde manner, which has not picked up weight with the passing of years. To wit:

JACK: Oh, that's nonsense, Algy. You never talk anything but nonsense.
ALGERNON: Nobody ever does.

For the fact that the new production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" is pleasant entertainment from start to finish, abounding in laughs and completely painless, Mr. Gielgud has an overpowering responsibility. His acting in the part of Jack Worthing sets the tone for the rest of the cast, which he directed. He postures, but he postures smoothly and quietly, getting the most out of every stylized gesture he makes and not making too many. To direct the play and set the tone, he had to figure out in advance how to go about it, and this job he did with imagination and resourcefulness. I would say that about fifty per cent of the Wilde lines are still funny in their own right. They are delivered that way, as being funny in their own right. The rest are made funny at Wilde's expense, or by some look, attitude, or piece of business designed by Mr. Gielgud. The result is that this collaboration—between an author nearly fifty years dead and an actor with ideas of his own—adds up to what is almost entirely a new comedy. I think it is a comedy that would have been as satisfactory in Wilde's time as it is in ours, though it does not belong exactly to either period. Speaking of collaborators, there is a good deal of the mood and flavor of W. S. Gilbert about Wilde's dialogue and characters. I do not say this in praise or disparagement of one writer or the other, but it occurs to me that if Gilbert, who wrote his best librettos some years before Wilde wrote "The Importance of Being Earnest" (and kidded Wilde, in "Patience"), had not got himself tangled up with a musician, he might have done plays quite like Wilde's and forestalled much of Wilde's fame.

There is a nice order and balance in "The Importance of Being Earnest"—two principal young men, two principal young ladies, two principal minor characters, and a free-wheeling dowager who polices them all. These more or less equal parts



"STREET SCENE"

The gentleman with the heater is Norman Cordon, and below him, left to right, are Anne Jeffreys, Brian Sullivan, and Polyna Stoska. They live sordidly and sing on key at the Adelphi, in the operatic version, by Elmer Rice, Langston Hughes, and Kurt Weill, of Mr. Rice's famous play.

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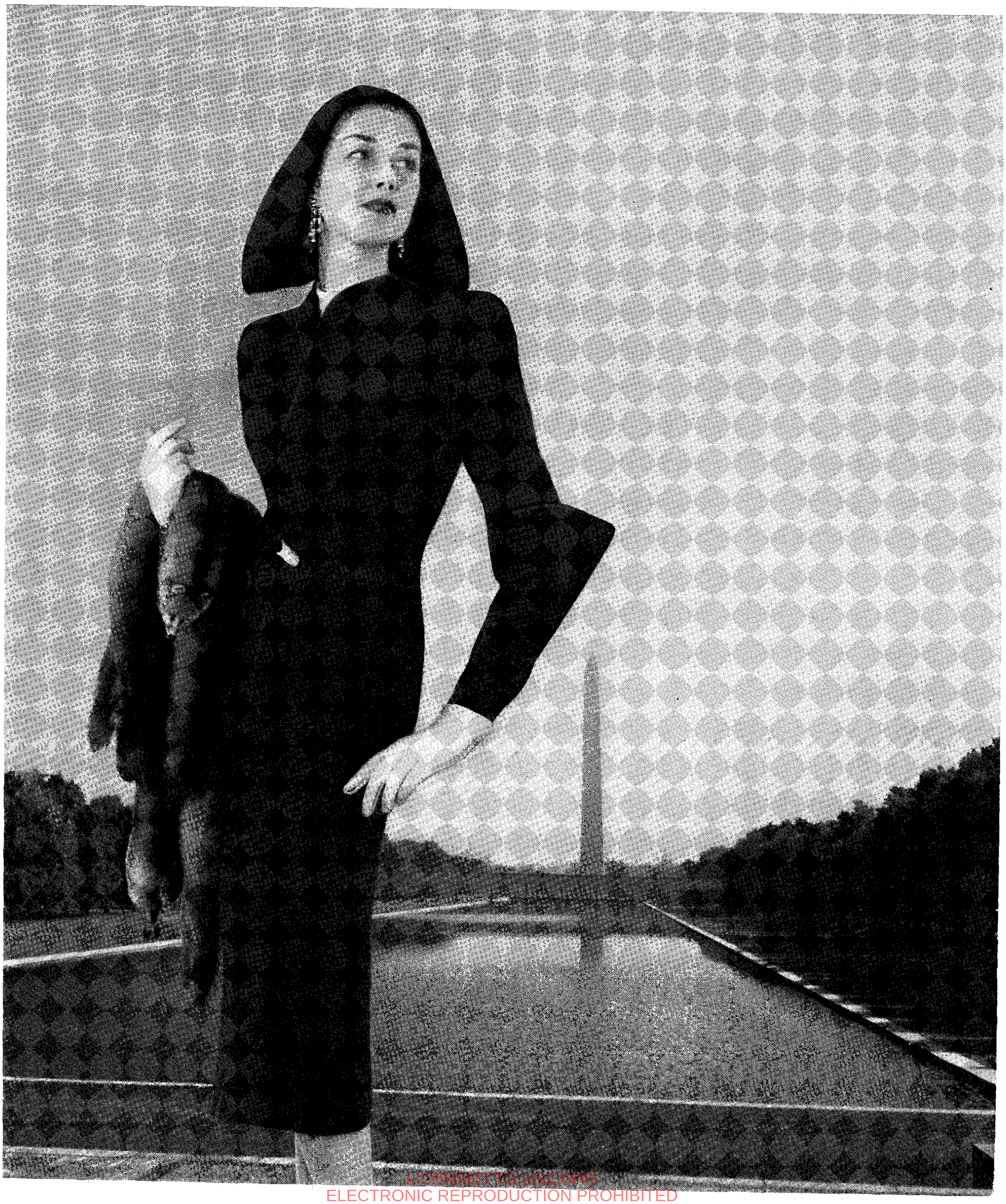

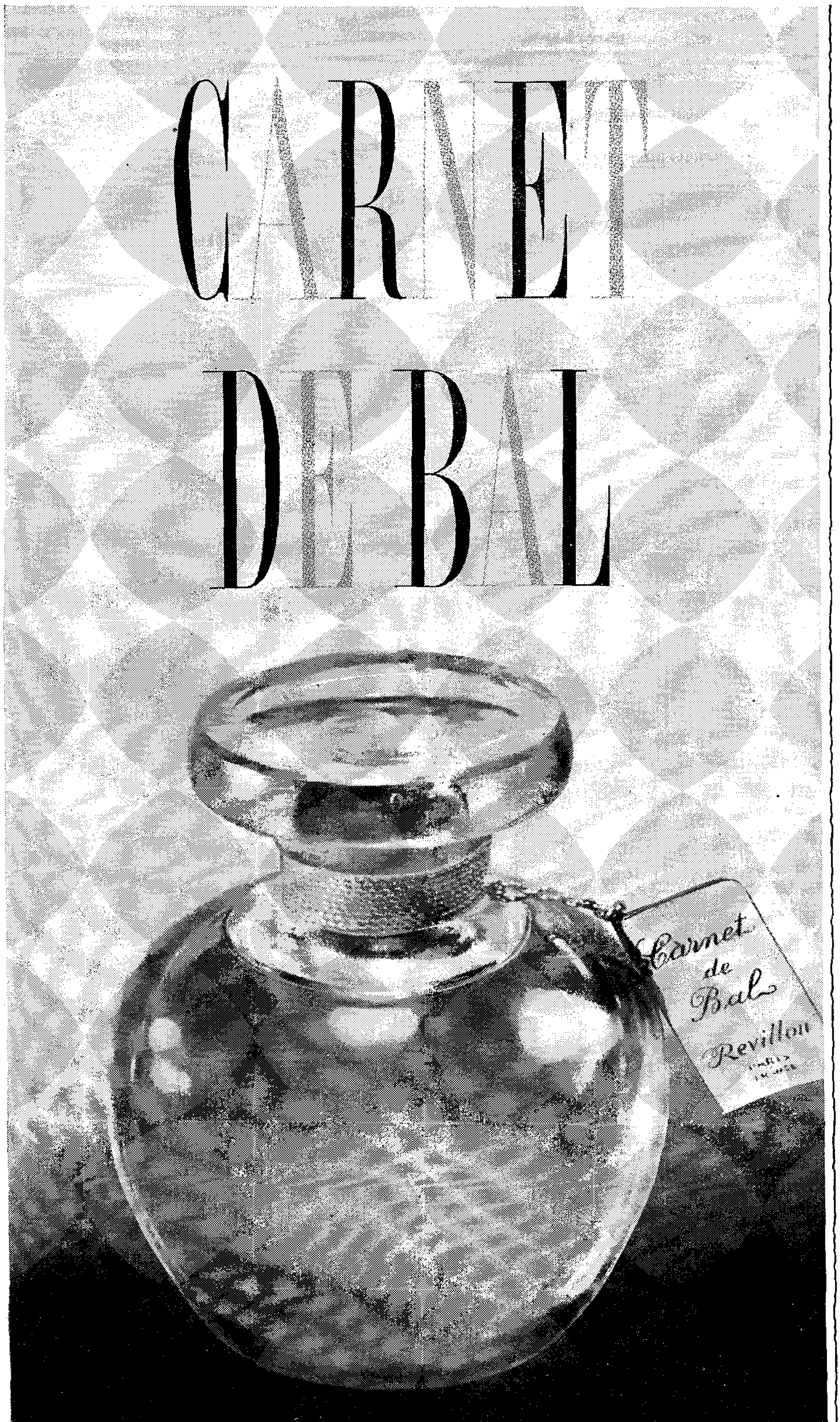

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are played with equal skill by the members of the present cast, which is to say very skillfully indeed. A play that calls for seven comedians and gets seven good ones is off to a flying start. The comedians, in addition to Mr. Gielgud, are Robert Flemyng, Pamela Brown, Jane Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, Jean Cadell, and John Kidd. I noticed that nearly all the newspaper reviewers, respectfully following the language of the program, referred to the scenery at the Royale as the "décor." The décor is by Motley. It comes in three installments, and all three are daisies.

If Oscar Wilde could get away with a comedy that is 99.3 per cent talk, I guess other playwrights are entitled to try the same thing. They are pretty sure, however, to stub their toes trying. Wilde had a gift for writing funny talk. He also had a lot to say that was interesting. William McCleery, who wrote "Parlor Story"—the tenant of the Biltmore Theatre on a short lease beginning last Tuesday—yields to no man in his ability to stuff a stage with syllables, and some of his dialogue is not uncomical, but I got the impression, watching his new show, that he was short on something to say. That being the case, it is regrettable that he says it at such length. His story involves a "liberal" professor of journalism (that is, one who dislikes Hearst), his wife, the vote-hungry governor of a Western state, an unscrupulous publisher, and the professor's daughters, one of whom is in love with a college student so callow that he would make a backward undergraduate in a Manhattan nursery school look sophisticated by comparison. I hate to appear to impugn the good faith of any playwright, but I suspect that the plot and characters of "Parlor Story" were manufactured to set up a few good lines Mr. McCleery had been packing around in his notebook. One of these is a pun about Philadelphia scrapple. Walter Abel and Royal Beal give good performances as the professor and the publisher. —John Lardner

•

MR. AND MRS. SAUTER, MEET ALMA!

[*From the Watertown* (N.Y.) *Times*]

Deer River, Feb. 19.—Gus Sauter, superintendent of highways for the town of Denmark, and Mrs. Sauter spent the weekend in Ilion as guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Lum. Mr. and Mrs. Sauter were former residents of Ilion, where Mr. Sauter was the manager of a grocery store.

"Why don't you get those damn tulips off the wall?" said Alma.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Moscow Conference opens in an atmosphere of pessimism. The Big Four Foreign Ministers have all come to the meeting bursting with under-confidence.

•

The Soviet government has agreed to let correspondents report the parley without censorship. The iron curtain will be raised just enough to peek under.

•

The Senate Labor Committee has ended six weeks of turbulent hearings. It hopes to write some kind of labor bill, if it can recover from the effects of the hearings.

•

John L. Lewis has lost a lawsuit, but the main question remains unsettled. Supreme Court Justices can hand down decisions, but only miners can hand up coal.

•

Sixteen first-term Republican senators, led by Baldwin of Connecticut, complain that they are not being consulted about the G.O.P.'s legislative program. The manly little fellows feel that they are old enough now to be told the facts of life.

•

It is revealed that only three per cent of the individual income-tax returns are audited each year. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has faith in the taxpayers' honesty, and besides it is short of help.

•

The opinion polls show that the Democrats have made a surprising advance in public favor since their November catastrophe. Some people are even beginning to say that the donkey is not yet outmoded.

•

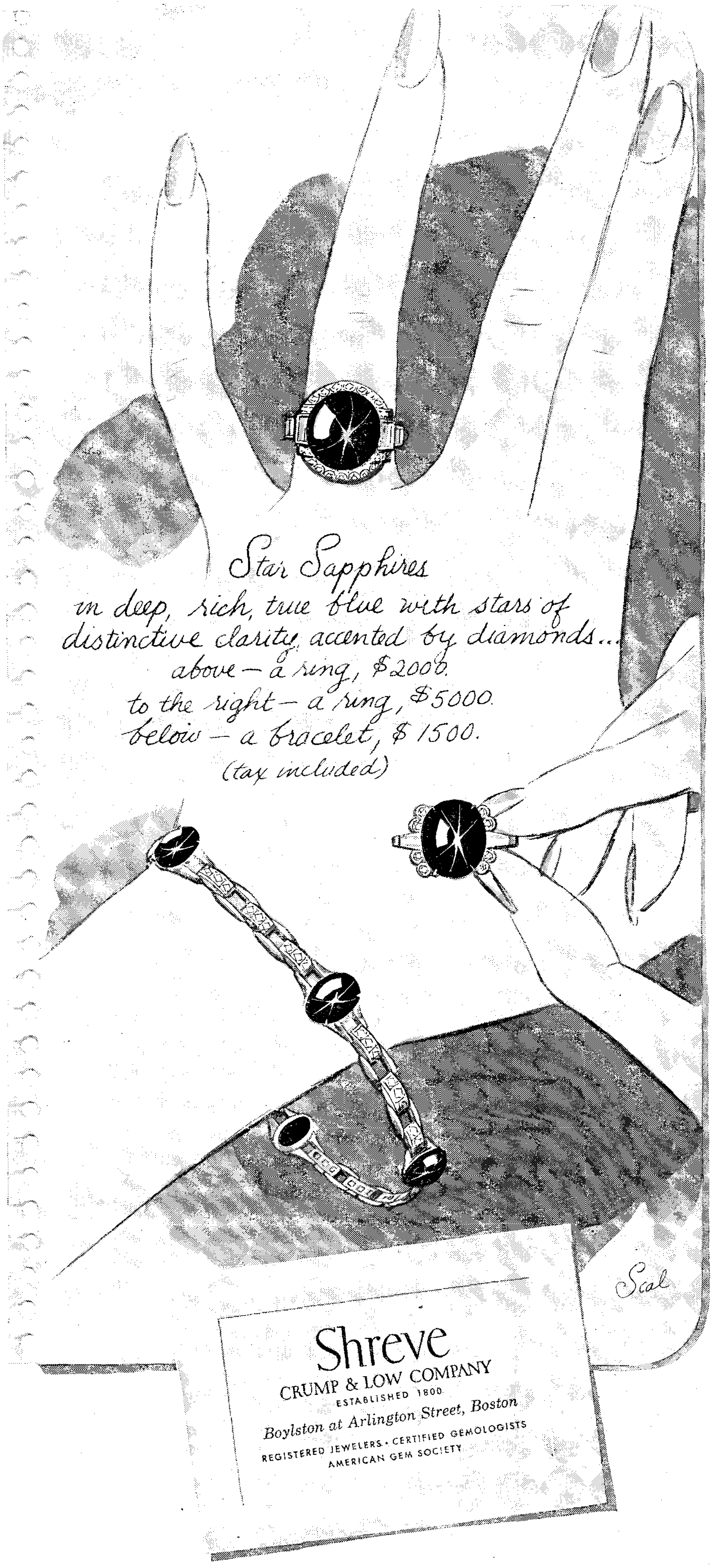
Thus far, five hundred and forty-four lobbyists have registered on Capitol Hill, as required by law. They are so plentiful that every congressman can have one in his buttonhole.

•

The Post Office Department wants to raise the postage on cards to two cents. There is serious danger that vacationists will stop sending pretty pictures home to their industrious friends.

•

A bitter attack on Communism was a feature of this year's meeting of the Blizzard Men of 1888. Probably it has been discovered that that famous spell of bad weather was imported from Russia.
—HOWARD BRUBAKER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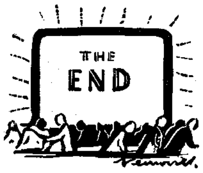

IN a welter of whiskers, icons, gloom, and Prokofieff music, Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible" lumbers grimly through sixteenth-century Russia, setting down the story of a hero beset by ambition, melancholy, and frustration. Eisenstein's Czar Ivan, while hardly lovable, is nevertheless the idol of the common people, who cheer him on enthusiastically as he hymns the magnificence of a united Russia and prepares to do battle to ensure a long, tumultuous life for his empire. This conception of Ivan as a pal of the underdog is quite original, but regrettably it's about the only original notion in the film. Not since the early days of the silent movies has there been such extravagant eye rolling, beard plucking, arm flailing, and body twisting, all of it enlarged to an overpowering degree in innumerable closeups. None of the characters in the film seem able to get from one place to another in normal fashion. Some of them sidle about evilly, others drag along funereally, and still others hop galvanically. Since most of the scenes are interminably protracted, even the best sets in the picture become tiresome, and such episodes as the coronation of Ivan, his battle with the Tartars, and his self-imposed exile from Moscow are ruined as drama by their awful length. Nikolai Cherkassov, as Ivan, is far ahead of the field in eye popping, but for good, old-fashioned, there's-villainy-afoot acting, no one touches Seraphima Birman, as the Boyarina Staritzkaya, who wants her idiot son to become head man of Russia. In 1946, Eisenstein announced in Paris that Part I of "Ivan the Terrible" (there are two parts to come, if Eisenstein and his company can hold on that long) wouldn't be shown in the United States, because it was too slow. "At no time in writing or shooting 'Ivan,' " he said, "did I have in mind any others but our own people." I wish he had stuck to that idea.

A MOTION picture made from an article in the *Reader's Digest* should be roughly the equivalent of a mural developed from an engraving on the head of a pin. In "Boomerang!," the uncondensing, if that's the word for

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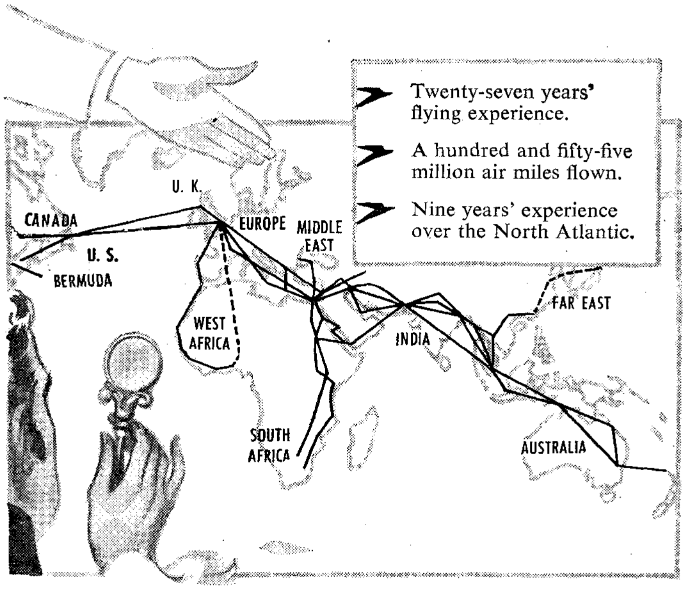

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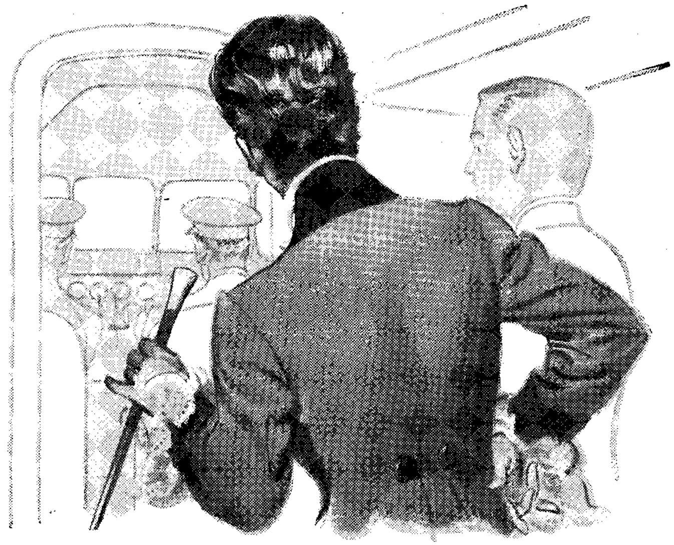

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it, of a *Digest* piece called "The Perfect Case" has, however, been accomplished with success. The film deals with an episode in the career of Homer Cummings, Franklin Roosevelt's first Attorney General. Mr. Cummings, when a state's attorney in Connecticut, became convinced that a man he was about to prosecute was innocent and set about gathering enough evidence to clear him. The picture has shifted the scene of events from Bridgeport, where they took place, to Stamford, but otherwise it seems to have followed the facts pretty carefully. By photographing "Boomerang!" in Stamford, Louis de Rochemont, the producer, has managed to give the picture a nice air of authenticity, and some of the amateur actors picked up on the spot turn in persuasive performances. Among the professionals are Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Lee J. Cobb. I liked them all fine.

"THE YEARS BETWEEN" concerns itself with an English lady who thinks that her husband has been killed in the war, takes over his seat in Parliament, prepares to remarry, and then discovers that her spouse is alive. This framework, you'll agree, is rather shopworn. But the picture that has been built around it is not bad at all. The dialogue is apt and adult, the acting is excellent, and the presentation of the problem of adjustment confronting a veteran of five years overseas is handled with a lot more intelligence than usual. As the returning husband, Michael Redgrave is altogether satisfactory, and Valerie Hobson does very well as his wife. Also on hand is Flora Robson, who makes quite a formidable business of her part as an old servant.

IMAGINE an orphaned Hatfield being adopted by the McCoys and you've got the basic idea of "Pursued,"

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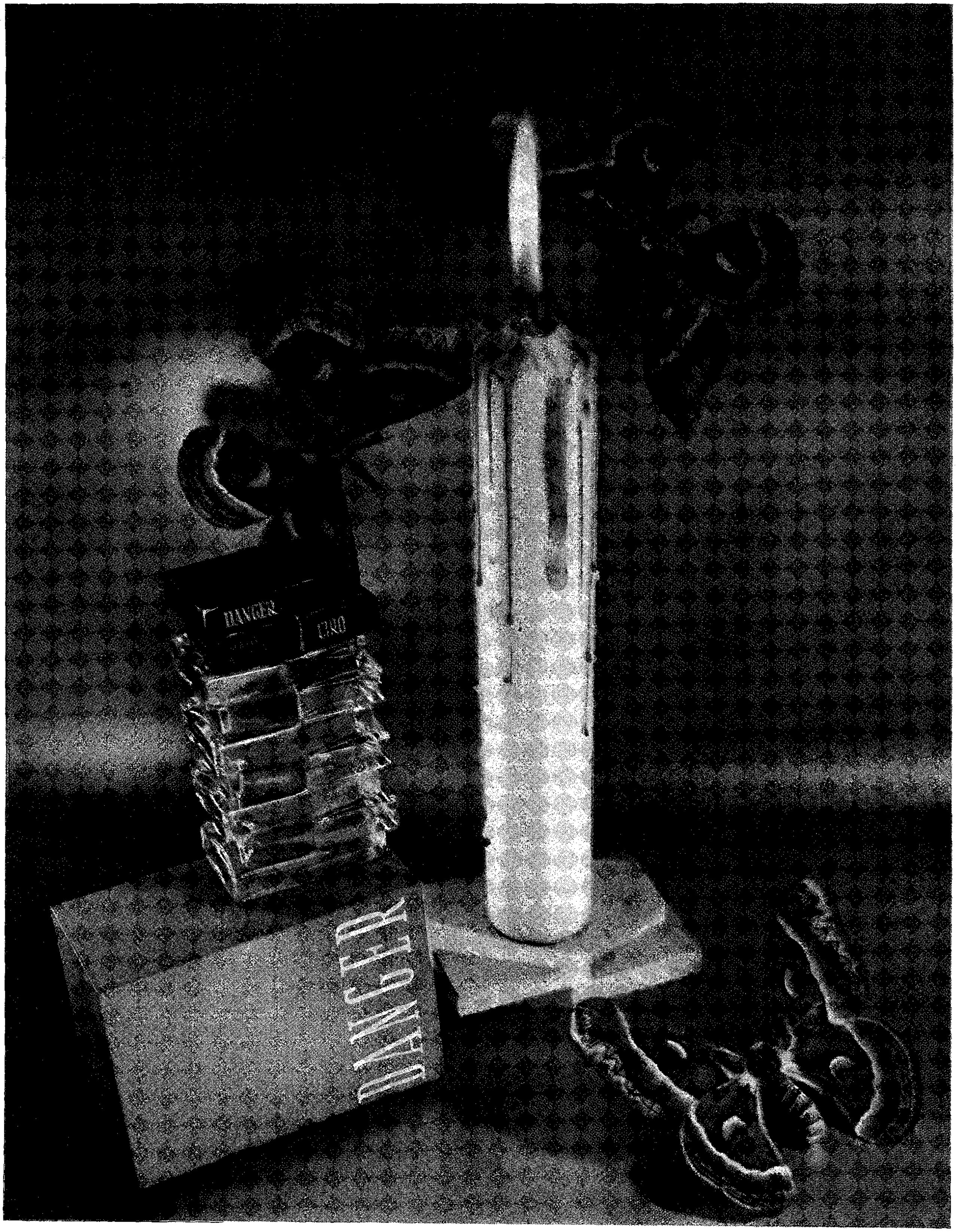

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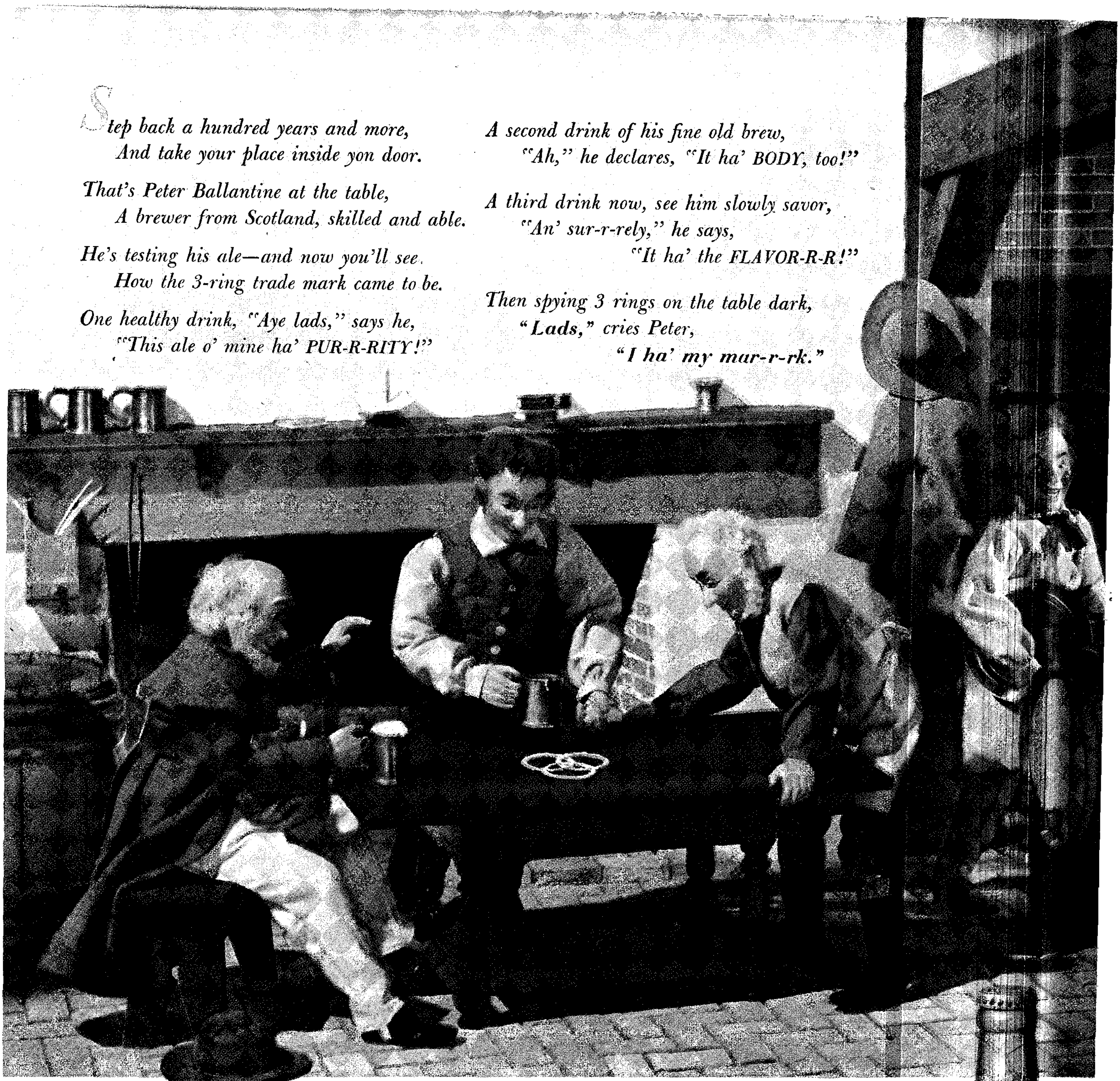
A second drink of his fine old brew,
"Ah," he declares, "It ha' BODY, too!"

A third drink now, see him slowly savor,
"An' sur-r-rely," he says,
"It ha' the FLAVOR-R-R!"

Then spying 3 rings on the table dark,
"Lads," cries Peter,
"I ha' my mar-r-rk."



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a rousing Western seething with the turmoil that seems to have been the main ingredient of life on the American frontier. I won't go into all the convolutions of the feud that motivates "Pursued," but I can tell you that you'll probably find the piece diverting, chiefly because the cast, which includes Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, and Judith Anderson, is in all ways competent.

THERE'S a somewhat nostalgic air about "Blaze of Noon," which takes us back to the early days of commercial flying, when the number of crackups was only slightly less than the number of takeoffs. The fliers in this one are four brothers, who have a gloomy time of it fighting wind and weather. Of the lot, only one stays with his career as a pilot, and in the long pull he gets it in the neck. Unless you're very young, you will remember dozens of films like this, and I'm afraid there's not enough new material in "Blaze of Noon" to warrant your making much of an effort to see it. William Holden, Sonny Tufts, William Bendix, and Sterling Hayden play the flying brothers, and Anne Baxter is the little woman who sits nervously at home while her own true love is skittering around the sky.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE NARROWS. Thru the kindness of Mr. C. H. Walker, V. P. of Electric Ferries, Inc., your section Editor and his wife had the pleasure of being present at the successful launch of their diesel-electric "double-ender" from the Jacobsen Shipyard, Oyster Bay, L.I., 18 May. A Mrs. Hewett did an excellent job of christening the craft, and herself personally, with champagne! Basically she is similar to the GOTHAM (240384), but has large upper-cabin. Intended for Brooklyn-Richmond run.—*Journal of the Steamship Historical Society of America.*

Mind your manners, there!

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From the Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier*]

The West African dance style as exemplified by Dafora, a native of Sierra Leone, emphasizes the use of the chest and arms. It is in the arms, particularly, that the dance ornamentation takes place. They must be able to move with extraordinary speed and great precision without looking strained. The torso is bent forward slightly, the chest is open and the shoulders relaxed. The feet, too, play an important role. They move from the ankles, keeping a rather steady rhythm of strong and light beats. There are some spinal and head movements, but they play a lesser role.

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LATE SONG AT LUNCHEON

EVEN before they reached the restaurant they had chosen for lunch, while they were still walking along Madison Avenue commenting on shop windows and talking in the leisurely, disjointed way of two women who have been friends since school days, Mrs. Hopper was aware that Mrs. Wayne had something to tell her and that it was only a matter of time before she would tell it.

The tipoff was Mrs. Wayne's new hat. Mrs. Wayne's hats were always frivolous, but occasionally she'd turn up in one that was really extreme, and Mrs. Hopper had come to recognize these special hats as a kind of emotional signal. Today's hat, like the weather, was prematurely spring. It was leaf green, and a cluster of very bright flowers eclipsed the less colorful portions of it and extended over Mrs. Wayne's forehead, their gaiety undiminished by the veiling that covered them. The veil fell softly over Mrs. Wayne's small face, and her eyes looked pretty beneath its meshes; from time to time she laughed animatedly.

Mrs. Hopper was dressed more sensibly than her friend. She had on a brown tweed suit and topcoat, which had been purchased with an eye to her activities in the suburban town where she lived and the occasional shopping trips that brought her to New York. Her hat was the same color as the rest of her outfit, and there was no nonsense about it. The brim was as wide as her own broad face, and the crown was a compromise between two seasons' extremities of design. Mrs. Wayne's skirt fell a good three inches below the knees, because skirts were longer this year; Mrs. Hopper's was also of a conservative length—reflecting, however, not a new trend but a sound awareness that a woman with large legs does well to keep them covered.

When they reached the entrance to the restaurant, Mrs. Hopper held the door for Mrs. Wayne to go in first; once inside, it was Mrs. Hopper who signalled the headwaitress to get them a table. Both gestures were indicative of Mrs. Hopper's relationship with Mrs. Wayne. Although Mrs. Hopper was only a year or so older than Mrs. Wayne, she had always assumed an attitude of protective indulgence toward her friend. Before their respective marriages—Mrs. Hopper had been married eighteen years and Mrs. Wayne seventeen—Mrs. Wayne had frequently been described as "helpless," an adjective that can carry a connotation of delightful charm when applied to someone of daintiness and femininity.

"Here we are, Meggsie," said Mrs. Hopper when they were seated. Mrs. Wayne's name was Margaret, but Mrs. Hopper still clung to her habit of using the girlish diminutive.

Mrs. Wayne smiled and said that she was simply starved. Then she looked over at Mrs. Hopper and leaned slightly forward. "What do you think, Caroline?" she asked. "Shall we have a cocktail? Just one?"

"All right, Meggsie," said Mrs. Hopper. "What would you like?"

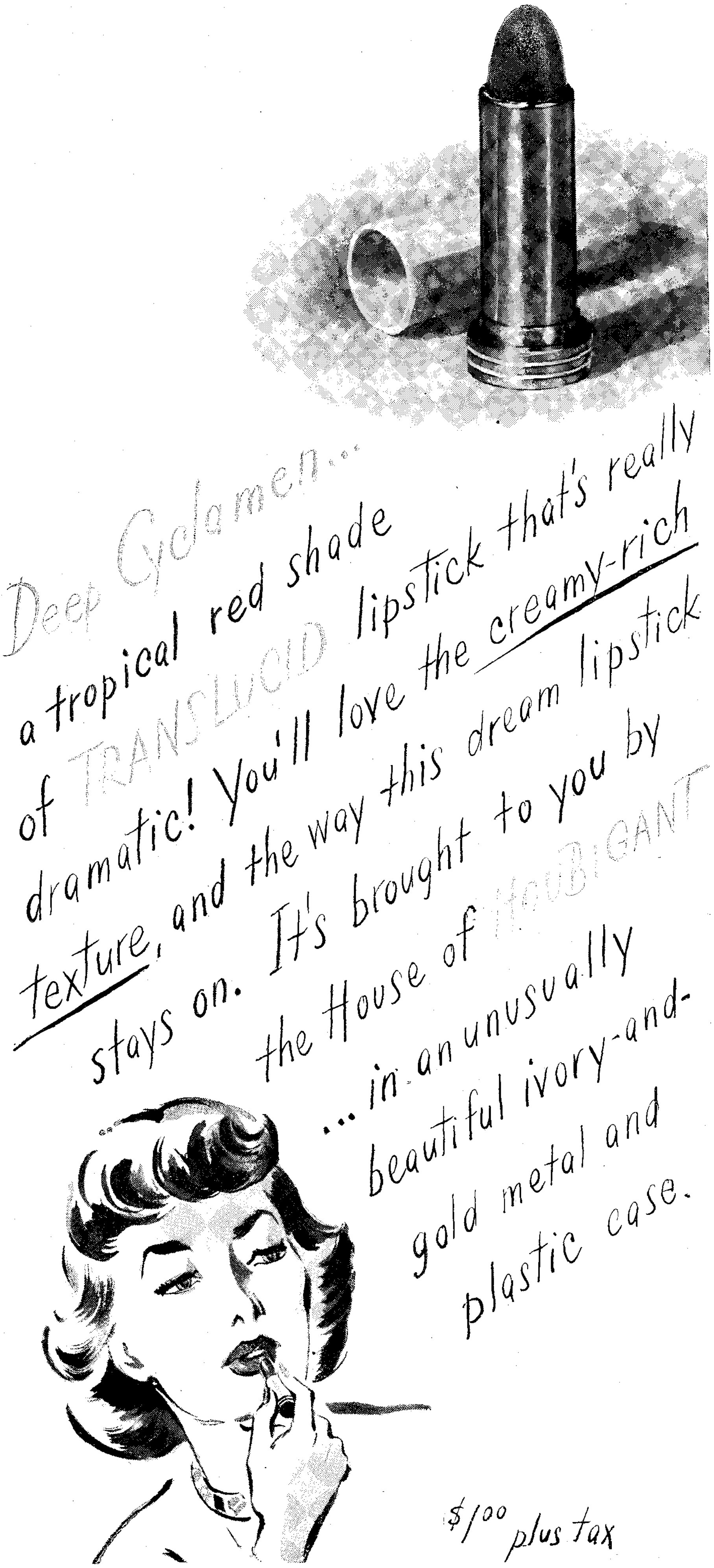
"I think a Daiquiri," said Mrs. Wayne. She looked up at the waitress who had come over to them. "A Daiquiri. Frozen."

Mrs. Hopper said she'd take a glass of Dubonnet. "We've so much to get done," she said. Cocktails at lunch made her drowsy, and besides the doctor had told her recently that with her acid condition . . . She was about to tell Mrs. Wayne what the doctor had told her, but she saw that her friend was busy lifting her veil away from her face and rearranging it, halolike, above the flowers on her hat, and that her eyes looked distant and dreamy. There wasn't any doubt in Mrs. Hopper's mind about the general tenor of what Mrs. Wayne wanted to tell her, but she knew that a sort of ritual had to be observed before its details would be revealed. Mrs. Wayne would, as usual, cherish her moment of restraint, not only willing but eager to wait until luncheon was over and the commonplaces disposed of before she indulged herself by saying what she wanted to say.

Mrs. Hopper drew off her brown fabric gloves and folded them neatly before she put them away in her pocketbook. Whatever it was that Mrs. Wayne had to tell her would follow a familiar pattern, familiar even in the quality of wonderment that Mrs. Wayne would give to the telling. It would be absolutely the *last* thing in the world that Mrs. Wayne had expected. After all, she'd known him for years (or he was practically a stranger—she'd only met him once or twice, and then at large gatherings, so you could imagine how surprised she was). Or she'd known his wife for years (or she didn't know his wife at all, except for what Marian Osgood had told her, and Marian didn't say much but it was easy enough to get the idea that Marian didn't like her). Or he wasn't married (but of course there was Charles to be considered, and he'd been a good husband—don't think she'd forgotten that for a moment—and then Jamie). Mrs. Hopper knew the pattern well. It always began on a note of dreamy bewilderment and progressed to the point when Mrs. Wayne would ask intently, "Caroline, what would *you* do, if you were in my position? I mean, I know I just have to face it! I have to make a decision!" It was always the same decision—renunciation. And then there would be several luncheon sessions full of reminiscences and wistful periods of silence.

Except for the first, a man named Barry (or was it Larry?), Mrs. Hopper had taken only an objective interest in her friend's emotional involvements. With the first, she had been lured (falsely, she knew later) into a feeling of actual participation. At that time, Mrs. Hopper had already had five years of marriage with an amiable, undistinguished man, who had been her first romantic opportunity and was almost certain to be her last. Talk of secret rendezvous, small gifts, delicately phrased notes, and exquisite sadnesses had given her the sense of sharing the excitements of cautious planning and glib falsehood, and the final sweet sorrow. ("Because, Caroline, I simply haven't the *heart* to leave him. Poor dear Charles! I don't think he could take it, I really don't. And then there's the baby—you know how he feels about the baby!")

After that first episode, Mrs. Hopper was a passive confidante, and her friend's calm acceptance of the role testified to its rightness. A few months after the Barry incident, Mrs. Wayne came back from a vacation in Nantucket and called up Mrs. Hopper. "Caroline, let's have lunch," she said. "I'm dying to see you!" Her voice combined the notes of intrigue and gaiety that were repeated later at their meeting, when she looked intently at Mrs. Hopper from across the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luncheon table and said, "Darling, I don't know anyone in the world I'd tell this to but you. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you, but . . ." Mrs. Hopper listened quietly and sympathetically. When Mrs. Wayne had finished her story and asked for advice, Mrs. Hopper said merely, "Think carefully before you do anything rash, Meggsie."

What happened in Nantucket was in no way different from what happened when the portrait painter went out to Long Island to "do" Mrs. Wayne's little Jamie. Or from what happened after that night at the country club when Mrs. Wayne was seated beside Horace Andrews ("whom I've known absolutely forever, Caroline. It couldn't be more fantastic, really, because after all Alice is one of my best friends and I wouldn't hurt her for the world! There we were, Horace and I, and you know how I am—when I have a few drinks I talk everybody's head off—and then I could see the way Horace was looking at me. He didn't say anything for a while, he just sat there quietly, and then I felt—I don't know how to explain it exactly, it was the way he *looked*"). And so forth. Barry (or Larry), and Nantucket, and the portrait painter, and Horace Andrews. And others.

Mrs. Wayne stopped puttering with her veil and said, "Caroline, it's been *ages*. Tell me all about yourself. How are the children?"

"Fine," said Mrs. Hopper. "Virginia goes to Smith next fall. It's all I hear about. The boys are a handful." She smiled. "How's Jamie?"

"Simply huge. You know what, Caroline?" Mrs. Wayne chuckled. "He'll be sixteen next month, and when I asked him what kind of a party he wanted, he said he wanted an evening party. *Evening*, mind you. With girls." Mrs. Wayne took out her compact and peered into its glass. Mrs. Hopper sometimes thought that Mrs. Wayne used a trifle too much makeup, but she didn't like to mention it. The waitress brought the drinks and Mrs. Hopper took a sip of her Dubonnet.

"I shouldn't be drinking this," she said. "I had a checkup the other day with Dr. Willis and he suggested a bland diet." She fingered her glass. "Acidity."

Mrs. Wayne nodded agreeably, but it was plain that her thoughts were elsewhere. She finished her Daiquiri and the two women ordered. During luncheon, they compared shopping plans. Mrs. Wayne had to buy a birthday present for Jamie and also some serviceable things, like socks and underwear. Mrs. Hopper had mostly household supplies on her list. Mrs. Hopper ate all of her chef's salad, and Mrs. Wayne ate half of her creamed chicken. Then she laid down her fork to indicate that she had finished. They agreed upon coffee without dessert.

When the coffee arrived, Mrs. Wayne seemed both to relax and to grow more spirited. She took a very small sip. "You sure you wouldn't like a crème de menthe?" she asked. Mrs. Hopper said that she wouldn't. "Caroline," Mrs. Wayne began, "it's really silly of me and perhaps I shouldn't tell you . . ."

A curious stiffening spread through Mrs. Hopper's body as she looked at her friend. Perhaps it was the hat. It occurred to Mrs. Hopper that in the succession of "special" hats that Mrs. Wayne had purchased, each one had been more vivid than the last. This one was really startling. The flowers that framed Mrs. Wayne's forehead were multicolored, and they were the brightest Mrs. Hopper had ever seen. Too bright to be lifelike, Mrs. Hopper thought, but then she reflected, no, perhaps not. At the end of the season she had seen flowers like those, the last flowers, the ones that give a garden the look of a violent finale to summer.

"I thought it over," Mrs. Wayne was saying, "and then I said to myself, 'I simply must tell Caroline. Caroline is so understanding.'"

Mrs. Hopper motioned to the waitress. "May I have the check, please?" she said.

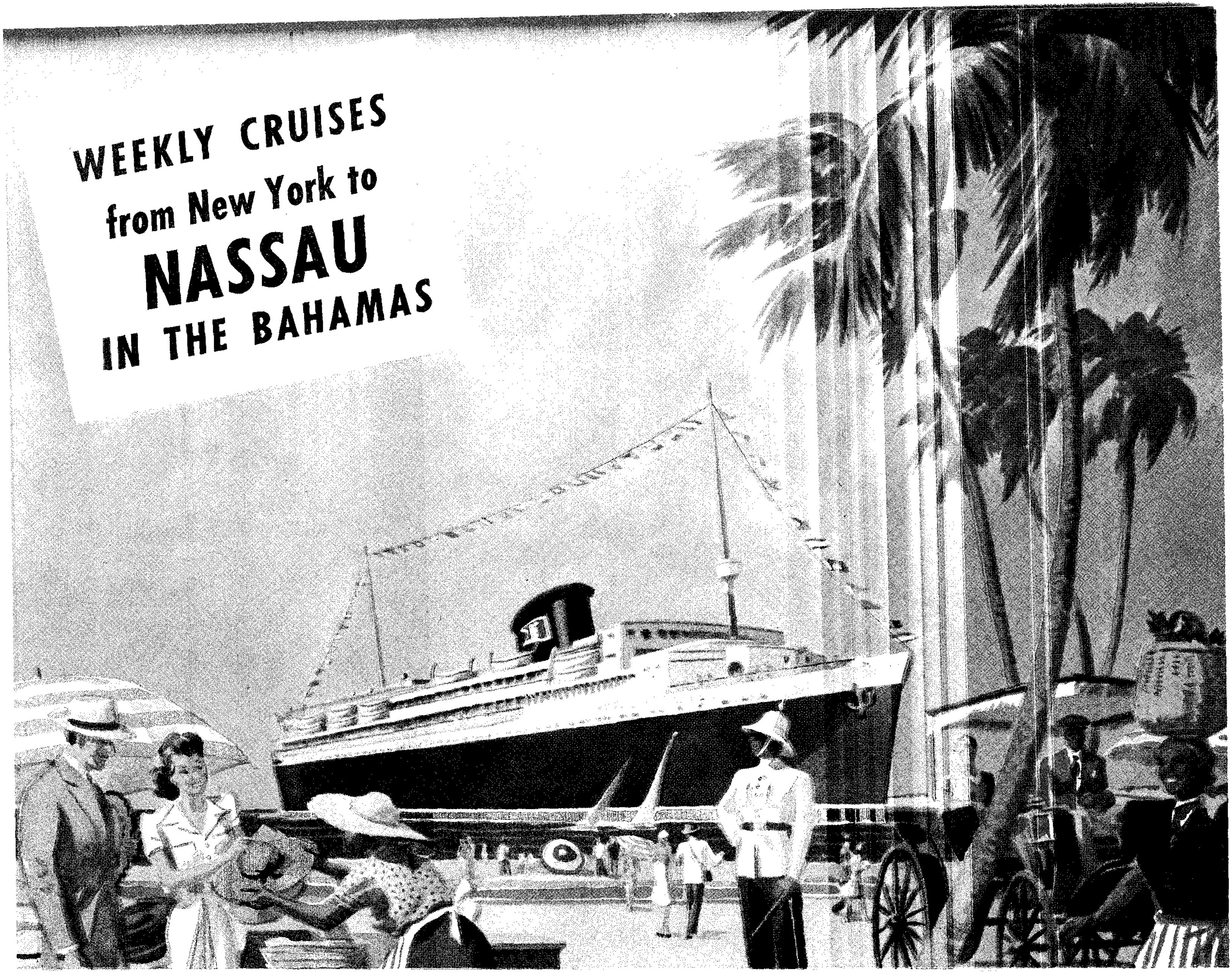
She turned back to her friend. Mrs. Wayne's cheeks were a little flushed—the effect of the Daiquiri, doubtless—and she had that look of fluttering bewilderment that was so familiar to Mrs. Hopper. A shaft of sunlight coming through the restaurant windows revealed the lines around Mrs. Wayne's eyes and mouth and brought out the prominence of her chin, which Mrs. Hopper had always thought of as being dainty. For the first time, she noticed that the curve of it had begun to jog ever so slightly to make room for a sag of flesh on either side.

The waitress gave Mrs. Hopper the check. She glanced over it quickly and then paid.

"Caroline—" said Mrs. Wayne.

Mrs. Hopper was drawing on her brown fabric gloves. "Look," she said. "We sit here all day and we'll never get anything done. We really must get started."

Mrs. Wayne started to speak, then



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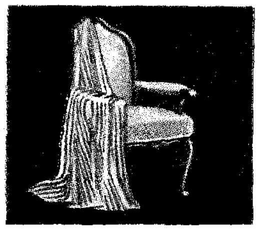

And while you won't give it a second thought, it's a fact that the all-important nylon thread which makes the seam in your hosiery is a specialty of the Cheney house. All the way from that to magnificent upholstery fabrics, pride of Embassies, Night Clubs, and fine homes . . . fabrics of priceless silk, of magic blends of nylon and rayon and other man-made fibres. The world's largest library of designs, gathered in remote places, from skyscraper studios and museums, runs the gamut from ecclesiastical to extreme contemporary.

Meanwhile, other Cheney looms weave smartness into a high pile rayon, soft, deep and white as lamb's wool. You'll see it on the young crowd these blustery days.

That gives you an idea. In scores of things you wear or live with, Cheney yarns or Cheney fabrics give them their beauty, their long life, and, as the textile experts say, their "hand"—soft, almost *alive.*

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stopped. She watched Mrs. Hopper push back her chair to rise. Mrs. Wayne picked up her pocketbook.

The two women walked out of the restaurant together. Madison Avenue was crowded and they stood undeterminedly as people passed by them. Then Mrs. Hopper hailed a cab. "I think we'd better, don't you?" she said. The cab drew up to the curb, and she and Mrs. Wayne headed for it. Mrs. Wayne got there first, and Mrs. Hopper held back until she had opened the door.

"Let's see," said Mrs. Hopper as she seated herself. "Boys' underwear?" Mrs. Wayne nodded without speaking. For a moment, Mrs. Hopper wished that she had suggested walking. It was such a fine day, and she felt full of a surprising energy and lightheartedness. "We'll try Macy's first, shall we?" she said. She gave Mrs. Wayne a quick look and added firmly, "Margaret?"

—DECLA DUNNING

•

THE STINKWOOD TREE

A [South African stinkwood] tree may grow to a height of sixty or seventy feet, although the normal height is about thirty-five feet. Its circumference may reach twenty feet, but the average is about six feet. The tree bears a green acorn-like fleshy fruit, which on ripening becomes purple and wrinkled. This fruit is shaken out by the wind, knocked down by bats, bush-doves, or parrots or louries. Bush-doves and louries carry the seed for miles, thus insuring scattered propagation.—*The Times.*

In the shade of the old stinkwood tree
I shouldn't care awfully to be,
  If a parrot or bat
  Were the acolyte that
Shook its green fleshy fruit down to me.

But if bush-dove or lourie were free
To serve me melodiously,
  I'm inclined to think there
  Would be nought to compare
With the shade of the old stinkwood tree.

—ROBERT HALE

•

But where is there an authentic case of a grown male dog attacking the female of his species?—*Albert Payson Terhune, quoted on page 174 of The Reader's Digest for February, 1947.*

Curly, in her friendly way, had made advances to a husky the size of a full grown wolf. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw. —*Jack London, quoted on page 153, same magazine, same issue.*

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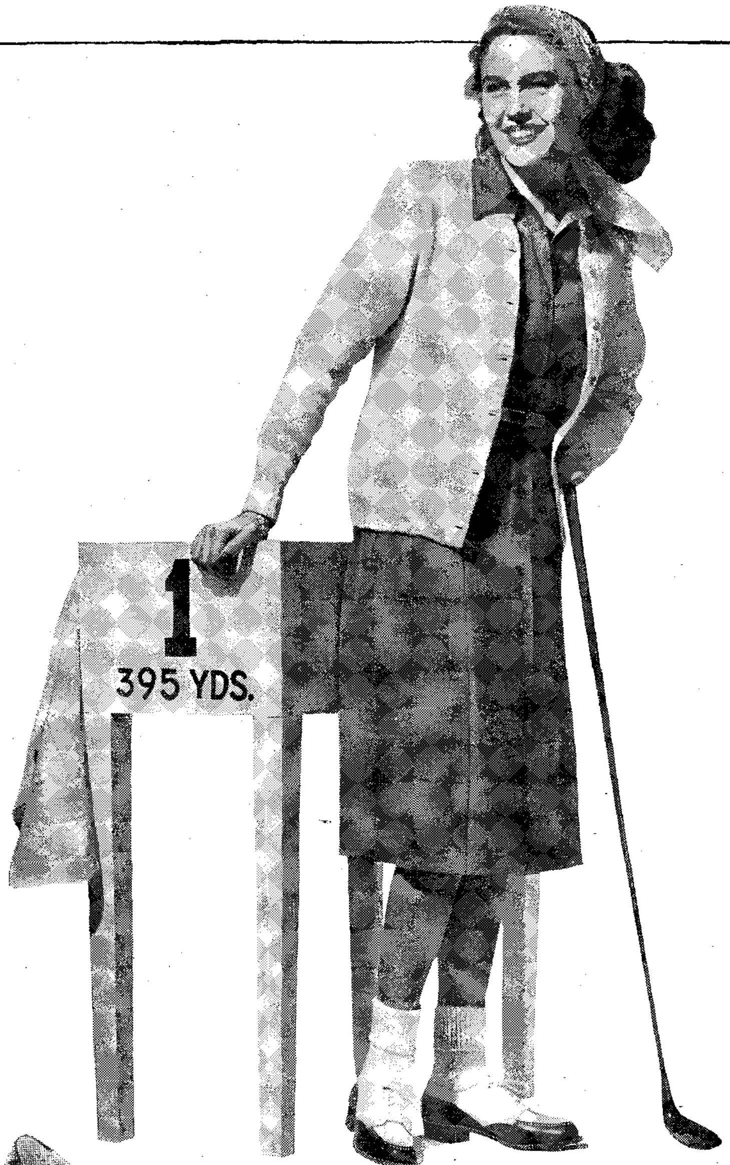

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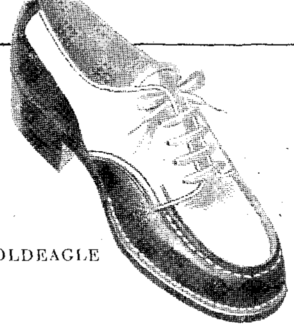

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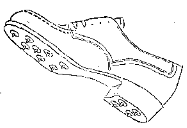

ARNOLD
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IF IT ISN'T AN ARNOLD . . .
IT ISN'T AUTHENTIC

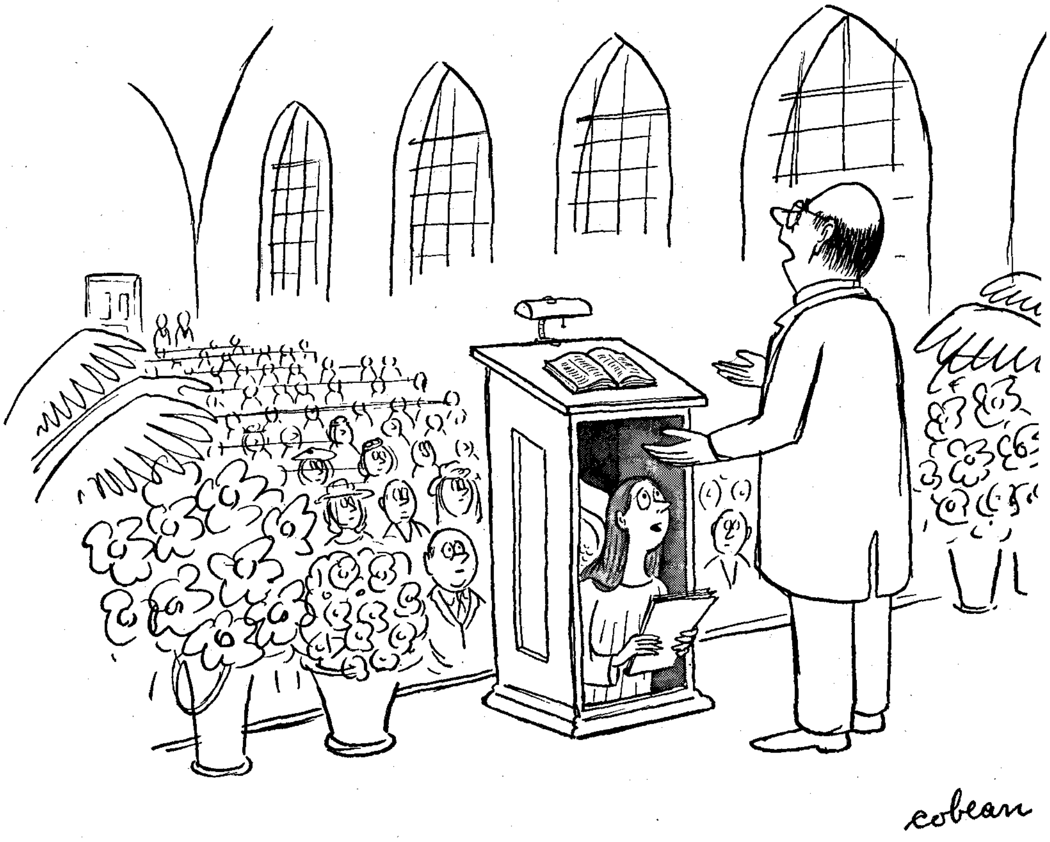
A REPORTER AT LARGE

As of last week, LaGuardia Field—or the New York City Municipal Airport, as partisans of Mayor O'Dwyer prefer to call it—has been closed down by bad weather fifteen times for periods of eight hours or more since January 1st. On each occasion, a chain reaction of exasperation has been set off worse than anything ever experienced in the more prosaic fields of travel, except in times of national emergency or disaster. A statistical friend of mine who works for American Airlines out at LaGuardia believes he can prove that those fifteen shutdowns have tried the patience of some sixty thousand men, women, and children—fifty-five thousand passengers, four thousand airline employees, six hundred room clerks at hotels, and four hundred ticket agents handling Pullman reservations. (The calculations of this thoughtful student of our times do not include, for lack of dependable data, the exasperation suffered by several hundred motor-coach and taxi drivers and several thousand relatives and friends of delayed passengers.) The temper of a passenger from, say, New England who is grounded here by the weather on his way to Dallas must be assuaged by the soothing application of a hotel room, or a Pullman berth, or a later plane reservation, whichever the passenger prefers, if the airline he is favoring is to have much hope of someday selling him another ticket.

At this time of year, when the number of visitors here to buy, sell, or just take in the sights of the town is at a peak, the chain reaction is likely to have extremely far-reaching effects, and it becomes really violent when the delegates to several large national conventions happen to converge on New York in the same week, making hotel rooms and comfortable Pullman accommodations about as easy to come by as they were for any not-very-important person during the war. The disturbance starts with the passenger and leads, usually, to an airline ticket seller, who is firmly reminded, once by the airline and again by the passenger, that the passenger simply must be taken care of. From there, it is likely to spread to various other airline employees, who are told that the passenger *must* be put on the next plane departing for Dallas, even though it is already fully booked. Next, it may affect a flock of room clerks who have no more rooms, no matter what, or bring distress to a number of Pullman ticket sellers who have already informed six other airlines that there is not a single lower left for Dallas tonight. It reaches out to rile people who have driven to the field to meet friends on incoming flights that have been cancelled, and stay-at-homes who for one reason or another are inconvenienced by a passenger's delay. All in all, a hell of a situation, as my friend at LaGuardia put it, with a simplicity uncommon among statisticians.

Some time ago, I told my friend that I would like to visit LaGuardia Field the next time weather and crowds combined to make things trying out that way, and he promised to keep me in mind. Late one cloudy afternoon a couple of weeks later, he called me up and said that the field would probably shut down within the next two or three hours. "Looks like we're in for one of those spells of weather you're interested in," he told me. "There's a fog closing in fast, and I wouldn't be surprised if we got some rain or sleet, too. What's more, the hotels seem to be all jammed up on account of a whole batch of conventions that are being held in town, and I hear the Pullman situation isn't so hot, either. As things stand now, we figure conditions are going to be pretty tough for us, but they ought to be about right for you."

It was drizzling slightly as I boarded an airline limousine at the Forty-second Street terminal and rode out to the field with four passengers for an Eastern Air Lines flight to Boston. Ten hopefuls had shown up at the terminal for the flight, but just before the limousine's departure time they had been called to the Eastern counter and warned that the flight was tentative. Six of them—including a testy, hatless young man in flawlessly shapeless tweeds, who snarled, "Travel by air if you've time to spare," as he turned away from the counter—accepted the ticket agent's suggestion that they go by train. The others decided to take a chance. "No use *my* going by train," a man who resembled the late Otto Kahn said as the five of us settled ourselves in the limousine. "I'm just going up for a dinner. Don't know why I'm going at all, as a matter of fact." Apparently, no one else could say why, either, and the ride out was completed in an uneasy silence that was not broken until I asked to be let off in front of one of American's three hangars. My friend met me there and took me over



Can you spot the stumbling block?

Johnny can't quite get the hang of this elementary I.Q. test. His rating won't be up to average. But before you put him down as "dull"— let's inquire into Johnny's *diet.*

Were the same inquiry made into the eating habits of *most* American children, the results would be heartening. But there are still too many, like Johnny, who go to school with a watery beverage and a bun in their stomachs. Or — worse — go without any breakfast at all.

For healthy minds, as well as strong bodies, tomorrow's citizens deserve better *meals.* Fortunately, more and more parents are learning how to provide them. Let's hope that soon the A, B, C's of good nutrition are something *every* parent will know.

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to the loading ramp outside American's waiting room. There he introduced me to John D. Lewis, the airline's manager of operations at LaGuardia, and went off to his columns of figures.

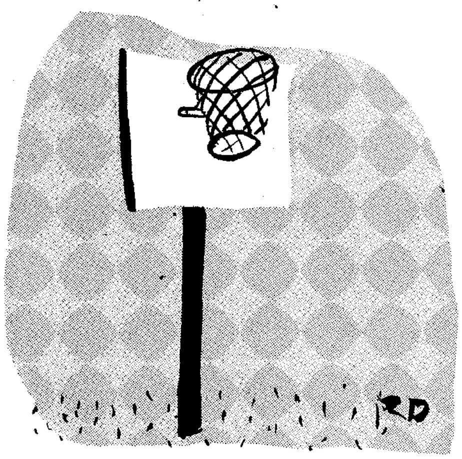
THERE was fog over the field and rain had already started to fall. Lewis, a tall, husky, bespectacled man in his middle forties, was glumly watching, through the twilight, the last-minute preparations for the departure of a Chicago plane. He has been with American for seventeen years, a fairly long time in the airline business, where the annual personnel turnover (I have my friend's word for it) is 44.17 per cent. Being the company's head man at the field, Lewis is probably the busiest man there, for American, one of the seventeen major airlines using the airport, handles about a third of the commercial traffic in and out of it. Among other things, he directs the activities of pilots, maintenance men, stewardesses, passenger agents, meteorologists, dispatchers, and radio operators, and sees to it that planes, hangars, kitchens, and offices run smoothly. His job requires him to be in a constant state of expecting something to go wrong, and he has developed a sensitivity to impending crises that frequently enables him to be at the scene of trouble before it has made any headway.

Thirty-six passengers were on hand for the Chicago flight, together with a score of friends who had come to see them off. "They don't know it yet," Lewis said to me, nodding toward the passengers, "but maybe twelve of them aren't going—if *any* of them go. Chicago says we've got to take on twenty-four hundred gallons. There'll be hell to pay unless we can arrange for a refuelling stop at Buffalo." I asked him what all that meant, and he smiled and said, "It's like this. Usually, we plan on around sixteen hundred gallons of gas for this Chicago non-stop. That's enough, under normal conditions, to fly there with a pay load of twenty-four thousand five hundred pounds, circle the field for an hour and a half, and still have enough gas left to fly to both of two alternate fields, if we have to, and circle around *them* for quite a while. But Chicago, which takes over control of the plane from us after it passes Cleveland, called in ten minutes ago and said that this flight would have to leave here with twenty-four hundred gallons, because of heavy head winds between Cleveland and Chicago and because a lot of planes are likely to be stacked up over the Chicago field waiting to land. We'd figured on eighteen hundred gallons for this flight, with thirty-six passengers and seven hundred and fifty pounds of mail. Six hundred gallons more, as we've got the plane loaded, would mean we'd have to knock off twelve passengers, since the mail has to go if a plane does. That's in Uncle Sam's contract. If I can only arrange for that refuelling stop at Buffalo, the pilot can take off from here with eighteen hundred gallons and all the passengers, and gas up again there."

At this point a plump man who evidently took us for fellow-passengers bustled up. "Nearly half past five," he said, holding his watch for us to see. "How do you like that for a five-o'clock departure? And we're not even on board yet." "They'll be boarding any minute now," Lewis said. A girl in the waiting room rapped on the window and pointed to a telephone beside her. "Excuse me. I think that's for me," he said. "Any minute now," the plump man repeated with a sneer as Lewis hurried off. "If I'm not in Chicago by ten o'clock, I'll miss connections all over the Middle West. And he tells us any minute now." He turned around impatiently and almost collided with an attendant who was urging people to please have their tickets ready. "Can I help you, sir?" the attendant asked. "Not unless you can get this plane started," the man replied fretfully. "I'm just hanging around here, like everyone else."

Lewis came out of the waiting room a moment later. "Buffalo's O.K.," he told me with relief. "They've got a little fog up there, but nothing serious in sight so far, and there's no traffic stacked up, so all the passengers get to go. If we'd had to take those twelve off at the last minute, you'd have heard some tall complaining." I asked if, now the war was over, there was any system of priorities for thinning out a planeload of people. "Officially," he said as he watched the Chicago-bound passengers straggle toward their plane, "the only system is that the last one booked is the first one off, and so on, but we do make exceptions for women travelling with babies, and for cripples and very old people and anything we consider an emergency. Trouble is, so many people seem to come up with an emergency when they get bumped off a flight, and we can't very well check their stories while their plane is loading. Usually, we take their word for it. Of course, if a passenger who's been bumped claims he's got to be at the bedside of a dying father who may not live through the night, and we find that he booked his flight two weeks ago, we'll tell him in a nice way that we're sorry but there's nothing we can do about it."

While we were talking, another limousine load of passengers had arrived from the city. "There's going to be some morale shattered in that crowd, too," Lewis said. "That's a transcontinental flight, and it's late leaving already. First stop, Washington, only Washington's been closed down, so the first stop's Nashville and the Washington passengers get bumped." We went over and stood beside a passenger agent who was explaining the latest developments to the newcomers. There were four Washington passengers: a tall, pallid Navy lieutenant; a young, Scandinavian-looking couple; and a man who presently and loudly described himself as a tobacco buyer, and a mighty busy one, too. The first three showed no signs of shattered morale when the agent explained that the Washington stop had just been cancelled and that the company would refund their money and send them to Pennsylvania Station in a taxi; in fact, the woman seemed relieved. The tobacco buyer, though, displayed enough morale trouble for all four of them. "What am *I* expected to do?" he demanded. "I'm supposed to be having dinner with a man in Washington. Then I've got Pullman accommodations tonight on the ten-forty-five from Washington to Raleigh, tomorrow from Raleigh to Atlanta, and the next day from Atlanta to Richmond. *And* I've checked out of my hotel here." From the intensity of his despair, it seemed likely that the nation would be in for a cigarette shortage if he weren't in Raleigh by morning. "I'm sorry, sir," the agent said. "Why don't you take the taxi to Penn Station with these other folks and go to Washington by train?" The tobacco man laughed savagely. "Have to be a fast ride," he said. "Here it is almost six o'clock, and my Raleigh



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train leaves Washington less than five hours from now. I couldn't possibly get anything out of Penn Station before seven-thirty." "Well, sir," the agent said, "I think the best thing for you to do is go to our ticket counter and tell them your problem. Maybe they can fix you up on a later train to Raleigh. If not, they may be able to get you on a plane going there in the morning, and probably they can find you a hotel room for tonight, too. But it looks as if there's nothing we can do about that dinner you've planned." The other passengers waiting to consult the agent began to murmur restlessly, and the corners of the tobacco man's mouth drooped petulantly as he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I suppose I might as well see what the ticket counter can do for me, then. These other people seem to be in a hurry." He turned and walked stiffly away, a choleric martyr headed for the lions.

Lewis said he wanted to look in at the flight-control room, which is up near the top of one of the hangars, so we left the ramp and headed over there. Flight Control, he told me on the way, is the equivalent of G-2 and G-3, or Intelligence and Operations, in an Army division. "Our G-2, though," he said, warming to his analogy, "is concerned with flight conditions and the whereabouts of our planes instead of enemy strength and dispositions, and our G-3 has to do with the proper employment and conditions of planes instead of men or tanks. Also, our G-2 and G-3 are one man, the flight superintendent." The flight-control room is long and narrow—about twenty by eighty feet, I should say—and overlooks the field. Since all of American's domestic flights in and out of New York follow one of three general routes—New York-Boston, New York-Chicago, and New York-Los Angeles—nearly everything in the room is in triplicate. There are three batteries of teletype machines, each supplying information about conditions along one of the routes; three radio operators, each receiving reports of progress and conditions from planes making the runs; three boards on which all such data is posted; and three dispatchers, whose job it is to make sense out of this data and then act upon it in any number of ways.

This job, as Lewis described it to me, is not an easy one. It involves not only making decisions of grave importance but also attending to scores of details which have little or nothing to do with whether a plane gets through safely. "You take today," he said. "Suppose this fog had come in a couple of hours earlier and we'd had to start cancelling all flights around five o'clock, instead of seven, as we're probably going to have to do. And suppose the meteorology boys had told a dispatcher about it but he'd forgotten to pass the word along to the kitchens. That would have meant close to two hundred dinners wasted, and, at a dollar-something a meal, that mounts up. Or suppose he'd forgotten to notify the reservations department. Passengers would call up to check on whether a flight had been cancelled. Reservations would say no and the passengers would come out to the field expecting to fly. Then they'd find the flight *had* been cancelled, and there'd be hell to pay. We'd lose all kinds of good will, and that means business. Flight cancellations affect plenty of other things, too—maintenance crews, pilots, stewardesses, dispatchers at other fields, and all those people over there at the Forty-second Street terminal. And the whole place," Lewis concluded, pointing toward a man who was peering out a window and seemed to be about the only fixture of the room not in triplicate, "is in the hands of that fellow there. That's Skilly, the flight superintendent."

Lewis stepped over beside Skilly and peered out, too. The pair conferred briefly and then Lewis started for the door, pausing long enough to say to me, "This is Mr. Skillman. He'll tell you anything you want to know. I'll be back in a minute." Skillman nodded absently and said to the dispatcher nearest him, "Call the control tower and ask them how long before they can clear the runway for a takeoff." Turning to me, he said, "See that plane down there—the one the tractor's towing from the hangar? Well, sometimes the weather throws you a curve. Right now, it looks as if this rain might turn to sleet soon. If that plane has to sit out on the field and cool off for half an hour, waiting to take off, a film of ice may form on the wings and it'll have to go back to the hangar again to have the ice removed, wasting everybody's time. Lewis is going to tell them to put the plane back in the hangar and hold it there while we check here about how soon we can get clearance for it from the control tower."

The dispatcher now reported that the tower figured the runway would be clear in twenty-five minutes. "Good," Skillman said. "Better call the hangar and tell Lewis. Lewis," he said to me, "will probably have them hold the plane there for ten minutes. We can load the passengers and get out to the runway in fifteen minutes. Even if it begins to sleet a little while the plane is loading, we can send the flight away before much ice can form. It's a Boston flight, and this storm is heading that way, but it won't reach Boston much before midnight. Besides, there's a layer of warm air at two thousand feet, so the only problem we're likely to have to face is getting the plane off the ground here. Of course, if it began to sleet heavily right this minute, and looked as if it really meant business, we'd cancel the flight. We don't fly in any kind of freezing precipitation."

I watched for a while as the tractor below stopped and jockeyed around to tow the plane back into the hangar, and then Lewis returned. "That's the last one we'll get out of here tonight," he said. I asked how much warning American had had of the storm's approach. "By ten o'clock this morning, we knew it would be getting here somewhere around five this afternoon," he replied. "The dispatchers notified Reservations that all departures after five would have to be marked 'probable' or 'possible,' depending on the route and the hour of departure. That left Reservations with about six hundred outgoing calls on their hands, notifying passengers to stand by for further instructions. With luck, they cleaned that up in maybe two and a half hours. Then, about one o'clock, we saw that flight conditions would pretty definitely be bad by six, so Reservations had to start phoning all over again, to tell passengers who were due to leave at six or later that their flights had been cancelled, and no 'probably' or 'possibly' about it. That meant another four or five hundred calls. Then maybe half of *those* passengers—mostly the ones on the longer flights—wanted to know when they could get space on later departures, after the weather had cleared again. Another two hundred calls back to them after Reservations had checked up. Come along and take a look around Reservations, why don't you? They're probably still working at it."

WE walked through a passageway to a large, brightly lit office in another part of the hangar. "I'm going to turn you over to Henry O'Neil, our reservations manager," Lewis said, beckoning to a young man in the middle of the room. "He can tell you all about this end of things, and anyway I've got to go back down again for a while. Tell you what—when you get tired of it here, why don't you take a

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walk over to our ticket counter in the administration building and look up Art Rorden? He's in charge of Tickets. He has headaches, too." O'Neil joined us, and Lewis delivered a brisk introduction and departed.

Some eighty people, I judged, were working in the reservations room, the majority of them young, rather pretty girls. Nearly all of them were telephoning. Perhaps half of them sat in two rows, facing each other, at a long, low table in the center. "They handle just the incoming calls," O'Neil said. "Each one can take an average of eighteen an hour, or one every three minutes, with six minutes off each hour to smoke a cigarette. We teach them a method of controlling conversations, to make the people who call in stick to the business at hand and not go off on tangents. With seven thousand incoming calls on a day like this, we haven't any time for tangents. Most of the calls they get are about reservations or cancellations." The girls glanced frequently at a giant blackboard, covered with figures, on the wall at the far end of the room. "That gives last-minute information on available space and cancellations," O'Neil explained when he saw me looking at it. "The figures tell how much space is available on every flight out of New York for ten days ahead. The section in the middle, headed 'Today's Flights,' lists every flight up to midnight. For example, if you had a reservation on Flight 3 tonight for the Coast and were to call up now and ask whether you were going to leave on schedule, a girl would tell you no, you weren't, and suggest that you hang onto your hotel room. There's a 'CXD' after every flight there now," he added gloomily. "Means they've all been cancelled."

I asked O'Neil what the airline did about people whose flights were cancelled and who had no hotel room to hang onto. "That's the sixty-four-dollar question," he said. "See that man in the gray suit over there telephoning? Well, when we get a lot of cancelled flights, the way we have tonight, he and a few others spend all their time calling around to the hotels, trying to get rooms. In the old days, before the war, we could round up a hundred and fifty without much trouble. Now things are getting better again, but we still have nights when it takes four or five hours of phoning to round up twenty or thirty. And the railroads can't help us out as much as we wish they could, either. Of course, the Pullman situation isn't as tight as it was during the war and we can generally get uppers, but on a night like this we still can't get enough of the kind of accommodations most of the customers want, especially for long trips."

O'Neil called my attention to some tall, lectern-like desks, at which a number of men and women were busily telephoning. "That's Departure Control," he said. "A wicked job. Every day is D Day for them—every day that we have cancellations, that is. They're supposed to notify passengers of a cancelled flight at least an hour and a half before departure time. O.K. The passenger leaves a number where he says he can be reached. 'I'm staying at the Biltmore,' he says. O.K. We call the Biltmore. 'Sorry,' the Biltmore says. 'Mr. So-and-So has checked out.' You see, a lot of the hotels still won't take people for more than five days at a time, and Mr. So-and-So had to check out and didn't think to tell us that he'd moved somewhere else. Here, look." He stepped over to one of the desks and took up a sheet of paper. "Look at this passenger list for the nine-thirty flight to Chicago. Fifty passengers, and seven of them marked 'UTR'—unable to reach. Some of them, of course, may have phoned here and learned the bad news since we got up this list, but I'll bet that by nine-twenty you'll find two or three of them out here at the field, all ready to fly."

I listened in on Departure Control for a few minutes. One of the women at the telephones ran a man to earth at the St. Regis. She was sorry, she said, but, owing to weather conditions, his flight to Tucson had been cancelled and she couldn't say for sure when she'd be able to get him out by plane. Would he be willing to wait? . . . He'd rather go by train? She'd see what she could do, and call him back. Would he stand by, please? "We try to be prepared for the people who are going to want to go by train," O'Neil said, "but when you get a flock of cancellations all at once like this, you can't always do it. This man's problem will go from Departure Control to Confirmations, and Confirmations will call the railroads, and then they'll tell the man the best they've been able to do for him by train. Probably there's no hope of anything better than an upper, and when he hears that, he may decide to wait for a plane."

I decided to follow Lewis's suggestion that I see what was going on at the ticket counter, so, leaving Reservations, I walked over to the administration building, next door. The rain had turned to sleet, the fog was a good deal thicker, and the darkness was al-

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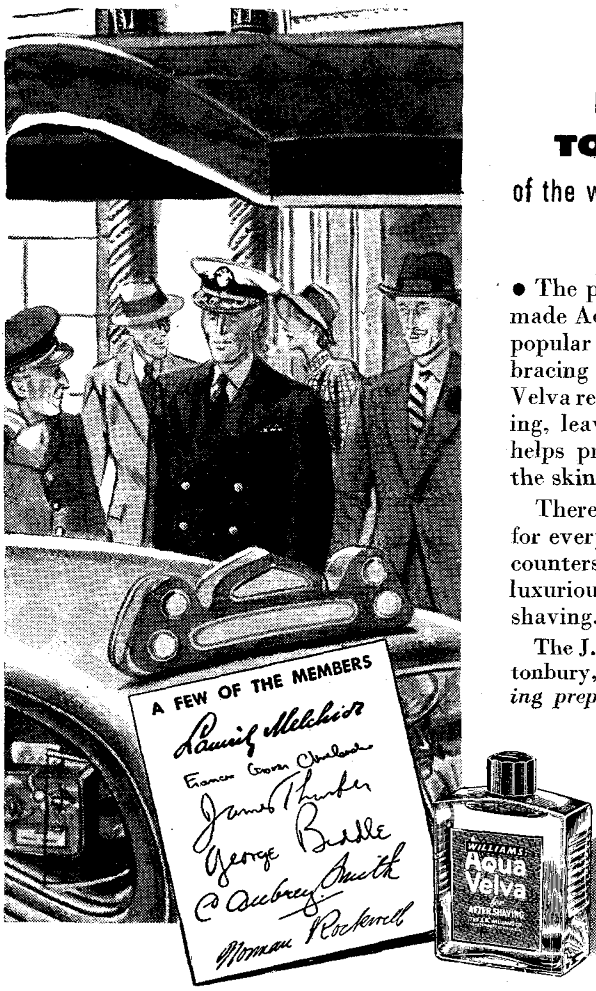
most tangible. The lights of one of the airport's freight trucks coming toward me shone not much more brightly than a pair of glowworms.

EXCEPT for a Frenchman, who wore a fixed and amiable smile of non-comprehension, none of the dozen or so people ranged along the ticket counter looked especially happy. The Frenchman couldn't understand what a girl behind the counter was trying to tell him—that he wouldn't be doing any flying that evening. "*Some*body here speaks French," she said, clutching at the arm of the girl nearest her. "Who is it?" "Louise does, but she's off tonight," the other replied. "I speak a little," a customer who had overheard this exchange volunteered. "*Est-ce que je peux vous aider, Monsieur?*" he began, turning to the Frenchman and touching off a conversation that ran on to painful lengths. "He wants to know what the delay is," the interpreter finally announced, to the surprise of no one. "Tell him all flights tonight have been cancelled because of variable flight conditions," said the girl, "and tell him we'll try to get him on one tomorrow morning. Thank you very much," she added. The Frenchman, unruffled by this news, continued to smile. "Ask him if he has a place to stay," the girl said apprehensively. The interpreter did. "He says he can get a room at the Plaza," he announced. "My!" the girl exclaimed, with a mixture of admiration and relief. "What a man!"

Farther down the counter, a tearful young mother was dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief and trying half-heartedly to entertain her loudly discouraged two-year-old son. Presently, a tall, studious-looking man walked over, picked up the youngster, and sat him on the counter. The child stopped wailing. The man solemnly handed him the cellophane from a package of cigarettes, then introduced himself to the woman as Mr. Rorden, the ticket manager, and asked her about her troubles. She explained, between sniffles, that she was on her way from Providence to Los Angeles to meet her husband, a Red Cross worker returning from Japan and due to get in the day after tomorrow. She had promised to be on the dock when his ship arrived. She had come down by train and had innocently paid a piratical taxi driver seven dollars to take her from Grand Central to the airport. She had never been in New York before and had no place to stay over. In short, she was tired, worried, and scared. Rorden as-



BULLETIN TO MEMBERS

of the world's most distinguished After-Shave Club

● The preference of gentlemen has made Aqua Velva the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Cooling, bracing as a frosty morning, Aqua Velva refreshes your face after shaving, leaves it feeling smoother. It helps prevent chapping and gives the skin a clean, pleasant scent.

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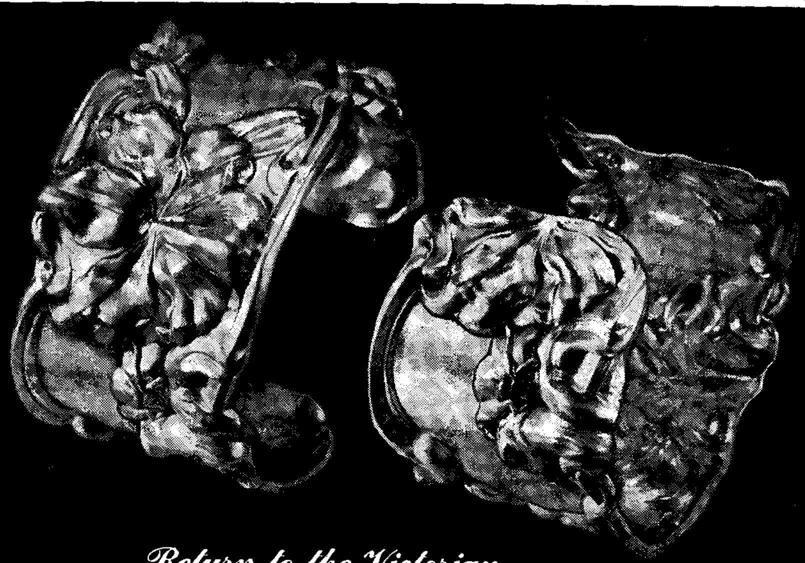

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sured her that everything was going to be all right. "It'll probably clear up by tomorrow morning and we'll have you in Los Angeles in plenty of time to meet your husband," he said. "We'll find you a room in town tonight and keep in touch with you about when your plane leaves. Just don't worry." He went behind the counter and picked up a telephone. "Let's you and I find this lady a room," he said to the girl who had been struggling with the Frenchman.

The two phoned for ten minutes, without success. Lewis came up behind me while I was watching them. "See what I mean about headaches?" he asked. I said I assuredly did. He chuckled. "I'd be willing to bet Mary Lou locates a room before Rorden," he said. "Mary Lou's Southern. Fellow in this department was saying the other day we ought to limit that job to girls with Southern accents. Girls can get more out of the room clerks than men, he claims, and girls with Southern accents do best of all. Might be something to it, at that." In this case, at least, there was indeed something to it. On her fifteenth call, Mary Lou hit pay dirt, and the woman gratefully gathered up her child and departed. "Whew!" said Mary Lou, resting her elbows on the counter and shaking her head. "I hope that's the last one. Me, I've been telephoning for hours."

RORDEN joined Lewis and me and remarked that because of all the conventions in town the room situation was nearly as bad that evening as it had been during the war. "We got them for everyone who *had* to have them, though," he said. "Three of the girls pitched in and made twenty-six calls for a honeymoon couple from Philly about an hour ago. Couldn't raise a thing along the line of what they thought a pair of newlyweds should have. Finally, we got them a cell in a commercial hotel way over on the West Side. Not the most cheerful way to start out married life, maybe, but better than sitting up all night in a waiting room."

Rorden stared reflectively at the counter, at which, at last, there were no more grounded passengers. "Still," he went on in a moment, "rooms and trains aren't always the worst problems we have to face around here. A blind man came in the other day, dark glasses, Seeing Eye dog, and all. He had a ticket to Boston and wanted someone to lead him down the ramp and put him on the plane. We don't allow dogs on the planes as a rule, but naturally with him it was different. We took him

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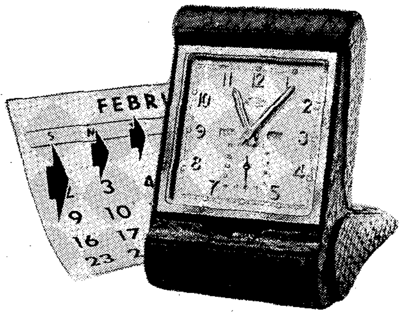

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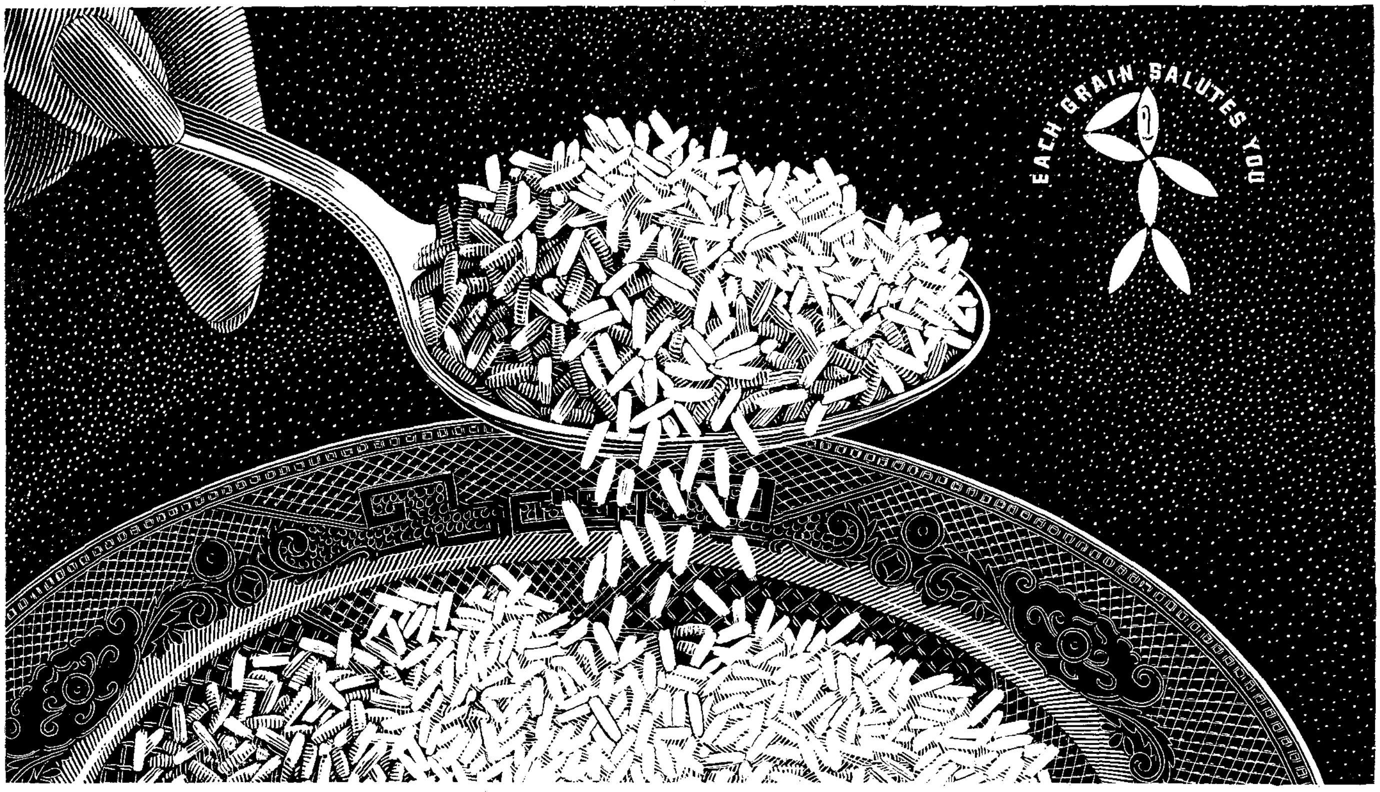

It's so easy to prepare. Cooks white and fluffy without steaming. The grains stand apart—"Each grain salutes you." Richer, fuller, nut-like flavor.

The new idea in rice that created so much interest among food chemists and the Army's food experts early in the war, is now available at food stores in the New York area. Its name is Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice.

B Vitamins Saved

This is the product that The Reader's Digest called a "Revolution in Rice." Nutritionists were enthusiastic about it because our new patented process (exclusive with Uncle Ben's) saves, in the rice kernel itself, a high percentage of B vitamins and minerals that are lost in ordinary polished rice.

The U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps took the entire production of *Converted* Rice because of its high vitamin value and because it is so resistant to damage from weevils and other insect pests.

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Leading chefs like it because it fluffs up—looks nicer on the plate. They have learned, too, that it may be kept, either hot or cold, without gumming up or sticking to the pan. Naturally it goes further. You will like it for the same good reasons.

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The first thing you will notice about Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice is that the grains are cream colored. But presto! In cooking, the creamy grains turn white and fluffy.

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If dinner is delayed, Uncle Ben's Rice can go right on cooking, without getting gummy. You don't have to time it to the minute the way you do ordinary rice.

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Another happy discovery about Uncle Ben's will be its flavor—a delicate, nut-like taste—a richer, fuller flavor than you have ever known in rice. It's a taste you don't tire of.

If you have hesitated to serve rice because you were afraid of the results, surprise your family and guests by serving Uncle Ben's. It is so easy to prepare, but you'll swear it's on a par with any rice you ever enjoyed in the finest Creole or Oriental restaurants.

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One-pound cartons— 10 generous servings.

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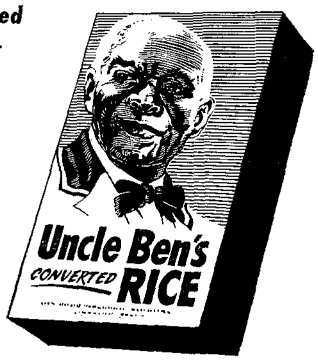

Uncle Ben's
CONVERTED RICE

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Pouilly-Fuissé, and this one will be even better when it is twice as old, but even now it is as admirable a wine as you will come by. You would do well, before the "R" months run out, to try it with a plate of oysters.

AND now, to take a step down, I would like to call your attention to a sound St. Emilion of 1943, sold by Sherry Wine & Spirits, that has given me quite a bit of mild pleasure, even though it has no pretensions to château bottling. It has the real Bordeaux tartness—like that of an extra-refreshing red wine you might have got at a French railroad-station buffet in the old days—which is wonderful luck for those who have not much taste for the grapy softness of California wines. This modest blessing, which costs under two dollars, is identified on the label as a Frank Schoonmaker selection. So is the Pouilly-Fuissé I mentioned above. —S. H.

•

New Business: On motion of Professor L. A. Harper, the Section adopted a resolution requesting the Committee on Committees to appoint a special committee to devise and report a better method of electing a Committee on Committees than that now provided in the by-laws.—*University of California Faculty Bulletin.*

If you get lost and can't find your way out, fire your gun three times and we'll come in and get you.

•

Loss of playing quality of tennis balls during shipment and storage was a wartime problem to the Army, which had to ship hundreds of thousands of balls overseas for troop recreation. Periodic tests showed a steady loss of rebound height in most balls stored without pressure. Balls kept under pressure of 20 pounds per square inch bounced just as high after 21 weeks storage as they did when new. A few bounced slightly higher.—*Release from the Department of Commerce.*

Enough so we won the war, anyway.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Akron Edition, the Goodyear Wingfoot Clan*]

Robert Zahniser, assistant treasurer of the Goodyear Relief Association, had a springy step and a sparkle in his eyes as he reported for work last Friday. Many of the girls got into a huddle, wondering what was causing Bob to feel like a million dollars. Finally Hazel McIntyre asked Bob what was responsible for his happiness. "Well, it's a boy, born Thursday," he said, "and he's a wonderful baby." The mother, Katherine, formerly was employed in standard practice.

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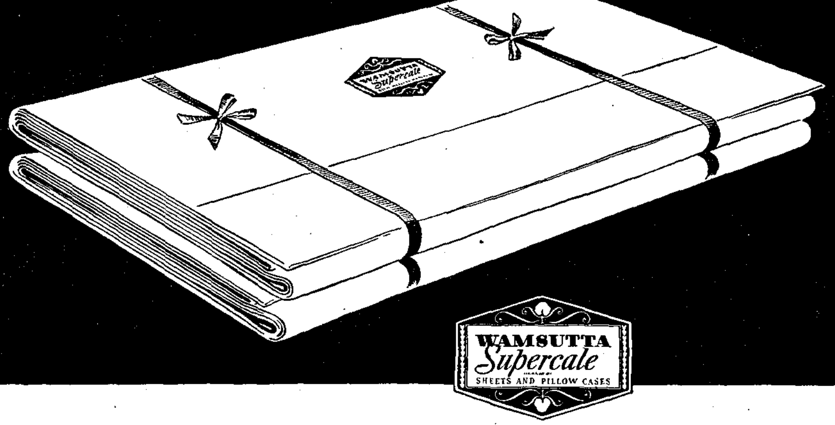

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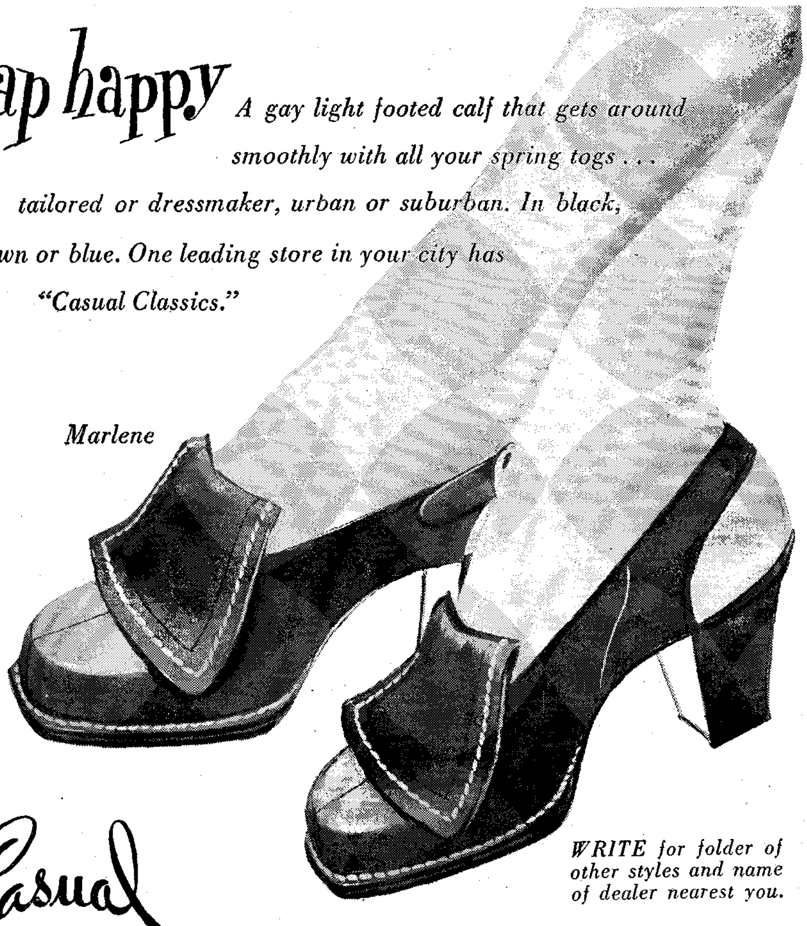

Marlene

WRITE for folder of other styles and name of dealer nearest you.

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down and got him all nicely settled with the dog at his feet. Well, the stewardess told us later that as soon as the plane took off, this blind man pulled out a newspaper and started reading it. Read all the way to Boston. About a week later, the man and his dog came in again, wanting another ticket to Boston. Pete Montana, the assistant ticket manager, told him in a nice way that he'd be glad to sell *him* a ticket, but that the company had a rule against dogs on planes. The man was very put out. 'You've made me lose all my faith in mankind,' he told Pete. Pete said he was sorry but that was the way it was. Then the man—still wearing his dark glasses, mind you—said that he was a commercial photographer and that if Pete would fix it up for him and the dog to get on the plane, he'd make Pete a life-size photograph of himself. Pete said the rule still held, so the man said how about taxi fare back to the city. Pete said the company couldn't see its way clear to giving him any taxi fare. 'Then I'll tell you what I'll do,' this fellow said. 'I'll just sit here. I'll sit here until I die, and then you'll have a corpse lying around here. Sort of unpleasant, eh? What'll you do about that?' Pete had the right answer for him. 'That'd be a problem for the city, sir,' he told him, real polite. 'We'd just call the Sanitation Department.' That held him."

—PHILIP W. WRENN, JR.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW DIVISION)

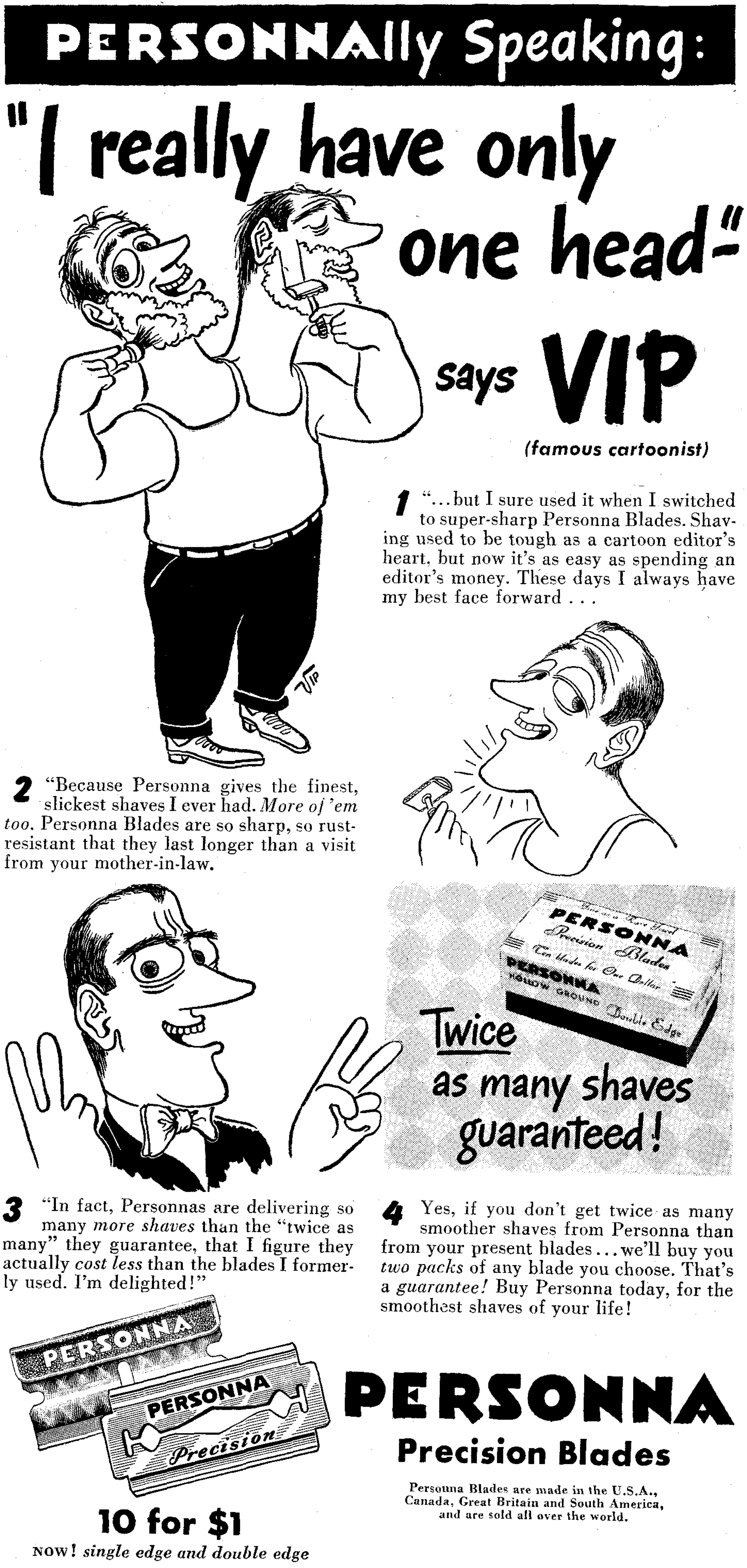
[*From the Hollywood Reporter*]

Why did Byron Price toss in his $75,000 job with the Johnston office for the $13,500 job with United Nations?

That's a question being asked all over the industry, and outside in public channels.

The United Nations job will pay Mr. Price $13,500 and grants him an additional $8500 for expenses. These amounts are net, as he will not have to pay any income taxes on the salary or expenses. As against this, Byron was drawing $75,000 a year from the Johnston office, plus an unlimited expense account. On his salary he would pay out, roughly, $25,000 a year in taxes, and, of course, no taxes on the money he would spend for expenses. Accordingly, on the salary angle, he is giving up a $50,000-a-year net job, for one that will pay him $13,500. Why?

Our guess is that Price got politics into his nostrils during his war job in Washington, plus the fact that this UN Secretariat is (1) a lifetime appointment, (2) has plenty of prestige, and (3) he was none too happy with the work he was doing here in the motion picture business, plus the net results of that work.



PERSONNAlly Speaking:

"I really have only one head-" says VIP (famous cartoonist)

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

IF you have followed the tangled story of German wines since the end of the war, you must know that the American zone of occupation east of the Rhine, which includes the Rheingau—the finest wine-producing region of Germany—has yielded nothing but disappointment to lovers of Rhines in this country who had thought to start drinking the great vintages as soon as our Army took charge. So far, the government has sent over only samples of wines from the American area, and, according to reports from some of those who bid on them at the government auction, their quality left much to be desired. The French, however, whose officials are vastly more knowledgeable about such matters than our own, have taken over most of the output of the excellent vineyards in their zone, on the west bank of the Rhine, and from them M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), has purchased a collection of Moselle, Rheinhessen, and Saar vintages. Considering that wines of the Rheinhessen—the Niersteiners and Oppenheimers—were among the most popular German wines in this country before the war, even more sought after than the Rheingaus, Lehmann's collection should be of interest to a good many people.

Of the twenty-odd specimens from the three districts represented in the Lehmann shipment, I have tasted half a dozen and am prepared to give a cheerful report on most of my samplings. All the wines are of the highly successful 1943 vintage, all bear the word *Wachstum* (which means that the wine was grown by the vineyard owner whose name appears on the label), and all the Rhines are further identified as *Auslese* or *Spätlese*. Since the first term, as you are probably aware, means that the grapes from which the wine was made were fully ripe and specially selected, and the second indicates that the grapes were allowed to hang longer on the vine, you may expect wines of considerable softness and, in the case of the *Spätlesen*, almost sweetness.

No Rheinhessen—or, at least, none that has ever come my way—has the distinction of the great Rheingaus, and the best Hessians of the Lehmann group can claim no more than suavity and grace. Both these qualities are, however, agreeably evident in the Niersteiner Rehbach *Spätlese* of Franz Karl Schmitt, which I found the best of the ones I tasted. It has some of the floweriness of certain Moselles, which becomes more pronounced (and more pleasing) if the bottle is opened and left to breathe for half an hour. A Nackenheimer Rotenberg *Auslese* from the Hessian State Weinbaudomäne has the attributes of all good Nackenheimers—that is, it's very forthright and fragrant, though a trifle too soft for my taste in table wines.

OF the three Moselles I tried (seven, in all, have been brought over by Lehmann), two have the delicacy and freshness that one associates with the Moselle vineyards in a good year. The first, a Wehlener Sonnenuhr, I thought especially appealing; it has a much less obvious charm than that of the Rheinhessen vintages. There are simply no other wines so easy to drink as light, clean Moselles, and this sprightly Sonnenuhr is one of the easiest. Temperate wine drinkers who would never consume more than half a bottle of white Burgundy can down a whole bottle of a delicate Moselle with the utmost serenity. The second extremely satisfactory Moselle is the Berncasteler Badstube, of the St. Nikolaus Hospital vineyards. This is slightly drier than the Wehlener Sonnenuhr; it has a very delicate bouquet and the freshness that distinguishes the Mittel-Mosel.

Altogether, it would probably be a good idea to investigate the Lehmann vintages at once on your own account. All the wines are ready for drinking right now, and my guess—it's no more than a guess—is that it might be a mistake to assume that these vintages will have even the relatively short life span of prewar German wines.

TO mention any of the lesser white wines of France in the same breath with those of the Moselle Valley is always rash. There is, however, at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), a perfectly delightful Pouilly-Fuissé of 1943 (this was a great year in French wines, too) that you should know about. It has the characteristic green-gold color of this Burgundy and the subtle dryness of a Chablis. Three and a half years is unquestionably young for a

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ago. They were the big shots then." Joe stretched. "About time for me to go to work. See you tomorrow, after lunch."

As Joe walked out, he passed Hazel on her way to the juke box. She smiled and said, "Take it easy, Joe."

The bartender put on his glasses, but instead of reading the paper he stared at the bar, his face flushed. Hazel said, "Relax. I'm playing 'Buttermilk Sky' this time."

"That true, what Joe just said?"

Hazel sat down in her booth. "I don't know. I think he's wrong about that Harrisburg business. The way I remember it, the British got out of Washington quick. Then they went up to Baltimore, and that's where we licked them. Reason I remember is 'The Star-Spangled Banner' was written about the Baltimore fight. Wasn't enough we had to sing it in school. Had to study all about it, too. Say, you ever hear me sing?"

"But did they really burn down Washington, *D.C.*?"

"You bet," Hazel said. "They captured Detroit and—"

"The British captured Detroit?"

"Sure. They shellacked us good, back then," Hazel said, picking up her magazine. "Really took our pants down."

The bartender removed his glasses. Then he said angrily, "I never knew that. A guy can always learn something. Think of them burning down Washington, capturing Detroit. And all the stuff we been shipping them British bastards!"

—Len Zinberg

•

The shape of her face is as attenuated as an El Greco. She has the most luminous skin imaginable and only Velasquez could paint her colouring on canvas. Her mouth is like that of the fascinating Madame Arnoux in Flaubert's novel, *Education Sentimentale*. She has the gentleness, the poise, and the dignity of one of those *grandes dames* whom Balzac described in his *Comédie Humaine*. As for her clothes, instead of merely wearing them, she carries them.—*Vogue.*

Splendid! Bring her in!

•

FOR WHOM THE SEEDS TOLL DEPT.

[*From a form letter from James A. Farley*]

I can recall no better summation of the term than the splendid words of Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, when he said: "We must guard America and ourselves against hatreds, falsehoods, bigotry, and intolerance, for they are the seeds from which sprung the curse of this world's worst war and which, sown again, will toll the end of civilization."

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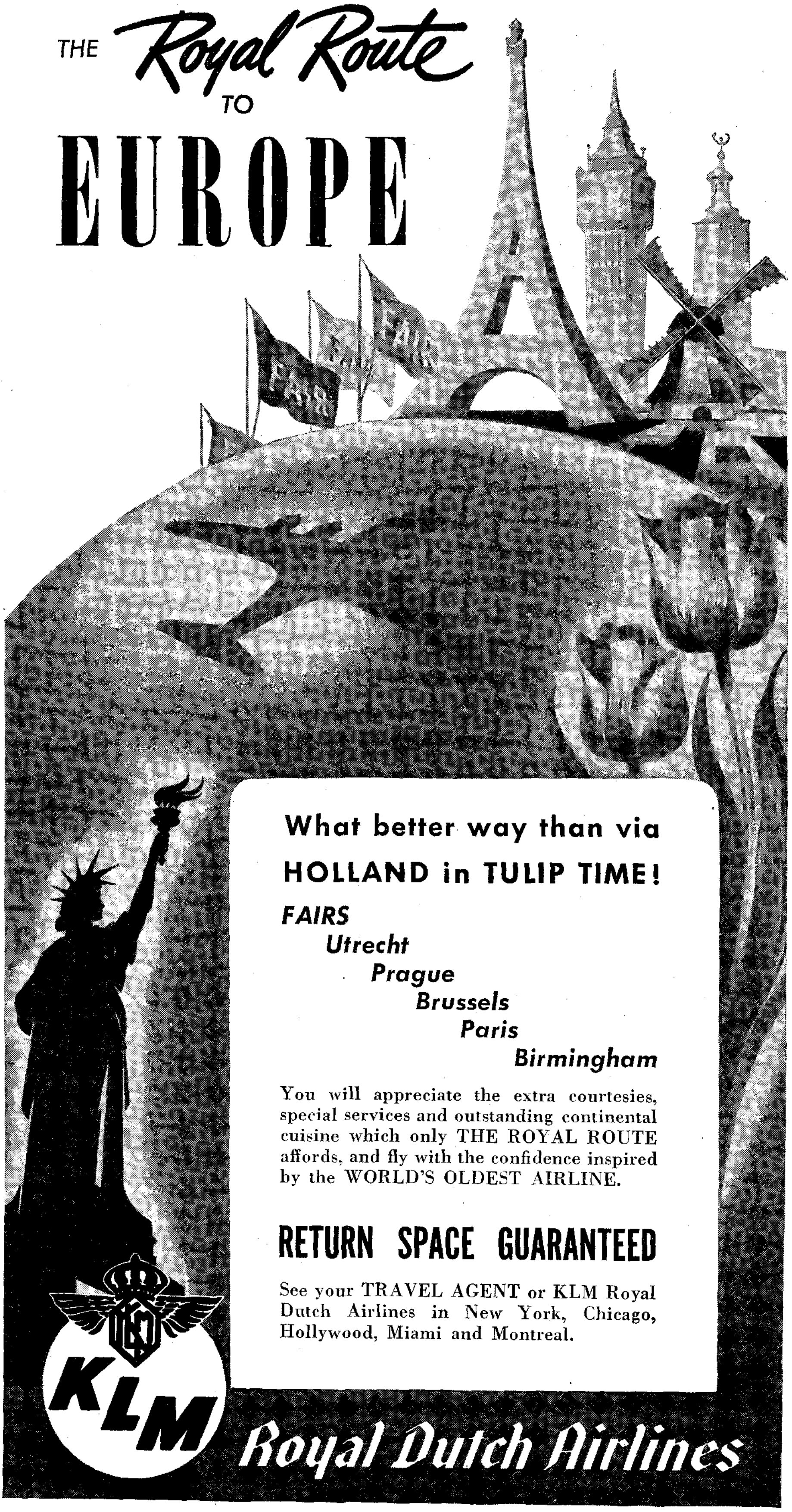

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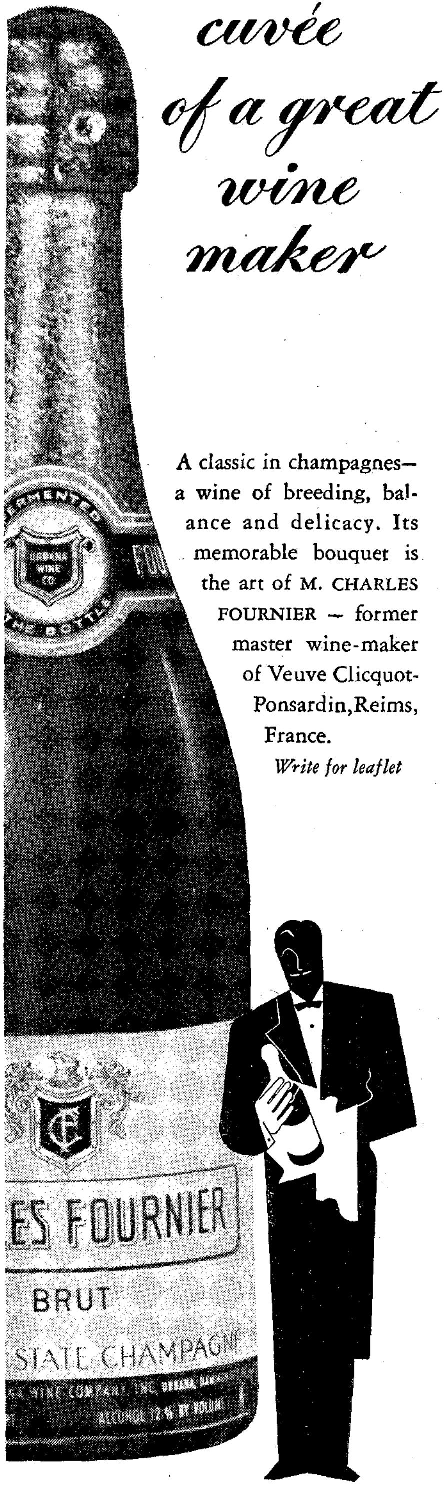

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LETTER FROM PRAGUE

MARCH 5

IT probably wouldn't surprise a great many Americans to discover, upon arriving in Prague, that plenty of Czechoslovakians are not entirely happy over their relationship with the Russians. What might startle these visitors, however, is that the Czechs apparently feel quite free to say as much, and not behind a trembling hand in a shadowy doorway, either. They express their feelings unreservedly, and openly, in the glare of the neon lights that illuminate the Vaclavské Náměstí with a gaudiness likely to remind people from the States of their own Main Streets. The other evening an American friend of mine came up against a typical example of this forthright expression of opinion and, being a newcomer to Prague, he found it quite unnerving. He was sitting in a crowded *kavárna*, or coffee house, chatting with three natives of the city—a university student, a government chemist, and a lieutenant in the Czech Army—when their waiter brought them a box of matches with a symbol of the Communist Party on it. At once, all three Czechs rose to their feet in protest, glowering at the offending matchbox and then at the waiter, whom they loudly ordered to produce matches with no hint of Communism about them. This he hastily did, after which everyone relaxed and the conversation was resumed. My friend was relieved, as the evening progressed, that no agents arrived to whisk the reactionary trio off to Outer Mongolia. Not long afterward, he was bemused to learn that the lieutenant had been promoted to captain.

The fact that my friend's three companions and any other Czechs who feel like it are permitted to carry on so irreverently at the very fringe of the iron curtain is susceptible to a number of interpretations. Perhaps the explanation is as simple as the one given me not long ago by a squarely built young Czech Communist at the government's Ministry of Information. "We are in charge here now," he said, "and we are going to run things the way we want anyhow, so we just don't give a damn. So far as the Communist Party is concerned, all the other people can go ahead and talk their little lungs out." The Czech Communists will tell you that they earned the privilege of taking this attitude in the election last May, when they polled thirty-eight per cent of the national vote and thus became the leading party in a coalition government, the remaining sixty-two per cent of the ballots having been split among three other parties, all of them with more or less Socialist leanings. Reasonably detached Czechs seem to feel that the Communist percentage was probably less than half what it would have been had the election been held a year earlier and several points higher than it would be if the party tried again now. I have heard more than one Czech say that during the past year and a half the Kremlin has "made the mistake of showing the rest of Europe to the Russians and the Russians to the rest of Europe."

THE premier who took office as a result of the Communist victory is Klement Gottwald, an unfortunate name for a gentleman in his position, in view of the national neurosis about anything Teutonic. He is not an entirely happy man otherwise, either, since his personality, or as much of it as has been revealed to the public, is such that certain disrespectful Czechs have compared him to a porcupine. Gottwald, a stout, clumsy man who suffers from stomach trouble and becomes shrill and ill at ease before a gathering of more than half a dozen of his fellow-citizens, appears only to have increased the national affection for Edvard Beneš, the small, adamantine President, who is not a Communist or, for that matter, a member of any party. It is Mr. Beneš's picture rather than the Premier's that hangs on the wall of nearly every Czech living room and public gathering place, but as long as it continues to hang, as it usually does at the moment, next to a larger portrait of Joseph Stalin, the local Communist leaders will probably feel that they needn't worry a great deal about stimulating the Czechs to dis-

A GUY CAN ALWAYS LEARN SOMETHING

IT was early afternoon and the bartender was leaning on the bar, reading a paper. Every so often, he nodded solemnly as his fat lips silently formed the words he was reading, and now and then he commented on the news to a short, elderly man named Joe, who was sitting at the bar and toying with a beer. A pretty, blond waitress was reading a movie magazine in one of the booths opposite the bar; every few minutes she would get up to drop a slug in the brightly lit juke box near the door. Except for the bartender, Joe, and the waitress, the place was empty.

"Joe," the bartender said suddenly, "what do you think of this trouble they're having with teachers and the schools?"

"What trouble?" Joe asked, taking a sip of his beer.

The bartender tapped the paper with a heavy finger. "Ain't got enough teachers. Don't pay 'em enough. Says here may have to shut down the schools."

"Well, guess the kids won't mind that," Joe said, smiling. "I never cared much for school when I was a kid."

The bartender took off his glasses and placed them carefully on the bar. "Want to know something?" he said. "I left school in the seventh grade, over fifty years ago. And right now I consider myself an educated man. Know how I got it? Two best teachers of all—experience and reading. I don't brag about it, understand, but I know a thing or two. And I see some high-school kids these days, like my sister's kids—punks that don't know the score."

Joe said, "Don't tell me about these high-school kids. Like babies. In my day—I had to start working soon as I *graduated* public school—when you got out of high school, you were a man. Today, they got kids getting out of high school don't know how to wipe their chins. If you ask me, the whole—"

The waitress stood up and walked over to the juke box, and the bartender said, "All right, you played 'Open the Door' five times in a row. Stop it."

"It's my nickel," the waitress said.

"What nickel?" the barkeep asked.

"O.K., it's my slug," she said, jamming it into the machine. When she walked back to the booth, she put extra sway in her small hips for the benefit of the old men.

The bartender said loudly, "See what I mean, Joe? Kid gets out of

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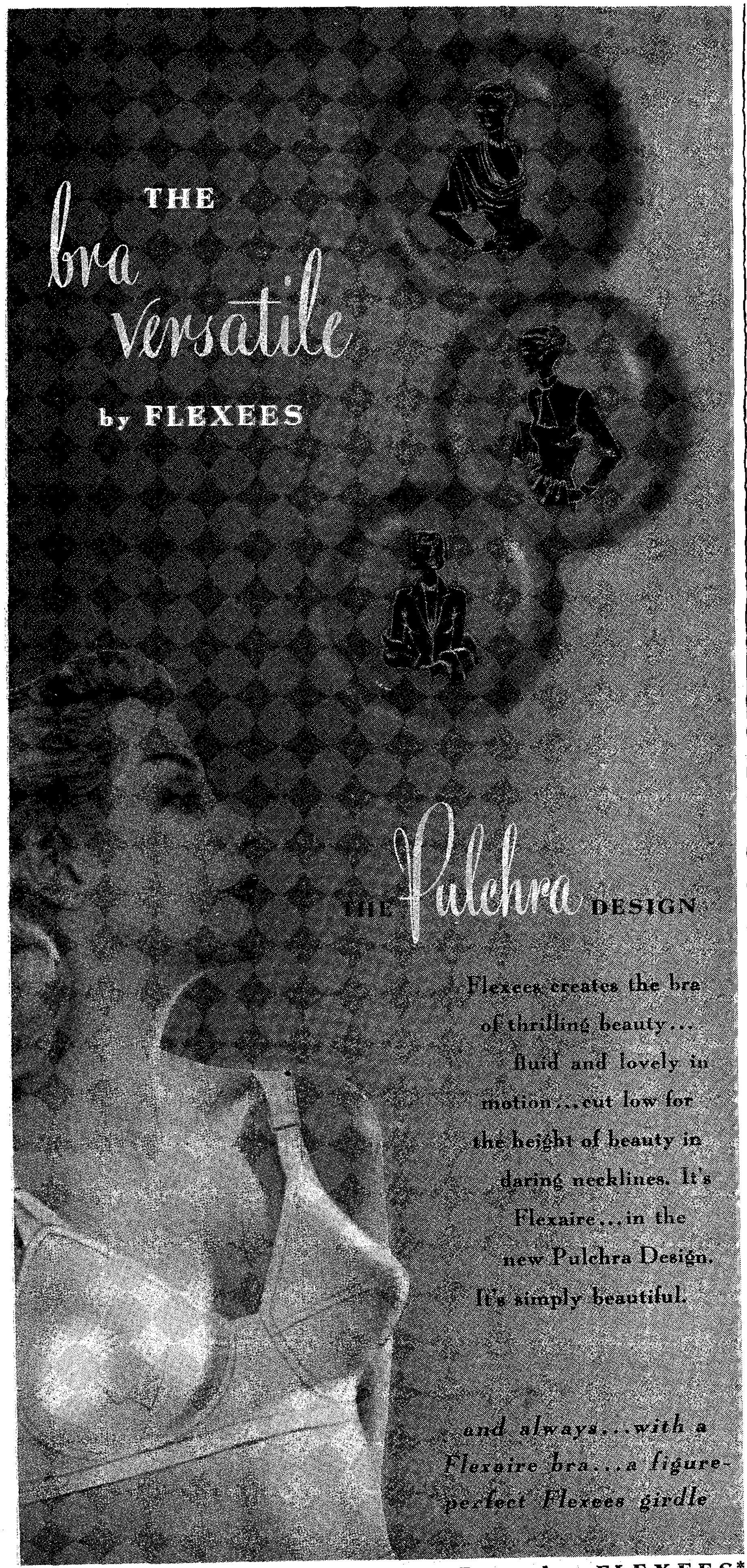

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school today, don't know nothing except to be sassy. Hazel, you graduate high school?"

The waitress looked up from her magazine. "Yeah. I got out in—in 1940."

Joe finished his beer. Then he said, "All right, Hazel. You know what's the capital of Florida?"

Hazel said, "I know I don't *care* what's the capital of Florida."

"St. Petersburg, isn't it?" the bartender asked.

"Tallahassee," Joe said promptly.

"Sure, that's it," the bartender said. "Tell the truth, I once worked in Florida. They can have it."

"They can have the whole South—in spades, doubled," Hazel muttered.

There was a moment of silence, except for the sound of the juke box begging Richard to open the door. Then the barkeep winked at Joe and asked, "Hazel, you know what's the smallest state in the Union?"

Hazel shook her head. "What's the matter with you kids—a little on the quizzy side today? Now, what in hell do I care which is the smallest state?"

"I just asked," the bartender said.

"O.K., I bite. Delaware?" Hazel said.

Joe grinned, and the bartender said, "You get good marks in high school, Hazel? It *ain't* Delaware. It's Rhode Island."

"Here's one'll stop both of you," Joe said. "What capitol has a gold dome? You know—on top of the building."

"The White House—Capitol in Washington?" the bartender asked.

"What do you say, Hazel?" Joe asked.

"I say I been trying to read this one page for the last five minutes. Leave me alone," Hazel said.

"You sure it isn't the White House?" the barkeep said thoughtfully.

"Nope," Joe said. "First off, the White House is just where the President rooms; it ain't the Capitol. Anyway, *the* Capitol in Washington's got a bronze dome."

"I knew it was gold, or bronze—something like that," the bartender said.

"It's Harrisburg, P-a., has a gold dome," Joe said, standing up. "That was the original Capitol. I mean after Washington was burned down by the British in the War of 1812, they moved things to Harrisburg and built this gold dome till they built up things in Washington again."

"The British burned down *our* Capitol?" the bartender asked.

"Sure. But that was a long time

THE RACE TRACK

Derby Week

LAST week was one to ginger up horseplayers generally. In California, there was the Santa Anita Derby, won by On Trust; in New Orleans, there was the Louisiana Derby, won by Carolyn A.; and in Kentucky, Matt Winn announced the entries for the Kentucky Derby.

The three-year-old with the best form so far this season is On Trust, who has won four times in six tries. My guess is that he will still rank well up among the money winners by next December. He has a fair start on the field; he picked up $81,750 last Saturday and had already won a little more than that. From all accounts, he ran like a good colt in the Santa Anita Derby, following the pace to the stretch and then going on to win comfortably from W. L. Sickle. Tropical Sea was third. Stepfather, Harry M. Warner's two-hundred-thousand-dollar purchase at Louis B. Mayer's sale the week before, finished fourth, lengths behind. There was probably chagrin for somebody in the fact that On Trust, like Stepfather, was bred by Mayer, who gave the colt to his brother Jerry about a year ago. Jerry sold On Trust in July to Earl O. Stice, a plumbing contractor who took up racing last year and, as you can see, has done rather well at it. By the way, Longden, who rode On Trust in the Derby, was the leading jockey at Santa Anita, with fifty-six winners. Arcaro, who rode W. L. Sickle, was second, with forty-two.

Carolyn A., whom B. F. Whitaker named after Arcaro's daughter, goes into the records as the first filly to win the Louisiana Derby. According to the chart, she didn't have much trouble beating Lady's Ace and Jobstown, William Helis's pair, or any of the half-dozen other runners, some of whom you will probably never hear of again.

There will be plenty of time later on to take up the nominations for the Kentucky Derby. All I shall say now is that there are a hundred and thirty-five of them.

OUT of quite a collection of alibis for Armed's failure in the Santa Anita Handicap, two weeks ago, the only one worth considering is that his

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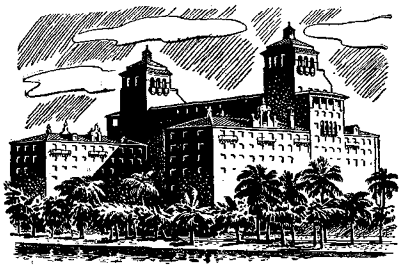

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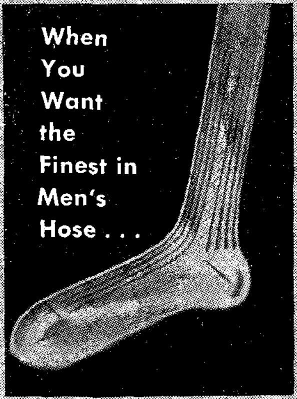

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trip by air from Florida to California did him in. A first-rate judge of horses and their condition who saw Armed when he got off the plane in California told me he didn't think that the horse had turned a hair. He added that Armed galloped beautifully in his final workouts. Earlier in the season, incidentally, Let's Dance was flown from Miami to Los Angeles in a smaller plane than Armed's and beat Olhaverry, subsequently the Santa Anita Handicap winner, pretty easily. You may remember that Calumet Farm shipped Twilight Tear by rail from Chicago to Belmont for the 1944 Alabama Stakes, in which she started at 1–20 to win and finished second. Nobody complained then that shipping the horse by rail had wrecked her chances.

HORSEPLAYERS returned from the Florida wars tell of a novel contrivance at Gulfstream Park that is supposed to end gate crashing. It was thought up by Jack Mackenzie, of Hollywood Park, who used it there last summer. For years, it has been the custom of some clubhouse gentry to give their reëntry checks to friends on the outside and then wangle their way past the guard back into the enclosure. Once, I've heard, a fellow shooed in a party of twelve that way on a Saturday afternoon. At Gulfstream, when a clubhouse badge holder leaves the enclosure, an attendant marks an "X" on the back of the customer's right hand with an ink that is visible only under infra-red rays. To return to the enclosure, he must pass a gatekeeper who looks for the "X" with an infra-red lamp. The mark fades completely away in about six hours. Colonel Martingale, who is a pushover for new mechanical gadgets, says that he would not at all like to be the man who does the inking on a chilly day when everybody is wearing gloves.—AUDAX MINOR

•

BATON ROUGE, La. (AP)—A Miami dentist and his wife were driving through Baton Rouge and stopped off for the night at the Colonial Motor Lodge.

The cabins were nice. The service was fine. In fact, they liked the whole place.

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Now the couple, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Bowman, are residents of Baton Rouge, operating the lodge. with a diamond set into a tooth. The stone is better than one-fourth karat and is set into the left cuspid.—*Bethlehem (Pa.) Globe-Times.*

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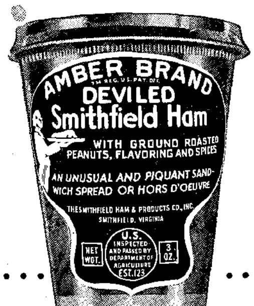
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as this step had the support of all the important political parties, it was the subject of hardly any controversy. After nearly a year of the new regime, during which bureaucratic difficulties have progressed beyond the joke stage and such nationalized industries as coal mines, iron foundries, and potteries have steadily lost money, there is still no great argument over whether the step was the right one to take. Coal mining, a once lucrative industry, is a billion Czech korunas, or twenty million dollars, in the red, but, as has been often remarked, part of this deficit is the result of the wasteful working of Czechoslovakia's richest mines by the Germans during their occupation of the country and part is due to the fact that the wages of the workers, upon whose well-being, it would seem, a workers' state should be fairly dependent, have been increased three times, while the price of coal has gone up only once. The Czechs are finding it just as hard as anyone else to determine the precise moment at which a price rise becomes desirable when the owner of an industry is also the principal buyer of its product.

THE problem of reconstruction has been less painful here than in many other European countries, because Czechoslovakia came through the war without a great deal of physical damage. Prague itself is almost intact, the city's only real architectural loss being the six-hundred-year-old Town Hall, which the Germans blew up the day before they surrendered, together with its famous clock that, with the help of animated figures of the Apostles,

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indicated the seasons as well as the time of day. Like Paris, the city is a comfort to anyone who has seen the ruins of so much of the rest of Europe, but for the people who live here day in and day out it offers a not precisely luxurious existence. By freezing all bank accounts, the Czechs have thus far avoided the sort of inflation that is wearing out most of their neighbors, but, even so, conditions are bad enough. Prices in Prague are about as high as they are in the States, yet a Czech who makes no more than the equivalent of twenty dollars a week is considered very fortunate. Coupons are required for buying most kinds of clothing—all of it dreary and ill-fitting, even, one suspects, in the eyes of the philosophical Czechs, who have never been noted for their vanity. Food, of course, is rationed, too, both in restaurants and out. There is cake on the ration list as well as bread, but if the Czechs interpret this as a symbol of the dawn of the rosy future that for a thousand years their nation has looked forward to, they show no sign of it. Shrugging their massive shoulders, they simply peel off more coupons and go on about their business.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

Michaelangelo's dramatized anatomy colored all the art of his century with a vision of forces clashing in momentary balance. The vision still persists so strongly that even today the Sistine ceiling lends a tragic languor to the lifeguards lounging on their lookouts at Jones' Beach.—*A descriptive card in the Renaissance exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum.*

Hang on to the ropes, you swimmers!

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Edgartown* (*Mass.*) *Vineyard Gazette*]

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Borges at the Martha's Vineyard Hospital on Saturday.

Those present were Mrs. Edward Duarte, Mrs. Russell Luce, Mrs. Walter Flanders, Miss Laura Silva, Mrs. Manuel Duarte, Mrs. Henry Burgess, and Mrs. Florence Duarte.

•

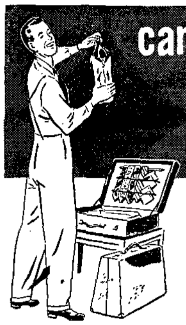
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the London Daily Herald*]

LION ATE HIM

When an African agricultural instructor at Taveta, on the Kenya-Tanganyika border, was returning home from a party he was seized by a lion.

The animal carried him into the thick bush by the roadside and ate him.



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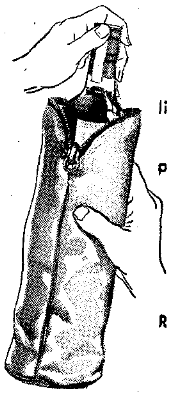

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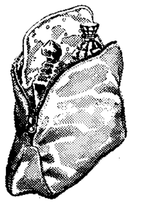

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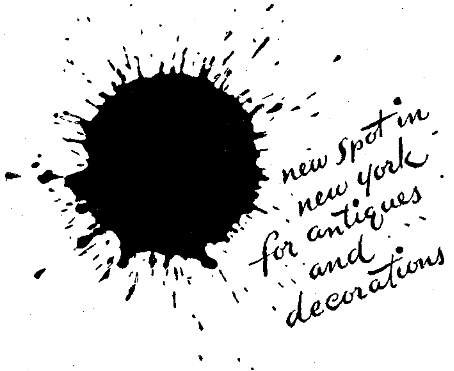
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plays of enthusiasm for Mr. Gottwald.

This team of Beneš and Stalin (whose likenesses are also often to be seen together on powder compacts, little boys' caps, and the façades of *párky*, or hot-dog stands) used to have a third member, I am told—Franklin Roosevelt. Most of the pictures of him have been taken down since his death, but I have yet to hear of one being replaced by a portrait of Harry Truman. In fact, the only picture I have seen of Mr. Truman in Prague was on the cover of an old copy of *Victory*, a magazine that used to be published by our Office of War Information and is still displayed on a number of newsstands here. The availability of American periodicals in Czechoslovakia is another source of wonder to people from the States, who have come to think of all Communist societies as intellectual closed shops. At nearly any kiosk, one can buy copies of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *Reader's Digest*, as well as of conservative British newspapers, and it is possible to pluck from a nest of *Pravdas* Czech translations of practically any novel by that notable Ohio Communist Louis Bromfield.

True, the American and British periodicals are not printed in Czech, but that does not mean that they are imported primarily for the tourist trade, of which there is hardly any. About ten per cent of the citizens of Prague can read English, and it is therefore only a little startling to hear the pronouncements of some representative of the capitalist press being knowledgeably quoted along the Třída Maršála Stalina. Such foreign reading matter, however, does not wholly offset the daily impact of the Czech newspapers, both Communist and Socialist, whose editors appear to understand the value of omission and emphasis of news fully as well as do their American extremist counterparts of both the Right and the Left. Otherwise quite well informed citizens of Prague are convinced that the Ku Klux Klan is one of the major political parties in the United States and are likely to explain to newcomers that whereas in America the indigent aged and unemployed are so neglected that they are driven to suicide, such unfortunates in Czechoslovakia are now taken care of by a social-security program, contributed to equally by employers and by workers.

Czech newspaper editors seem to have been less successful in their efforts to persuade the public that American and British movies are too frivolous for a people recuperating from national disaster. Photographs of Frank Sinatra

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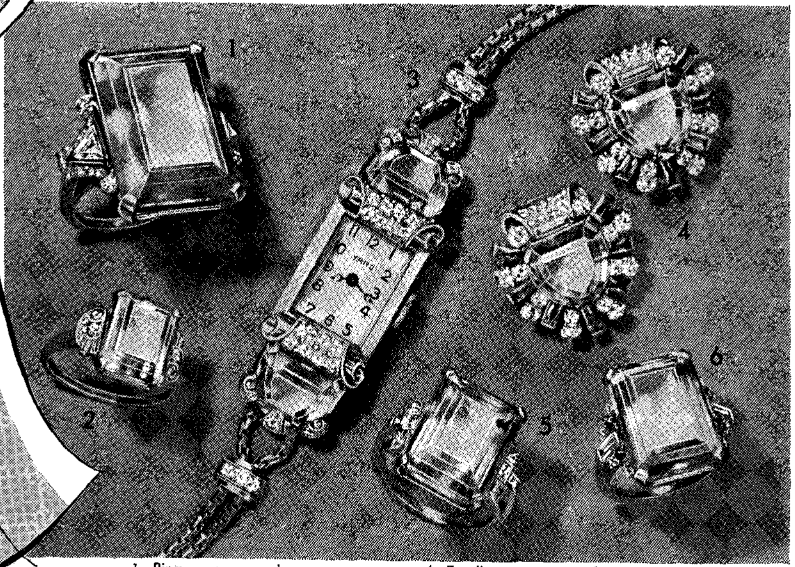

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and Greer Garson smile up at you from the covers of Czech movie magazines, and you have to go early to avoid the rush at theatres where Hollywood or English films are being shown, while the products of Russian studios, always respectfully reviewed by the daily press, are frequently unreeled before audiences of no more than a dozen people. Jitterbugging has become a popular pastime, and American songs like "Jeepers Creepers" and "You Are My Sunshine" would seem to stand a far better chance of making a hypothetical Czechoslovakian hit parade than the "Internationale," which I have heard sung only once in Prague—and then just by a couple of American pfc.s out for an evening on the town.

THE catholicity of viewpoints the public is exposed to is earnestly pointed out to visitors by Czechs of all political loyalties by way of getting around to describing their country as "a bridge between the East and the West," an expression they are very partial to. Whatever military agreements Czechoslovakia has made with Russia were inevitable, they explain, because after Munich it was obvious that neither England nor France could be relied upon for armed support in the event of trouble. (Mr. Chamberlain's description of the Sudeten crisis as "a quarrel in a faraway country between people of whom we know nothing" has not been forgotten here.) If the Czech you are talking to is polite, he will refrain from adding that his nation has been unable to rely upon the United States, either, even to the extent of a loan, which has been sought for postwar reconstruction. He will probably also refrain, though not because of good manners, from pointing out that his country's economy—part of his cherished bridge between one way of life and another—has become so closely integrated with the Russian economy that the official Czech trade bulletin feels obliged to apologize every time Czechoslovakia's exports to or imports from another nation increase at the expense of those to or from the Soviet Union.

Indeed, the bridge theory, comforting though many Czechs profess to find it, has already been at least partly demolished by Premier Gottwald himself, who several months ago pointedly reminded his countrymen that geographically their nation lies not between Russia and England, or Russia and the United States, but between Russia and Germany. This observation undoubtedly seems more significant to Czechs, whose hatred of their neighbor Germany is approximately ten centuries old, than to Americans, who have been disliking the Germans in an on-again, off-again manner for only some thirty years. Now, after seven years of a far from neighborly German occupation, the Czechs cannot bear even the sight or sound of their ancient enemy's language. In railroad cars, for example, the heating regulators used to be marked with the French, Italian, Czech, and German equivalents of "Hot" and "Cold;" now the "*Warm*" and "*Kalt*" have been carefully covered over with court plaster. Foreigners who know no Czech have always found a knowledge of German a big help in getting around in Prague, and they still do, provided they make it clear that they are not Germans. Not long ago, I met two reasonably courageous Americans whose command of German is perfect but who, while in Prague, made a point of mangling that language hideously for fear of being taken for Teutons. Under such circumstances, and in a country that, more vividly than any other, remembers the meaning of Lidice and Konrad Henlein, it is no shock to learn that the removal of three million Sudeten Germans from Czechoslovakia, as provided for by the Potsdam agreement, is being carried out with no unnecessary gentleness or consideration for the feelings of those departing.

GENERALLY speaking, the Communists have had fewer difficulties in Czechoslovakia than in most of the other Central European countries in which the Russians and their political allies have been active since the war. It may be that for this they owe a special debt of gratitude to the Austrians, who, in 1620 and hardly with this objective in mind, took it upon themselves to execute a large number of the Czech nobility, exile the rest, and confiscate all their property. This left a population composed mostly of the middle and lower classes. "I am a lord—and so are you" became a familiar saying among the Czechs, and repetition led to the conviction that such was to some extent, at least, the case. The Czechs never showed a desire to return to a feudal way of living, and consequently they had comparatively few of its trappings to slough off when they found themselves swinging toward Communism in the postwar world.

They had plenty of trappings of another kind to slough off, though, when it came to nationalizing sixty-five per cent of Czechoslovakia's industry, but

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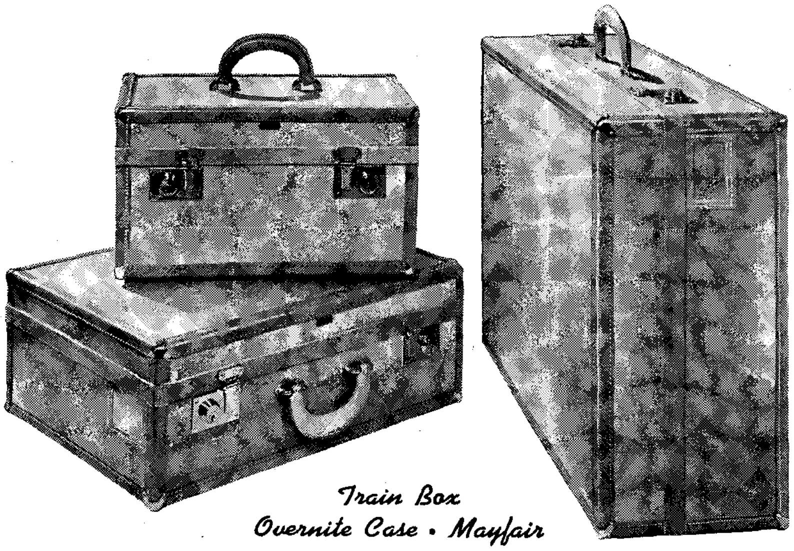
MUSICAL EVENTS

Heard from a Desk

AT the rear of both sides of the Metropolitan Opera House dress circle, long desks were installed two years ago by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for students who wish to follow a performance from a score or libretto. Last week, I listened to "La Gioconda" from one of these desks and was, I'm certain, the oldest student to perch in those precincts. The desks provide plenty of room for your score and other paraphernalia without crowding anything, including your neighbor, and there is an efficient little reading lamp at each place. I even found at my seat a book of opera plots, with the "Gioconda" pages conveniently marked by a stick of chewing gum. The book and the gum, it turned out, weren't standard equipment; somebody had left them behind. There's probably no more effective way of studying an opera or getting some new slants on it than a session at a score desk. "La Gioconda" isn't one of my pets, but as I looked at the score and heard the music, I ran across many admirable details that I hadn't previously paid much attention to. The view of the stage wasn't ideal, but, after all, in these circumstances an opera should be heard rather than seen. I was impressed by Emil Cooper's conducting and by the singing of a cast that was mostly familiar. Martha Lipton, appearing as Laura for the first time, was very competent in a difficult role that contains none of the popular "Gioconda" arias.

THE music season is so active right now that sometimes one is forced to make a doubleheader of simultaneous concerts by important artists. Last Wednesday, I managed to hear the first half of Lotte Lehmann's song recital in Town Hall and the after-intermission part of Jascha Heifetz's violin recital in Carnegie. Mme. Lehmann sang Mozart and Brahms with a remarkable range of drama and humor. She offered, among other items, Mozart's tragic song about Luise, who burned the letters of her unfaithful lover, and the same composer's roguish ditty about a far from sedate Damon and Chloë. As for Brahms, she did his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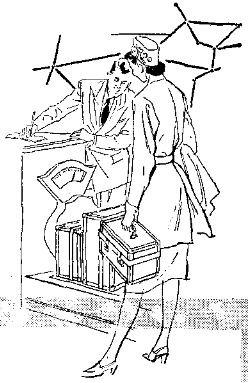

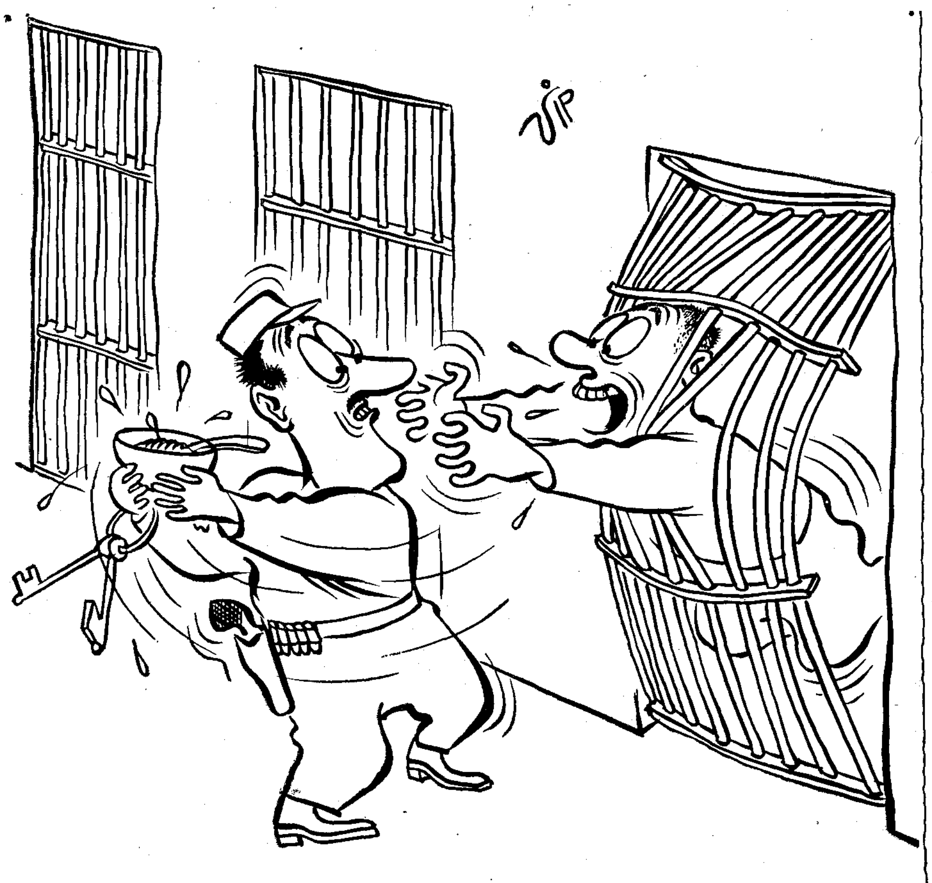

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gypsy songs brilliantly, with just the right folk-song touch. It was singing for any young vocalist to emulate and for anybody at all to hear with pleasure.

Up on Fifty-seventh Street, Mr. Heifetz led off his second half with Bach's unaccompanied Chaconne. This often sounds like a test piece for violinists, but in Mr. Heifetz's hands it showed up as the masterpiece that it is. The finale was Waxman's fantasy on melodies from "Carmen," in which Carmen's airs are converted into fiddle fireworks. They were touched off by Mr. Heifetz as if they were no trouble at all. As his first encore, he played an arrangement of Debussy's "La Chevelure," which was, in its original form, part of Mme. Lehmann's song program, too—the part I unfortunately had to miss.

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which is setting forth a nicely varied repertory at the City Center, introduced "Virginia Sampler" last week. The "Sampler," with choreography by Valerie Bettis, a score by Leo Smit, and an attractive post-Revolutionary setting by Charles Elson, has all the makings of a bright and appealing entertainment. The first performance was somewhat diffuse, but ballets have a way of getting tightened up as they grow older. Mr. Smit's music was good listening and well adjusted to dance requirements. A few over-thoughtful passages probably will disappear as the production is trimmed. The dancing was crisp and animated, and Miss Bettis herself was one of the most noteworthy of the accomplished principals.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

SORRY, OUR ERROR

In an item printed in the Chicago Daily News Feb. 21, relating to an investigation at Airport Homes, Latholian Waddles was mistakenly identified as a member of the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations.

Waddles is a tenant at Airport Homes and is not a member of the commission, according to Thomas H. Wright, executive director.—*Chicago News.*

It's a natural error, though. Dickens would have had him *running* that Commission.

•

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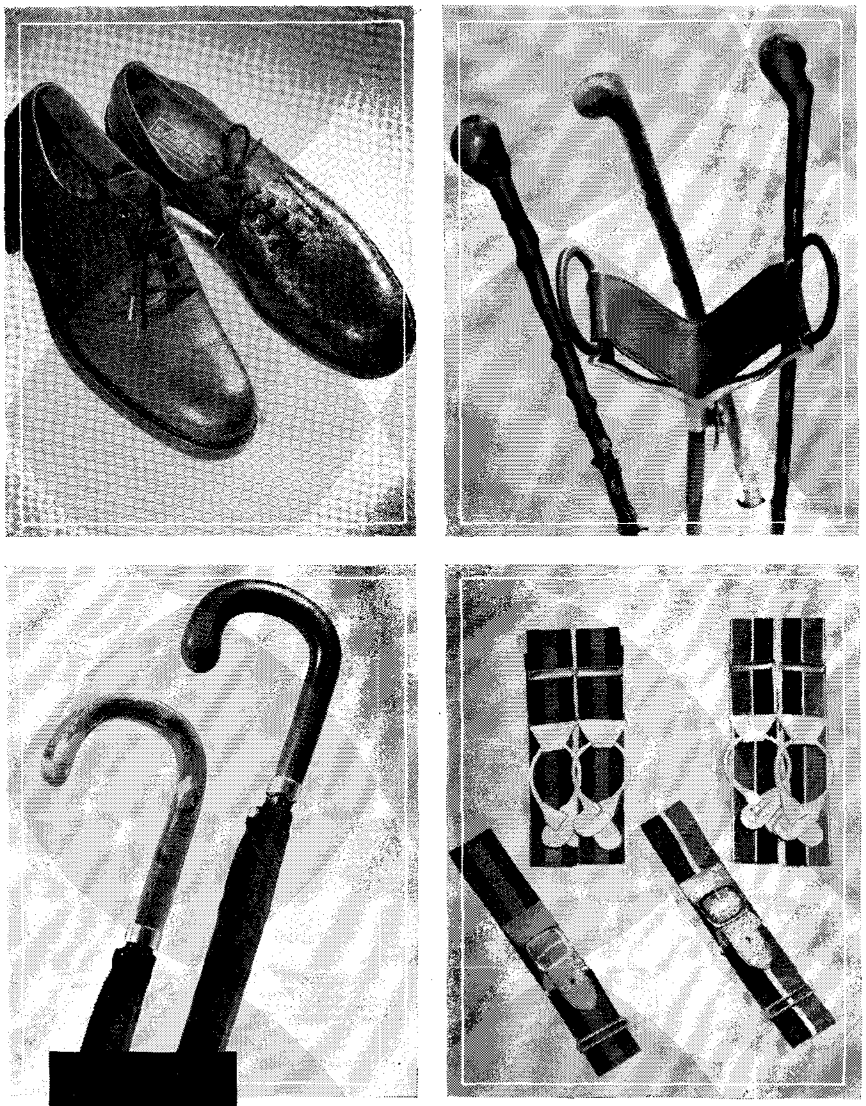
THE ART GALLERIES

The Irish

FOR some reason, the Irish seem never to have produced much in the way of painting. As for music and dancing, if they haven't had a formal art, they have at least had a lively popular one, while from the earliest times they have always had the gift of literature. Through the centuries, their output of poets, playwrights, and novelists has been well above what might be expected of so small a nation. But pictorial expression appears to have been beyond them. It has often been argued (by the Irish, naturally) that they *have* had painters but the English have always stolen them, yet when you look into the matter, you find that the men thus abducted—Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, and so on, who were born in Ireland but, blast them, knighted by the British—were all rather second-rate. One gets the impression that even during the recent great period of literary activity in Ireland, which brought forth such figures as James Joyce, William Butler Yeats, Bernard Shaw, James Stephens, and J. M. Synge, the nation's artists were as barren as her writers were fertile.

Now, however, the Associated American Artists, having done a little quiet prospecting, come up with an exhibition called "Contemporary Irish Painting," which puts a different face on the matter. Though it hardly suggests that a new renaissance, centered on Dublin, is under way, it does indicate that a good deal of solid, perceptive, and conscientious painting is going on in Ireland. To be sure, the evidence is inconclusive. It is a small group—only nine men and two women—and of it the majority are in their twenties, while a couple of them seem to be still so immature in style that it is difficult to pass judgment on them.

Of the lot, I thought the most interesting was a young man named Louis Le Brocquy, though two others, Thurloe Connolly and Gerrard Dillon, press him close. Dillon, who has two canvases in the show, and Connolly, who has three, both paint mostly village scenes, with a warm, rather whimsical naturalistic approach that has a good deal of local flavor. I liked especially Connolly's



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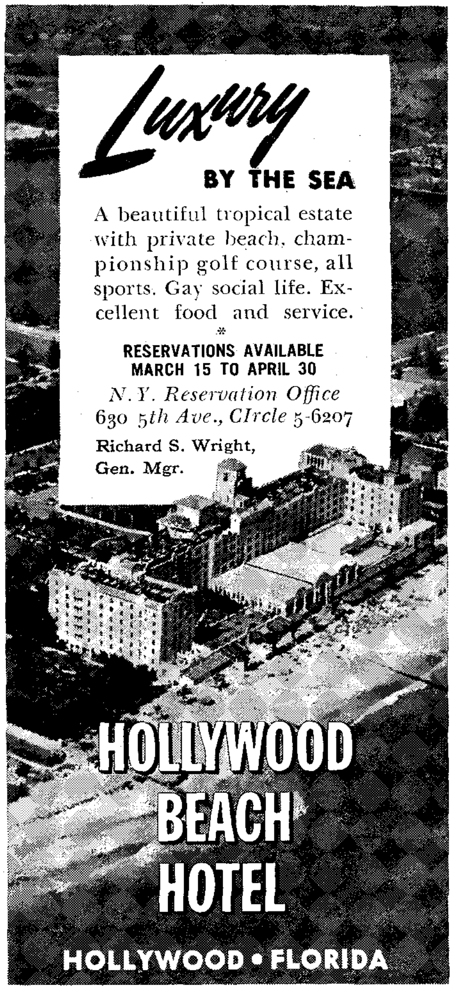
"Thomastown," with its huddled clump of red- and brown-roofed houses, and the two Dillons—the slightly naïve "Turn Your Money" (of a couple of villagers wishing on the new moon) and "Kelp Gatherers." Le Brocquy, who also concentrates more or less on rustic subjects, is a much more sensitive and subtle artist. Tinkers are his forte. He paints them mostly in water color, adding a few nervous dashes of pen-and-ink outline, and though the pieces are small and so briskly handled that at first glance they seem hardly more than sketches, they have a sureness of color and a vigor of line that occasionally give them great strength. Le Brocquy's danger is his facility, which sometimes leads him into mere prettiness and inconsequentiality, but at his best he can make those quick, brittle lines of his carry a tremendous weight of emotional suggestiveness, and such water colors as his "Tinkers in the Spring," "The Enquiry," "Tinkers' Twilight," "Cottage Dwellers," and "Summer Storm," as well as his oil called "Finale," are remarkable for their power.

The work of the other artists in the collection shows that the same winds are blowing, and just as confusingly, in Dublin as elsewhere. Surrealism appears here and there—in, for example, Colin Middleton's "Flowers of the Wilderness" and "The Poet's Garden"—though not to great advantage. Jack B. Yeats, a member of the famous Yeats family, has quite evidently heard of Oskar Kokoschka, among other Expressionists, and uses his acquaintanceship with good effect in his "Graveyard Wall" and "Beginning of a River." There are traces of Expressionism, too, in Daniel O'Neill's "Red Flowers in the Morning" and "Irish Landscape." Speaking generally, the work seems healthiest when it is most indigenous, and there is a lively native feeling about such pieces as Nano Reid's "Clogher" and George Campbell's "The River by Night" and "Stick Gatherers" that is thoroughly engaging.

AT the Downtown Gallery, there is a showing of sculptures by William Zorach, his first one-man exhibition in four years. Zorach, now sixty, is just about our top American sculptor, but his style is so reticent and his approach so undramatic that the well-rounded and confident artistry that goes into his work is not immediately apparent. Zorach, however, has a sense of form and structure that rarely fails him, and even when his work is not fully resolved in design—as in the study of a mother and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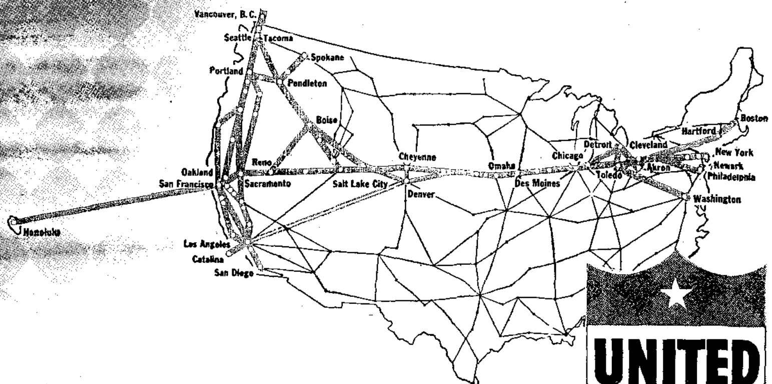
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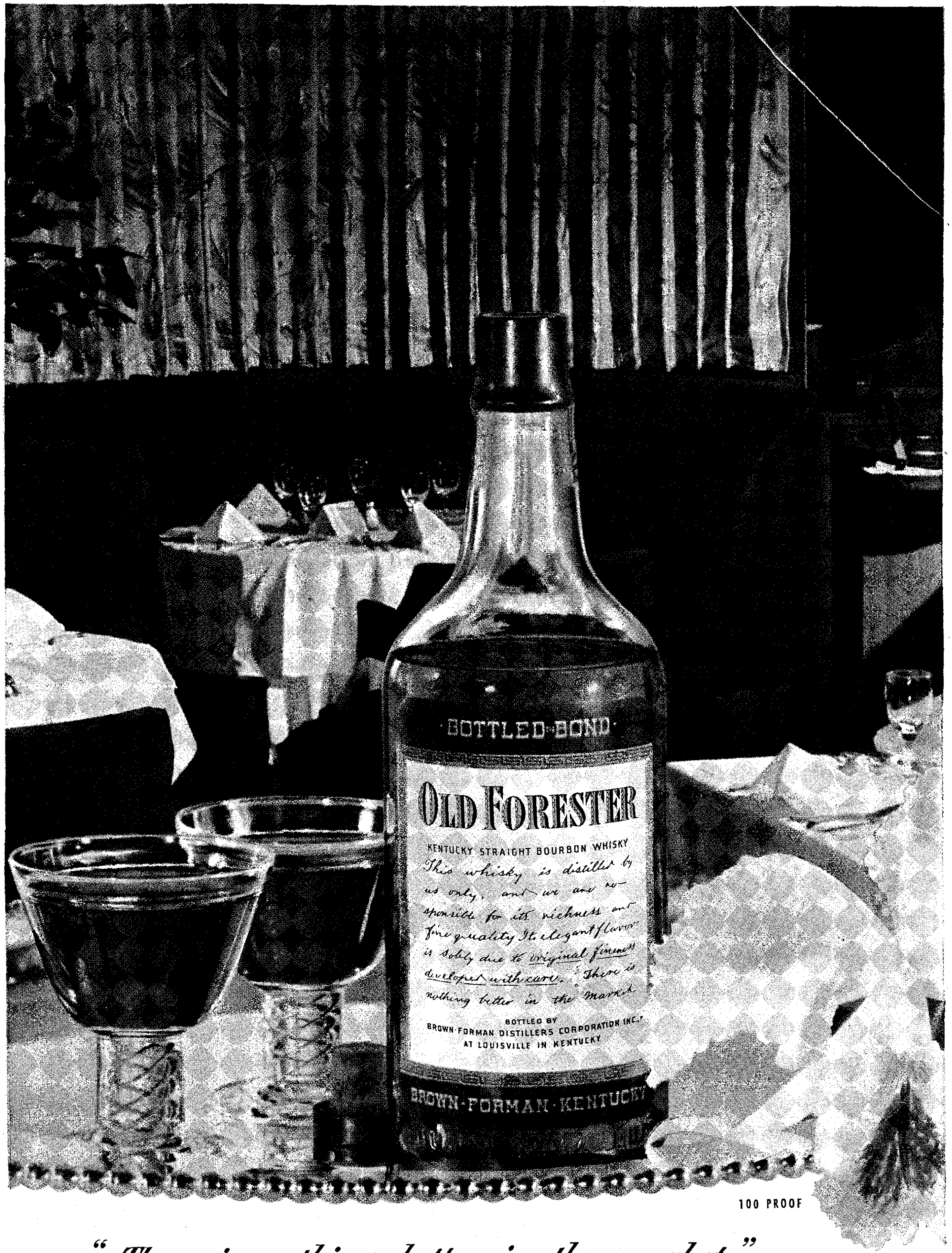
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child called "Devotion," which, though rhythmic and graceful in some aspects, seems a little ponderous in others—there is a feeling for poise and balance that usually carries it through.

Best of all, unquestionably, is the large nude torso called "Victory," in French marble, a piece of sculpture so lovely in outline, so classically exact in modelling, and yet so subtly ingratiating in the modulations of its planes that it truly merits the word "flawless." In this, I think, Zorach really surpassed himself. There are thoughtfulness and great dignity of concept in the black granite head called "The Prophet," with its delicate archaic suggestion, and a compact, sombre power in the smaller "Mask," in onyx. I liked, too, the more fanciful but robustly handled "Woman into Tree," done in rosewood.

GEORGES SEURAT, though he lived only thirty-one years and produced no more than fifty paintings, did nearly four hundred drawings, and the wonder is that they're not exhibited oftener, for they reveal, on a smaller scale, the wonderful strictness and accuracy of design that one finds in his canvases. Now the Buchholz Gallery is showing a group of them, mostly loans, in a collection which, though small (thirty items), gives a very fair sampling of all his activities in the medium. There are sketches for several of his paintings, including six for the "Grande-Jatte" and three for "La Parade" (note particularly the "Woman Fishing," "Young Girl," and "La Petite Fille au Chapeau Niniche" for the former), as well as a sizable number of unrelated ones, such as portraits (including the famous and beautiful one of his friend the painter Aman-Jean), *café-concert* studies, and so on.

Seurat's supreme gift was his ability to place his figures in poses so intrinsically right that they seem forever unchangeable. This is most evident in his larger paintings, in which the very intricacy of the composition only heightens the almost bewitched immutability of the scene, but it appears as well in his drawings. It is this, most of all, that gives such pieces as "La Frileuse," "Stone Breakers," "Seurat's Mother," and "Au Concert Européen" their extraordinary virtue. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[*Table of contents in Today's Woman*]

Should I Nurse My Child? . . . by James E. Payne and Albert A. Brandt.

No.

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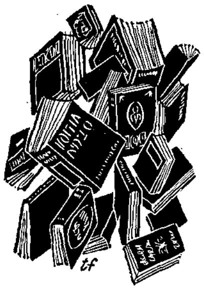
BOOKS

Two Up, Two Down



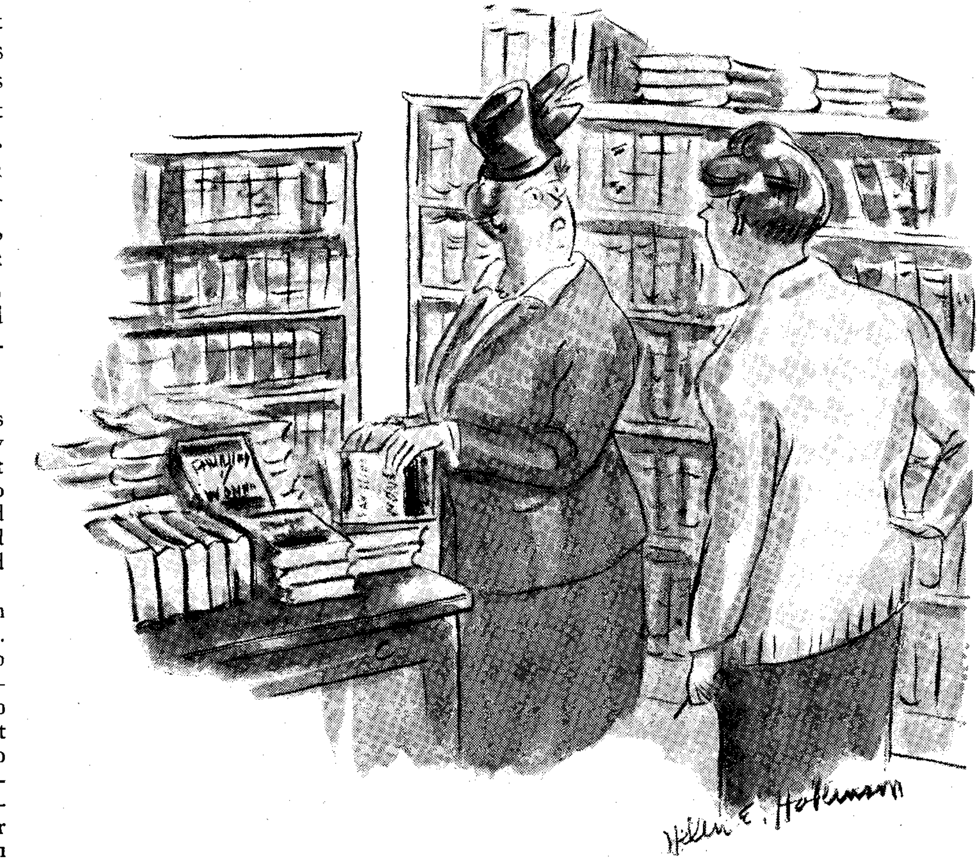
THE pen-and-ink drawings that illustrate "Happy Man," by Hermann Kesten (now, at last, being published in this country by A. A. Wyn), were done by George Grosz. The choice was a perfect one, for Mr. Kesten's novel is, as much as anything, a portfolio of Mr. Grosz's compositions come to life—not these particular illustrations, which are more or less conventional, but those tormented nightmares of Germany in the same period, during the years when Hitler was coming into power. Mr. Kesten's characters, like the figures in Mr. Grosz's searing commentaries, are not people but deformed and distorted shapes who play out the agony of their lives in a broken, twisted, demented world. The picture he gives us of Germany between two wars makes most literary renderings of the same subject, such as Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories," seem no more than sentimental water colors.

Despite this, Mr. Kesten has not written a successful book. He takes us on a tour of the several levels of his Germanic Hell, sparing us nothing, but all the time he has a joker up his sleeve. I will have to outline his story to explain what I mean. His hero is a young fellow named Max Blattner. Perhaps, though, it is a mistake to call him a fellow; he is really just a blob of gelatin, endowed with rudimentary feelings and appetites, that has been pressed into human shape. For instance:

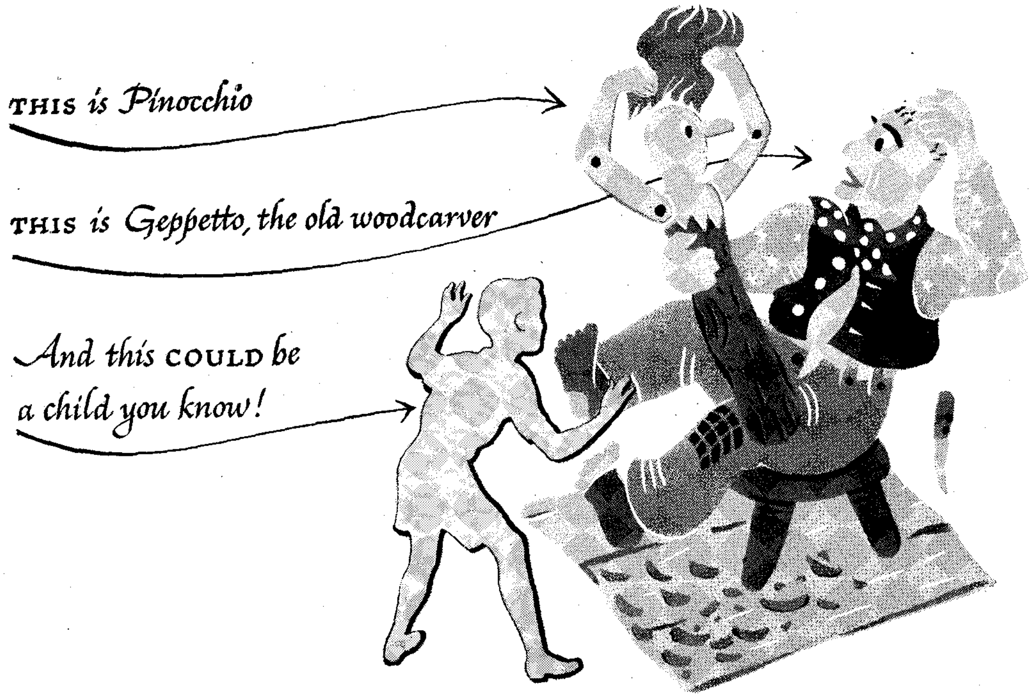
> Max Blattner was not one of the sons of fortune. His life was dull, and he knew it.... He found his life unpleasing, but because he was weak he never strove to change it.... From an early age he had pondered on the meaning of this world and this life, a habit which had hindered his development....
>
> In the autumn of 1921 he went to Berlin to study economics at the university there. ... He lodged at a large and very cheap pension on the Lützowplatz.... Everybody slept with everybody else.... At two o'clock in the afternoon, clad in nightshirt or pajamas, they hurried from room to room.... He found it easy enough to escape from this hell-house during the daytime when he was at the university, or more frequently in the cafés near by or in the woods, lying in a glade for hours on end doing nothing.... Yet at night, waking up, regularly as clockwork he would find somebody lying beside him in bed.... At first he objected forcibly, but he soon grew accustomed to the faceless, impersonal sensuality of his nights.

I have had more than my fill of submarginal creatures in whose existence I am supposed to be interested solely because they are submarginal, and it wasn't long before I was asking myself who the hell cares what happens to a polyp like this. Mr. Kesten's little trick is that you aren't supposed to care. He is using Max Blattner not as another symbol of the world's bewildered "little man" but for the purposes of satire. Not until you get to the very end of his book, however, do you catch on to this. The larger part of the novel is taken up with a love affair between Max and a girl named Else Pfleiderer. Else's father, the crooked manager of a small cigar store, pulls one sharp deal too many and is faced with raising several thousand marks or going to jail. Else has an admirer, Alfons Krummholz, who is willing to put up the money if she will marry him, but Else, for reasons that can be put down only to the incomprehensibility of woman, is too much in love with Max to consent. She says no. Max feels that he must beg, borrow, or steal the necessary cash, and settles on stealing. Krummholz catches him in the act of removing a huge bundle of bank notes from the desk of the editor of a little magazine and makes him swear never to see Else again. Else's father is carted off to jail, her mother dies of a heart attack, and she goes to hunt for Max. But Max, who is now afraid of Krummholz, will have nothing to do with her. He pours out so much abuse on Else, who is convinced she can't live without him, that she throws herself under a train. Then comes Mr. Kesten's playful payoff. Krummholz, because of the tragedy, discovers that he and Max are joined together by a deep, mystical bond and takes Max into his real-estate business. Max prospers, marries a rich wife, and ends up, in keeping with the title of the book, as a happy man.

Although Mr. Kesten has all the material for a satire here (hardly a subtle one, however), his book doesn't work out. He keeps his intention so carefully



"I don't mind the American Revolution as long as it doesn't have too much sex in it."


THIS is Pinocchio
THIS is Geppetto, the old woodcarver
And this COULD be a child you know!

What child are *you* keeping out of this picture?

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For last year the people who have, for nearly twenty years, been issuing beautiful books to the members of The Limited Editions Club, undertook the establishment of The Junior Heritage Club.

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YET THE PRICE is wonderfully low. Although the books are illustrated, usually in full color; although they are printed on fine papers, and staunchly bound; the price for each book, when delivered to a member of the Club, is only $2.20—a price which is less than any parent is now called upon to pay for many unimportant, unlovely books.

So if *you* know a child who should be in this picture, mail the coupon below at once. The descriptive Prospectus will be sent to you promptly; and one of the Memberships will be reserved for the lucky young person to whom you are thinking of making this never-to-be-forgotten gift.

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concealed and strives so hard to make us feel sympathetic toward Else and Max that his final chapter, upon which the effect of his novel completely depends, is merely contrived and artificial. Instead of bringing his book into focus, it simply blurs everything. An author may trick his readers if he wants to, but it should be a better trick than one of those artificial flowers that, when you bend over to smell them, squirt water in your eye.

THE first half of Susan Ertz's new novel, "Mary Hallam" (Harper), is an altogether stunning performance. I had not read Miss Ertz before, and I wondered, until I was halfway through her book, if I had not missed one of the really fine novelists of our time. She isn't that, by a wide margin, but she is a better writer on almost every count than several of her contemporaries who have managed to acquire larger and noisier reputations.

Miss Ertz tells the story of a shy, lonely, painfully sensitive girl named Mary Hallam. Such girls have become stock characters in recent fiction (the time seems ripe for somebody to achieve a big success with a book about a lump), but Mary Hallam is a real, fully realized person—so much so that she almost enables Miss Ertz, in her latter chapters, to get away with sentimental murder. Mary is the daughter of a well-meaning, empty-headed English businessman of whom she is not particularly fond and whose second wife, Mary's stepmother, is one of the most poisonously calculating females to get into type since Edith Wharton put Lily Bart into "The House of Mirth." Miss Ertz does the wife, Letty, as well as she does Mary. In fact, the two of them, and an American woman friend of Letty's, Maud Cotter, are the most interesting trio of women I have come across in a novel for a long time. Miss Ertz's men are good, too. There is hardly a word or an action, up to the point I have mentioned, that seems out of place.

Things get so bad for Mary, principally on account of Letty, that eventually, after a visit to Paris with Maud Cotter, just before the late war, she runs away and hides in a little French village on the sea. She attempts to make a living as a nursemaid but is too ill to stand the strain. All she can think to do, when her money runs out, is to try and drown herself. Miss Ertz has her rescued by one of the villagers, and it is at this moment, I think, that an absolutely first-rate book blows sky-high. I can understand why the author might not

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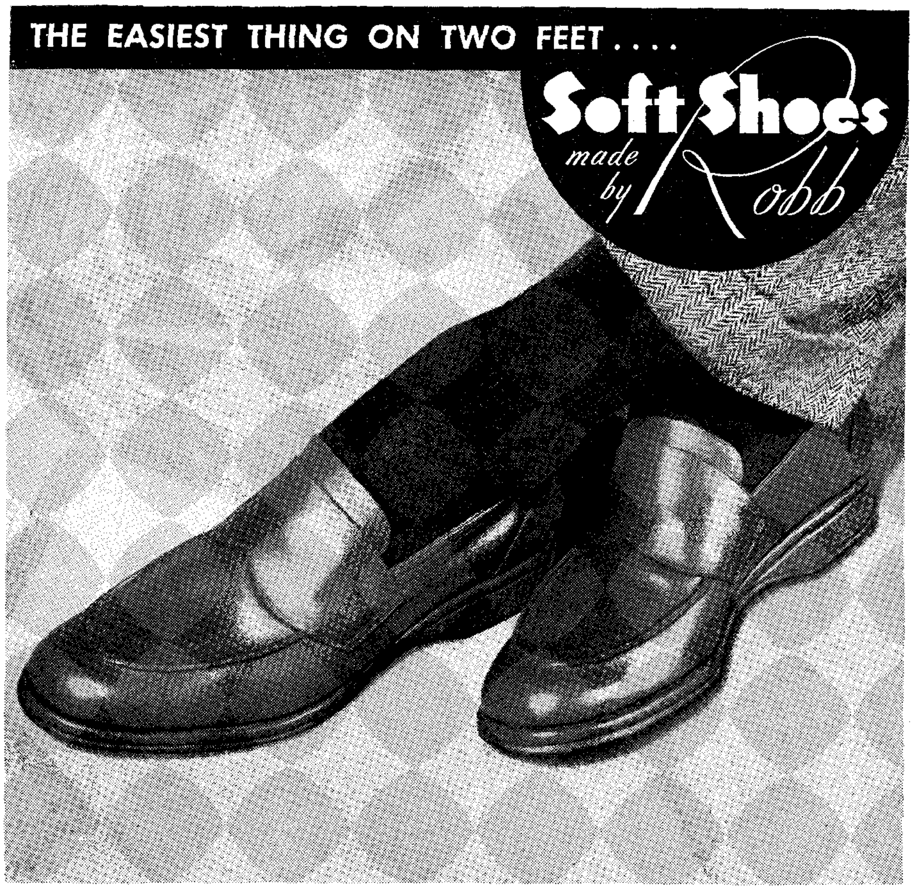

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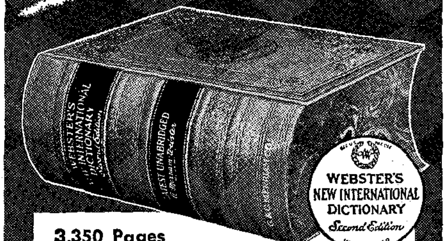

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want Mary's story to end in unrelieved tragedy (the temptation to reverse the currently fashionable formula that evil triumphs in the end would be hard to overcome), but I feel that the story should have ended that way. Had Miss Ertz let Mary drown, she would have had something of a minor masterpiece. As it is, she just has another novel with a happy ending, which is provided in this case by a nice young Englishman who happens to be motorcycling through the village as Mary tries to drown herself. He befriends Mary, offers her a job in an English village taking care of his gently insane mother, his young brother, and himself, and finally marries her. The war comes along and Letty leaves Mary's father for an American officer who seems to have more get-up-and-go. Then Mary, healthy, happy, and strong, returns to her old home (the war is almost over by now) with her husband and her two small sons to pay her father a visit. She discovers that she loves him deeply, after all, and one of her sons, going to the piano at which she used to dream of being a great pianist, touches its keys in a way that makes her understand that in him all her own hopes and aspirations will come true. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DAVID AND ANNA, by Robert Payne (Dodd, Mead). A book that is more like a poetic reverie than a novel, in which Mr. Payne again gives proof of his rare and varied talent. It is a delicate and remarkably perceptive story of the love of an Englishman, living on an isolated Malayan plantation just before the last war, for his beautiful Eurasian wife and for her devout and equally beautiful sister. In controlled and quite lovely prose, Mr. Payne reflects on the subtle influence of romantic love on character, on the diverse manifestations of the religious spirit, and, above all, on the strange splendor of Malaya. The man and his wife are perhaps not particularly memorable figures, but there is a grave, almost melancholy enchantment about the book that you won't soon shake off.

SUMMER STRANGER, by Louise Field Cooper (Harper). Mrs. Cooper is one of the very few American writers who can be counted on to produce light novels that don't require you to put your intelligence in storage. Her

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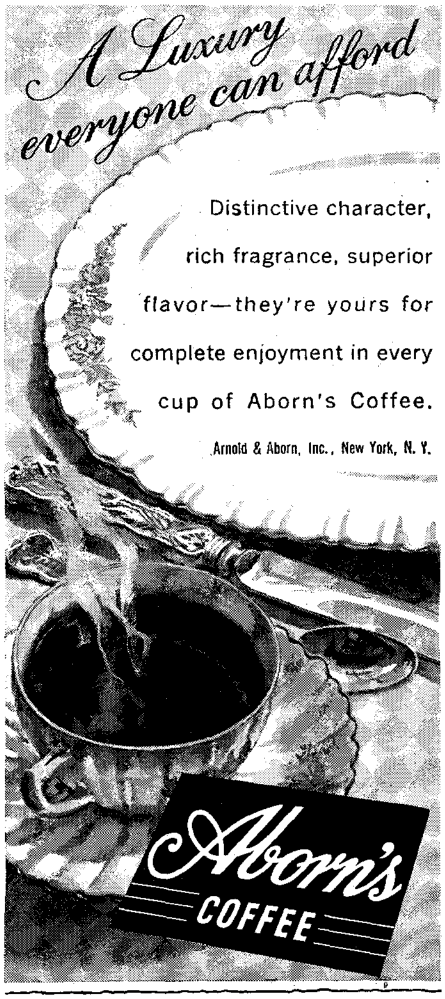

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—R. K. C.

latest work concerns a young, middle-class girl from Bridgeport who visits some wealthy, conventional relatives in one of those small and tightly knit summer communities on Long Island Sound. Partly because of her social inadequacy and partly because her impulses spring from a warm and honest nature, the girl doesn't quite fit into the rigid little society into which she is introduced. She keeps her eyes open, though (and so does Mrs. Cooper), and the result is a novel that is lighter than air and at the same time sharp, witty, and wholly pleasing.

Banner by the Wayside, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House). A satisfactory and very readable mixture of breezy, old-fashioned plot and humor, set against a solid historical background. It is the love story of two members of a theatrical troupe touring New York canal towns a hundred years ago. Mr. Adams, of course, knows his Erie Canal country as well as you know your own block, and he has peopled the region with characters who are convenient pegs on which to hang actual and sometimes diverting episodes of the eighteen-thirties.

Three Days, by Stephen Longstreet (Messner). The story of the Battle of Gettysburg, told in a series of sketches that focus alternately on the military engagement and on the life of the bewildered townspeople. Mr. Longstreet gives a clear idea of what went on, but, apparently underestimating the inherent drama of those historic three days, he employs a rather tumid style to put over the big moments.

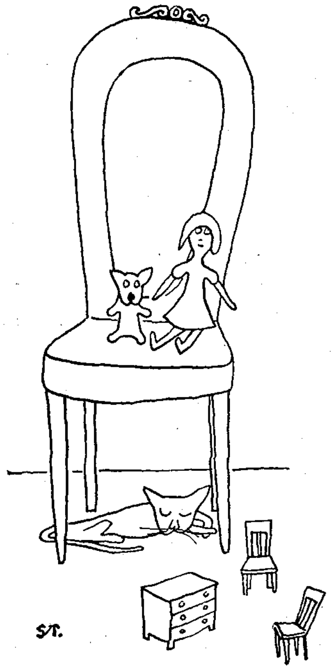
Cider from Eden, by Nancy Bruff (Dutton). What happens when a very sexy lady runs away from her husband, her three little boys, and a fashionable Brooklyn Heights home in the eighteen-eighties. Miss Bruff, not bothering with such trivia as plot, style, and niceties of the language, does her earnest and dogged best to startle the lending-library set.

GENERAL

The Life of Neville Chamberlain, by Keith Feiling (Macmillan). A very sympathetic biography of the English statesman that is, in a way, an apology for his life and works. The author, drawing heavily on Chamberlain's letters and journals, presents quite an attractive person—a man of taste and culture, good humor, and integrity. Perhaps unwittingly, he also presents another kind of person—a man who completely misunderstood the forces he had to deal with and who could write with sincerity that "appeasement . . . alone can save the world from chaos." When Mr. Feiling comes to such awkward subjects as the Anschluss, the Ethiopian conflict, Munich, and non-intervention in Spain, he deals with history in a gingerly fashion—just as Chamberlain made it.

American Thought 1947 (Gresham Press). The first volume of a projected annual series of symposia designed to round up the best of American thinking on a wide range of subjects: literature, physics, philosophy, music, electronics, the theatre, and so on. The writers are a mixed lot, including Robert Jackson, Christian Gauss, Max Lerner, Hanson Baldwin, Sidney Hook, and Milton Mayer. The book hardly justifies its all-embracing title, but it does cover a lot of intellectual ground. Philip Wylie, considerably calmed down, has written an introduction which suggests that he doesn't hold *any* American thought in much esteem.

Report to Saint Peter, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (Simon & Schuster). This is the book Mr. van Loon was working on when he died. It consists of the opening chapters of what was to have been an ambitious, non-subjective autobiography, which would have doubtless become one of those massive exercises in free association for which the author was noted. The report is purportedly about his early childhood in Holland



and actually about practically everything else, from how the Nazis treated Rotterdam to the evils of organized religion. If the author had lived, he would probably have trimmed a lot of the extraneous talk; the book in its present shape hasn't much more than sentimental value. Illustrated with many of van Loon's drawings.

VERSE

Speaking for Scotland: Selected Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid, with an introduction by Compton Mackenzie (Contemporary Poetry). The first American edition of the work of the "Scotch Nationalist" poet whose belligerent individualism has made him a controversial figure in contemporary British letters. MacDiarmid functions better in his native Scots dialect than in plain English, and the poems here included are for the most part written in this dialect. A glossary accompanies them.

1000 Years of Irish Poetry: The Gaelic and Anglo-Irish Poets from Pagan Times to the Present, edited by Kathleen Hoagland (Devin-Adair). Mrs. Hoagland, in her introduction, outlines the development and emphasizes the importance of poetry written by Irishmen, from the time before either Christianity or invasion had troubled Ireland to the present days of Irish censorship. Compared to the prose investigations of Yeats and others, her effort to link Ireland's poetry with Ireland's history seems rather superficial. Her choice of poems ranges from excellent to poor, and the same wavering taste is evident in her choice of translators. Where, for example, are Frank O'Connor's superb translations from the Gaelic? The effect is of too much Irish sweetness and sentiment and not enough healthy Irish coarseness, wit, power, realism, and audacity.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Disposing of Henry, by Roger Bax (Harper). A psychological study of one of those handsome, hard-bitten young women who—in mystery fiction, at least—are always being faced with the problem of bumping off their spouses in favor of lovers. Denise, the party under consideration here, is married to an English lepidopterist and they live near Dartmoor, a marshy terrain practically ideal for lethal purposes, as her paramour is

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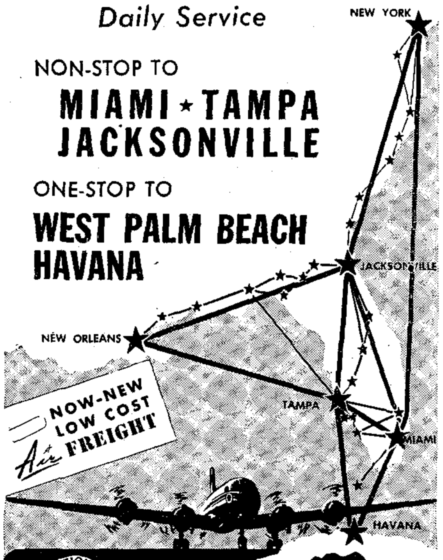

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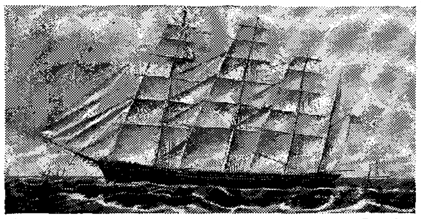

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quick to point out. Some thoroughly hair-raising chapters are devoted to the way in which these two work out their scheme, but on the whole the material is the kind that shapes up better as a short story than as a full-length novel.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*A poem called "Key West, the Beautiful," written by former Congressman William D. Upshaw and published in the Key West Citizen*]

Girdled by the dimpling waters
  Of the mighty Mexic Sea—
Cradled by the Great Atlantic
  In its rolling majesty!

Laved by bays of crystal beauty,
  Island of historic fame,
I have come with humble purpose
  To add luster to your name!

No fair spot I've e'er discovered
  On the land or on the sea,
Has so many scenic wonders
  That should bring the world to thee!

But Dear Town, I long to tell you—
  Hear my words and mark them down:
You must change some things that hinder,
  If you'd wear the perfect crown!

Wash your face—paint all your houses—
  Make them clean and shining white!
And the folks will fly by thousands
  To behold the wondrous sight!

Close your places, plus a hundred,
  That take your dollars to destroy!
Ere you vote to help them do it,
  Offer your darling girl and boy!

Change each dealer in this poison
  To a merchant fine and clean;
Change each buyer of this coction
  To a sober king and queen!

Purge these warts from your fair visage—
  These cancers from your comely form!
Key West, you are just too lovely
  Thus to suffer righteous scorn.

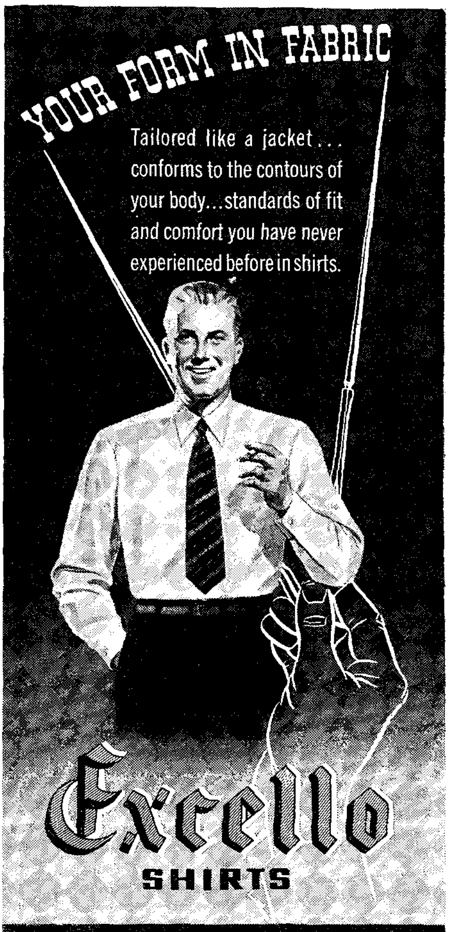
Fill your banks with sober dollars—
  Fling your stainless flag aflame!
Now where thousands come to tipple,
  Millions then will spread your fame!

They do not come for Key West liquor—
  They can get it where they are!
They come for Key West balm and beauty
  That are famed both near and far!

That's the way to build a city—
  On foundation grand and sure—
Not on boozy jugs and bottles,
  Filled with poison to allure!

Come on, Key West, I am for you!
  Make your banners clean and white!
I want to see a million tourists
  Crowd your harbors day and night!

Call upon your noble pastors,
  Your praying women, O holy scene!
To build a bigger, better Key West
  Where God's love reigns supreme!



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